JIMMY ROOSEVELT'S SWORN INCOME

Collier's

THE NA KLY

August 20, 1938

5¢ A COPY

LAWSON WOOD

Beginning

THE SPYMASTER

Intrigue in the Shadow of Impending War by

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

MRS J O MAJOR
21½ S BUCKEYE
IOLA
KANS
26N38

August 20, 1938

New light on whiskey, from two cigars in the dark

Black Tie: "Ah-h-h—a fine cigar and a Four Roses highball—what a combination!"

White Tie: "And there's a very good reason why they go so well together, old man."

Black Tie: "Nothing mysterious about it, is there?"

White Tie: "No, it's perfectly obvious. You see, both Four Roses and these excellent cigars are, in themselves, a *combination* of virtues."

Black Tie: "That's true of cigars, of course. The best cigar is always a combination of *several* choice tobaccos. That's how it gets its fragrance, mildness, and flavor. But what's that got to do with Four Roses?"

White Tie: "Well, if a combination of tobaccos makes a better cigar, doesn't it stand to reason that a combination of *several* selected straight whiskies ought to be better than any one of them could be alone?"

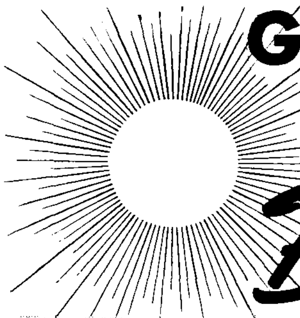
Black Tie: "Say—that makes sense! By combining the best qualities of *several* whiskies, they get *one* whiskey that's got *everything!*"

White Tie: "Right! And that's exactly why Four Roses is just about the grandest whiskey that ever gleamed in a glass!"

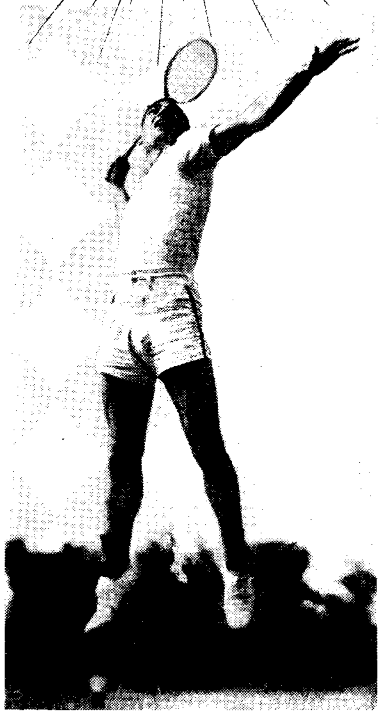
FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies
100% straight whiskies—90 proof
Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore

Give your hair this good defense against

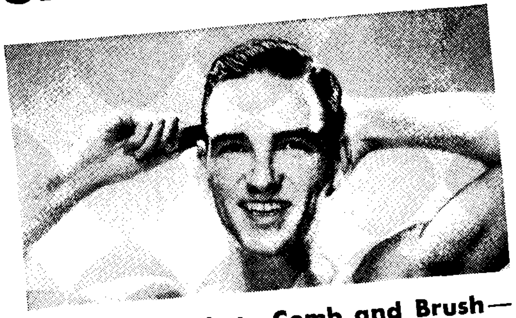


Blistering Sun and Soaking Showers



Protect Your Hair with VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

1 **50 Seconds to Rub**—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!



2 **10 Seconds to Comb and Brush**—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

SUMMER'S a great season! Make the most of it! Enjoy your swimming and golf, your tennis and badminton. But while you're building up your body for the winter ahead, remember summer's a dangerous season for your hair!

For the sun beats down on your unprotected hair, baking out the natural oils. And then, your plunge or shower completes the damage, soaking away the last of the vital oils. Your hair needs protection—needs help—needs the good defense of Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout."

For Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" helps keep your hair healthy and handsome in spite of ruinous sun and water. Just massage Vitalis briskly on your scalp. Feel the pleasant tingle as circulation awakens—your hair takes on new lustre. The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis aid your oil-depleted hair!

Now comb your hair—see how well-groomed it looks—a credit to you wherever you go! No trace of objectionable "patent-leather" look either! Start the daily habit of Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" to help protect your hair against sun, surf and showers—to keep it lustrous and handsome all Summer long! Buy a bottle of Vitalis at your druggist's now!

VITALIS SEALTUBE

WARNING—For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes—sold by barbers who display this seal. Accept no substitutes. *Insist on Sealtubes!*

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

August 20, 1938

●

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
W. B. COURTNEY	Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
JIM MARSHALL	The Orient

OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

NOTHING is more highly thought of at the Silverdale Golf and Country Club near Hollywood than a good pigeon. In order to qualify as a pigeon you must be amiable, unsuspecting, careless of money and able to take a steady beating at golf from men you regard as friends. A true pigeon apparently enjoys taking a licking, and thus the number is not great. There is, in fact, a lively business at Silverdale in swapping, selling and stealing pigeons.

You would never have guessed that Alex McCorkle, who looked like Johnny Weissmuller and Doug Fairbanks on their good days, had any pigeon blood in him. And McCorkle mightn't have guessed it either if he hadn't heard that movie directors regularly played golf at Silverdale. Frank Condon shows you how love came to complicate the plans of this "Wily Pigeon."

THE Pastemaster General, Senator Wild Bill Lyons, is a rootin', tootin', two-gun terror from the Texas cow country via New York's garment center. There is practically no one, great or small—but especially great—he doesn't know. It will pay you to meet him, for he's a person of political consequence. Jack Miley presents him as "The Nation's Guest."

OF COURSE it was a silly place for any girl to be, up in the Pyrenees "Just Beyond the Fighting," but Diana had made a bet about killing a salmon and she intended to win. The wounded Britisher who dropped in from the Spanish side was an unforeseen incident.

YOU may think what you say is important, but the experts are pretty well agreed that "It's the Way You Say It." And if you want to improve in that respect, supposing improvement is possible, it's these same experts who can help you. Ruth Seinfel has collected their advice and helpfully presents it.

NADINE was on the switchboard in Dr. Curtis' office, and from there she could see enough to be perfectly sure she never wanted to marry a doctor. For instance, the way Dr. Curtis would get sarcastical with Nurse Byforth and make her cry in the medicine room afterward. It made you just want to stand up to old Snip-Snip and Snicker Curtis and tell him what for. Nadine does that—and more—in "The Doctor Said Ouch," by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan.

MICHAEL FOSTER, Kathleen Norris, Quentin Reynolds, Dr. Victor G. Heiser, Walter Davenport and other headliners are present.

This Week

FICTION

ROARK BRADFORD
Promised Land. High-ballin' on down to Texas! Page 13

LEW DIETZ
Tin Cups. What present can a tennis champion give a girl? Page 15

RICHARD WORMSER
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GORDON CARROLL
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THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Impersonation, by Alan LeMay. Page 20

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KATHLEEN NORRIS
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ARTICLES

WALTER DAVENPORT
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HANNAH LEES
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JIM MARSHALL
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FRANK J. TAYLOR
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●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. One up on the universe. Page 6

EDITORIAL
All in One World. Page 66

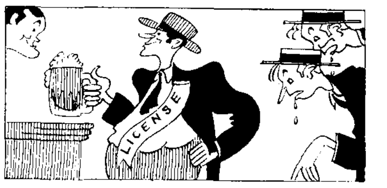
COVER LAWSON WOOD

Any Week

MR. JAMES C. HOFFENOF of St. Paul, Minnesota, deplores the fact that we weren't in his neighboring town of Brainerd to attend the recent Paul Bunyan celebration. "It's a good thing," writes Mr. Hoffenof, "that Paul is merely a myth. If a myth could have a ghost, Brainerd would be haunted, and, as far as I could see, even his ghost could have licked all the brave boys I saw there. Anyway, the hero of the occasion, the principal speaker, the substitute for Paul, was none other than that colossus, Dr. Francis E. Townsend of The Plan fame. The doctor wowed them and, while Paul never tried to lift the government out of debt and toss the old folks into Glory-Be with one gigantic heave, the doc says that he can and, just to give us a sample, he floored several thousand natives with a flick of his finger."

AND in South Dakota they're having quite a time, as usual. This time it's about finding labor to harvest wheat. "We can have WPA labor," says Mrs. Georgina Deihl of Sioux Falls. "But WPAers shy at the job. Naturally it's hard work and you can't blame them. But the farmers refuse to protest because nine out of every ten WPA lads sent to the fields aren't worth having. Local WPA bosses hope they won't have to force the issue because the elections are just around the corner, and the WPA votes. The Department of Agriculture wants the bumper wheat crop cut down, but you can't stop wheat that is already here. And the Works Progress Administration doesn't like the Agriculture Department and the Washington office insists that its lads shall harvest wheat whether the Agriculture Department and the farmers like it or not. Sure we're crazy. We got that way watching and listening to Harry Hopkins and Henry Wallace. Hand me my scissors and paper. I want to cut out some dolls."

"HOW much would it cost to get my old man's name in your magazine?" asks Mr. Joe Furvine of Memphis, Tennessee. "I will pay what is fair. My old man is retired and is seventy-seven years old and got his name in the papers three times. Once he got it in for writing a letter to the paper about catfish in the water mains. And twice he got it in for getting in a couple of fights. But that was twenty-five or thirty years ago and he has worn out the papers reading about himself and showing them to people. I'm looking for something new to keep him interested. I will buy ten copies of the magazine and give him one at a time. This should be enough. His first name is Joe like mine."



FRANKLY we were about to step across the street and buy ourselves a drink when a letter from Mr. Samuel Ulan of Girard, Pennsylvania, appeared. Mr. Ulan has a plan to discourage drinking or, as he so deftly puts it, "to curb intemperance." He proposes that all drinkers be licensed. Such licenses "could be obtained only after adequate proof has been presented that the applicant is eligible. This would," says Mr. Ulan, "prevent the underaged from obtaining alcoholic beverages, and persons on relief or state or federal aid would have state licenses withdrawn."

MR. H. WOLD of Covington, Kentucky, advises us that "If I do what many friends ask and run for the legislature I will first have a bill passed forbidding anybody to write anything about the state of Kentucky unless it is first submitted to the legislature and passed upon by us. If anybody does not do this and publishes a piece anyway it will cost them five thousand dollars fine. To get permission from the legislature will cost a similar sum. This is to protect the good name of men who are elected to rule the people."

HERE is a letter from a lady who says: "It will ruin me socially if you tell who I am, so I am not signing my name." Says she: "Maybe you don't know it but one of the nicest love stories you've published in a long time was printed in two parts on your table of contents page, first on July 2d and the second half of the story on the same page on July 9th. The first installment is the titles of the fiction for July 2d: This Woman and This Man, So They Had Dinner, Wild Onions, Choice of Weapons. And then on July 9th the fiction list runs: The Step Baby, Smart Little Man, The Little Kid, Coal Black and the Seven Dwarfs."

THAT gal reads Collier's. W. D.

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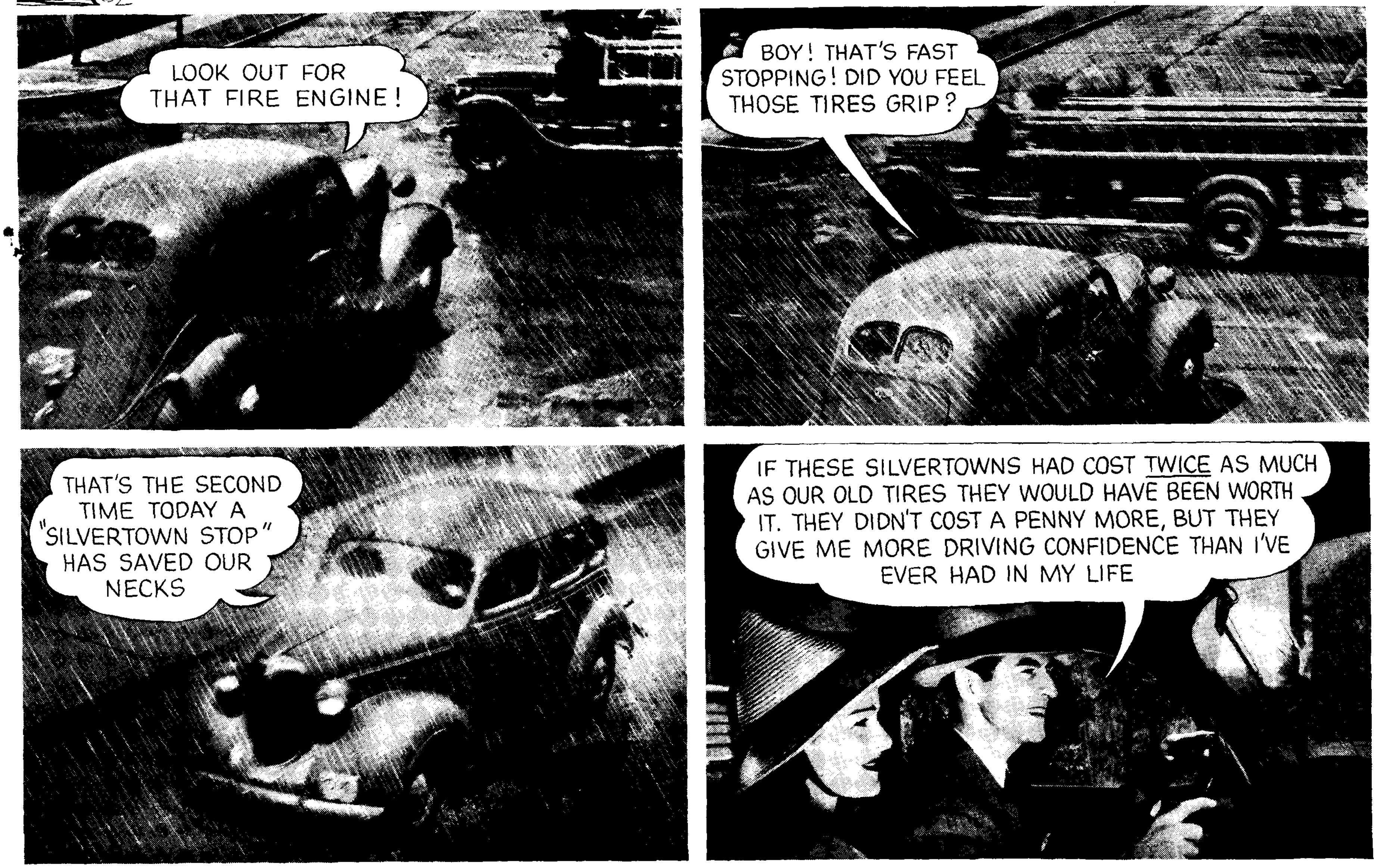
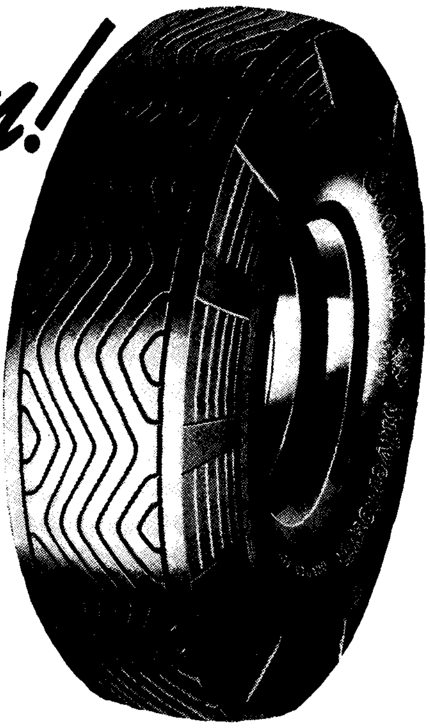
DANGER AHEAD! WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO YOU IN THIS WET ROAD EMERGENCY?


LOOK OUT FOR THAT FIRE ENGINE!
BOY! THAT'S FAST STOPPING! DID YOU FEEL THOSE TIRES GRIP?
THAT'S THE SECOND TIME TODAY A "SILVERTOWN STOP" HAS SAVED OUR NECKS
IF THESE SILVERTOWNS HAD COST TWICE AS MUCH AS OUR OLD TIRES THEY WOULD HAVE BEEN WORTH IT. THEY DIDN'T COST A PENNY MORE, BUT THEY GIVE ME MORE DRIVING CONFIDENCE THAN I'VE EVER HAD IN MY LIFE

NEW KIND OF TIRE GIVES QUICKEST NON-SKID STOPS *You've Ever Seen!*



PROOF! From 3 Months' Road Tests by America's Largest Independent Testing Laboratory

● "Both regular, and also the premium-priced tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers were submitted to a series of road tests made over a three months' period by us, to determine their resistance to skidding and wear, with the following results:

"NON-SKID—The new Goodrich Silvertown with the Life-Saver Tread gave greater skid resistance than any other tire tested, including those tires listed at from 40% to 70% higher in price.

"MILEAGE — The Goodrich Silvertown gave more non-skid mileage than any of the other tires tested in its own price range—averaged 19.1% more miles before the tires wore smooth.

"BLOW-OUT PROTECTION—Despite the severe nature of these tests, no Silvertown blew out, or failed from any cause, while two tires of other makes failed."

A. R. ELLIS, Pres.
PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY

Golden Ply Blow-out Protection, Too

CHILDREN running across the street! Cars darting out in front of you! No matter how carefully you drive—time and again on rainy days you're suddenly faced with wet road emergencies—where only the quickest possible stop will save lives.

And remember, unless the tires on your car have this new Life-Saver Tread you're being cheated out of the real stopping power that's built into your brakes. That's because the never-ending spiral bars of the Life-Saver Tread act like a battery of windshield wipers. They sweep the water right and left—force it out through the *deep* drainage grooves—make a DRY TRACK for the rubber to grip.

And, adding one safety feature to another, this new Silvertown is also the *only* tire that gives you the Golden Ply—the famous Goodrich invention that resists the terrific blowout-causing heat generated *inside* all tires by today's high speeds—protects you against those high-speed blow-outs.

Remember, you can prove to yourself that a SILVERTOWN STOP is the safest, quickest stop you've ever had. Go in to your Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store for a free demonstration ride. And, for safety's sake, make your next tires Goodrich Safety Silvertowns.

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

LIFE-SAVER TREAD SKID-PROTECTION ◆ GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS' TRAILER TRIP
AT FRANCONIA NOTCH, NEW HAMPSHIRE
WELL, CHUBBINS, THERE'S THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN THAT WE READ ABOUT IN HAWTHORNE'S STORY OF 'THE GREAT STONE FACE!' DOESN'T IT SEEM NATURAL?
YES-IT LOOKS SO CALM AND PEACEFUL. SAY, DAD-I'M SO WARM-LET'S GO FOR A SWIM IN SOME COOL MOUNTAIN LAKE
ECHO LAKE....
COME ON IN, AND COOL OFF, DAD
NO THANKS, CHUBBINS, YOU GO AHEAD-I'LL HAVE A NICE COOL SMOKE
BEG PARDON. I OVERHEARD YOU SAY YOU WERE GOING TO HAVE A COOL SMOKE. HOW IN THE WORLD DO YOU GET ONE ON A HOT DAY LIKE TODAY?
WELL, I'LL SHOW YOU. HERE----- YOU JUST FILL YOUR PIPE WITH THIS TOBACCO
YOU SEE HOW WELL THIS TOBACCO PACKS IN YOUR PIPE? IT'S CRIMP CUT TO BURN SLOWLY AND SMOKE COOL----
THAT CERTAINLY OUGHT TO KEEP THE BOWL COOL TOO
THEN, YOU LIGHT UP AND----
MMM! MAN-IT SMOKES COOL AND MILD FROM THE VERY FIRST PUFF. WHAT KIND OF TOBACCO IS THAT AGAIN?
IT'S PRINCE ALBERT-THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE-AND WAIT TILL YOU SEE WHAT A SWELL 'CAKE' IT PUTS IN YOUR PIPE TOO!
IT CERTAINLY IS THE RICHEST-TASTING TOBACCO I EVER SMOKED-AND YET THERE'S NO HARSHNESS-PRINCE ALBERT'S MY FRIEND FOR LIFE!
Make your pipe-dreams come true!
PRINCE ALBERT IS 'CRIMP CUT'-DRAWS BETTER-CAKES BETTER! AND P.A. IS 'NO-BITE' TREATED FOR EXTRA MILDNESS
PRINCE ALBERT
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

ROLL-YOUR-OWNERS! TRY PRINCE ALBERT FOR FASTER, TIGHTER-ROLLED "MAKIN'S" CIGARETTES THAT SMOKE MILDER, TASTIER. AROUND 70 SWELL "MAKIN'S" SMOKES TO THE TIN!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

READ THIS GENEROUS MONEY-BACK OFFER

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Siam's recent wild-elephant roundup, the first in 35 years, was thoughtfully conducted. For the spectators, there was a large grandstand beside the stockade, and portable broadcasting equipment kept them informed of the progress of the hunt. For the captured animals, the stockade contained both drinking and bathing water and, on a safe perch, a group of women who sang lullabies to the beasts to calm them.

When Russia's first railroad was completed between Moscow and St. Petersburg in 1851, Emperor Nicholas I regarded the achievement with such reverence that, for several years afterward, he made men remove their hats and women cover their heads in the stations and on the trains.

Many psychoanalysts and others who have studied attempted suicides are convinced that one of the chief motives is a vengeful feeling toward another person or society as a whole, based on their own inadequacy and resentment.

A certain radium water, which killed several persons about six years ago, probably holds the record as a "cure-all." The quacks who sold this medicine, a solution of radium salts, guaranteed that it would absolutely cure 161 different ailments.

More than 500 years ago, the fleet of France invaded and sacked the little town of Winchelsea, on the Sussex coast of England. Every morning and afternoon since, a guard has gone to his lookout post and scanned the horizon for enemy ships. The election of this man, who is known as "The looker-out for the French Fleet," takes place on Easter Tuesdays and his annual salary is $5.48.

The French language surpasses all other languages in slang vocabulary.—*By Virginia Milliat, Eragny, France.*

Up to a generation ago, coffee was subjected to more adulteration than almost any other article of food. Among the spurious substances used were the roasted and ground roots of the dandelion, carrot, parsnip and beet; grains of wheat and rice; seeds of lupine, the broom, fenugreek and iris; and chicory, acorns and soybeans. There was even a molding machine that made "coffee beans" from a mixture of flour and molasses.

The burning bush or gas plant, *Dictamnus fraxinella,* is unique in that its stalk, branches and leaves exude a resinous or oily water that is so volatile its vapor can be ignited on a hot, dry day. The bush, however, is not harmed by the fire as the flames do not come in contact with the plant itself.—*By Frances Rice Behringer, Jackson Heights, New York.*

The German composer Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750) was the world's greatest master of counterpoint, the first to use the thumb and little finger on the pianoforte and, most important of all, was the most original thinker in the history of music, having inspired such later geniuses as Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, Wagner and Rubinstein.—*By Betty Davis, Palisade, Colorado.*

In Persia, Turkey and other Asiatic countries, whole families sometimes spend many years in weaving a fine rug and come to regard it with such affection that they often sew a note on the rug, asking future owners to be kind to it.—*By Arthur Gran, Brooklyn, New York.*

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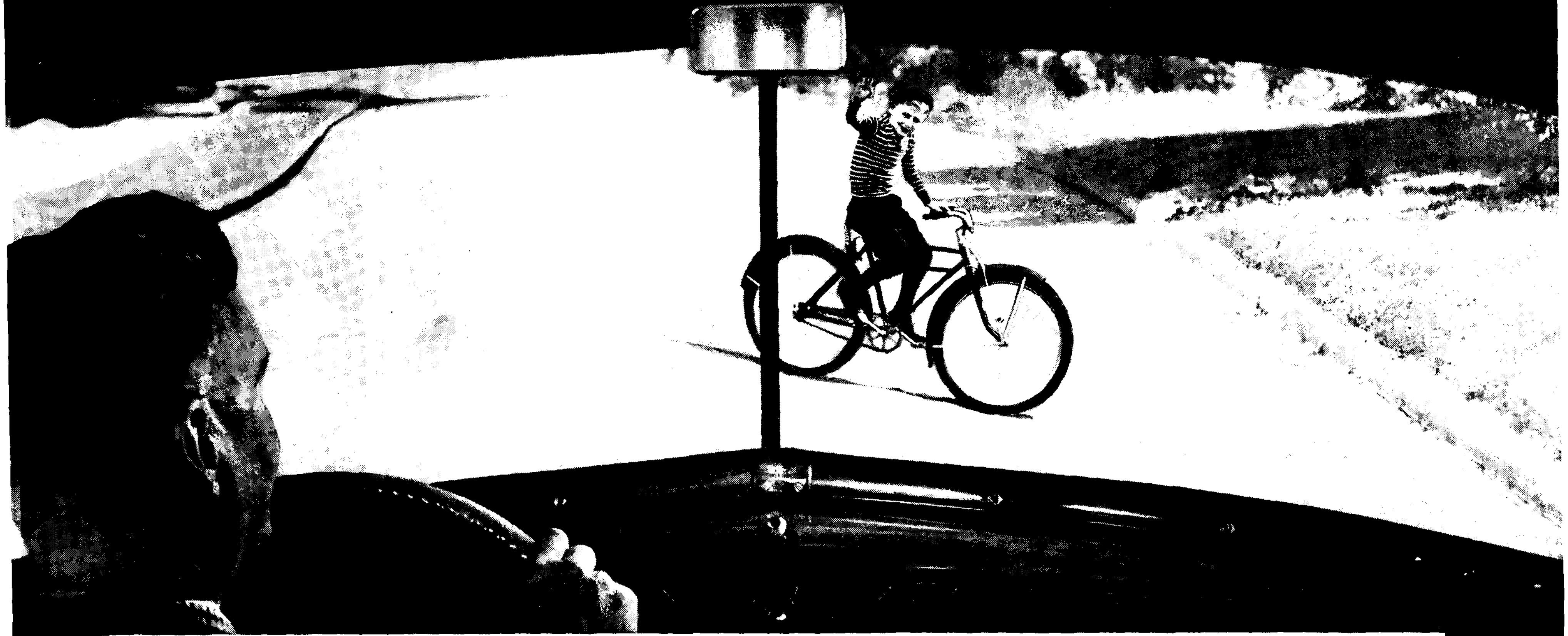
"I'M THROUGH GAMBLING WITH LIVES I'M DRIVING A HUDSON NOW"



"No More 'QUESTION-MARK' BRAKES for Me"

PICTURE *yourself* in that driver's seat, looking out through that windshield! It's *your* car you're driving . . . and somebody's kid on that bike ahead!

Only the safest brakes can be safe enough when lives depend on sure stopping. Yet only Hudson gives you brakes that are *Double*-Safe . . . stopping without a single "question mark."

The Final Step Towards Perfect Brakes!

For straight, smooth, short stopping, no better brakes have ever been developed than good hydraulics. But the braking fluid in *any* hydraulic system *can* leak away, through accident or neglect.

But such an emergency can't leave you without foot brakes in a Hudson. For Hudson has taken the great final step to make hydraulics the perfect brakes.

First, self-energizing Bendix four-wheel hydraulics. No finer brakes are built. Second, a separate mechanical reserve braking system that takes hold *automatically* from the same foot pedal if ever needed. Just push the foot pedal, with the comfortable knowledge that your car will *always* stop.

The easy handling parking brake gives you a *third* way to apply brakes.

Typical of the way Hudson does things is this great advance in brakes. If the best can be improved on, make it better!

Pacemaker in *All* the Things That Count

Other things, too, help Hudson to set the pace in safety. Clear vision to both sides, through the widest windshields in any popular cars. Bodies all of steel; safety plate glass all around. Exclusive forged radial arms for safer steering, extra strength.

Drive a Hudson today. See how the safety pacemaker also sets the pace in roominess, performance, economy . . . in everything that means better value.

ATTENTION USED CAR BUYERS! **Every car built by Hudson since 1935 has these Double-Safe Brakes**

$694

and up for Hudson 112 (3-passenger coupe), delivered in Detroit, fully equipped; including Federal taxes.

HUDSON ALSO BUILDS TOP VALUE IN EVERY POPULAR PRICE CLASS

HUDSON Terraplane . $789 and up
HUDSON Six with Six Star Motor **$934** and up
HUDSON Eight . . . $1015 and up

Prices do not include state and local taxes, if any. For delivered price in your locality, see your Hudson dealer. Attractively low time payment terms, with new Hudson-C. I. T. Plan.

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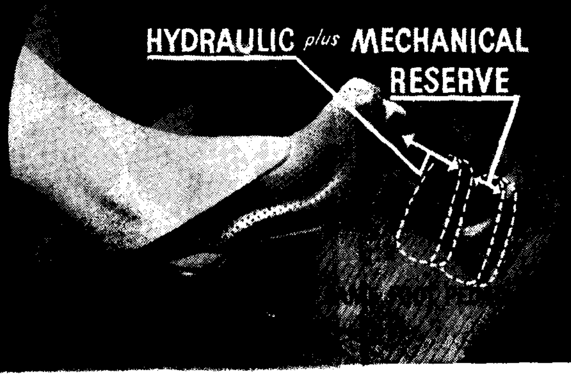
ONLY HUDSON HAS THESE DOUBLE-SAFE BRAKES



IN SAFETY HUDSON SETS THE PACE

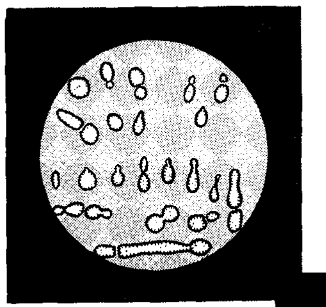
SENSATIONAL DANDRUFF RESEARCH

turns thousands to LISTERINE!

PITYROSPORUM OVALE, which causes dandruff, as it looks under the microscope, magnified many times.

Queer bottle-shaped germ, Pityrosporum ovale, revealed as dandruff cause. Tests show how Listerine kills it, how cure is possible . . . 76% of patients examined in New Jersey Clinic got quick relief.

1 For years scientists seeking facts about dandruff had been baffled. Was it curable? What caused it? Why had so many lotions, salves, ointments failed to show curative powers? Then began a period of intensive research, unequaled in the study of dandruff. As research proceeded the conviction grew that dandruff *must* be a germ disease.



2 At last, this microscopic germ—*Pityrosporum ovale*—was identified. But could so tiny an organism be isolated for study? Expert bacteriologists attacked the problem. Finally, after years of effort—success! Living *Pityrosporum ovale* germs were isolated for observation.

3 Immediately, an astounding series of experiments began. Rabbits were inoculated with *Pityrosporum ovale*. Soon scales and all the other typical symptoms of dandruff were in evidence—scientific support for the belief that *Pityrosporum ovale* caused dandruff!

4 Now came the most amazing experiment of all. Infected rabbits were treated once a day on one side only with Listerine. In an average of 14 days the sides treated with Listerine were completely cured! The other sides still retained a dandruff condition!

Now, at last, there is positive hope of real cure for dandruff sufferers. No matter how stubborn your case may be, no matter how many remedies you may have tried in vain, start using the Listerine Treatment today and see what wonderful results you get.

The amazing research outlined on this page is scientific proof that Listerine Antiseptic really cures dandruff, by killing the dandruff germ. Read for yourself the startling results of these laboratory and clinical tests.

Simple, easy treatment

The Listerine Treatment literally annihilates *Pityrosporum ovale*, the germ which causes dandruff; soothes the irritated scalp; promotes its rapid healing. Ugly scales disappear, permitting scalp and hair to regain their normal youthfulness and vigor.

Yet this proved dandruff treatment is amazingly easy and simple; just douse your scalp with Listerine Antiseptic; massage vigorously and persistently, until every hair is soaked and saturated; the soothing, health-promoting antiseptic does the rest.

Start with Listerine and massage today

Don't waste any more time on old-fashioned remedies that merely wash away surface symptoms temporarily. Start today with the proved, scientific treatment—Listerine Antiseptic and massage. Get back the handsome gleam and healthy vigor of your hair this pleasant, simple way.

Even after dandruff has been completely cured, it is wise to guard against re-infection by occasional Listerine massages at regular intervals. Remember—only Listerine, so far as we know, has such a clinical record of positive dandruff cure.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

5 But then came the final, vital test—would Listerine get results for men and women dandruff sufferers as well? A famous midwestern skin clinic was chosen as the proving ground. A selected group of dandruff patients were instructed to use the daily Listerine Treatment. A substantial number of these Listerine users obtained marked relief *within the first two weeks on the average*. In many other cases scalps were found to be free of dandruff in from 3 to 8 weeks.

Cut this out

THE TREATMENT

Once or twice a day, use full strength Listerine on the scalp, spreading it with fingers, or parting the hair and applying with cotton or eye dropper.

Now massage scalp with fingertips, using a rotary motion. See that massage is vigorous and persistent: active stimulation of the scalp is highly important in dandruff treatment. After massage allow Listerine to dry. Rinse if you wish, but better results are obtained if Listerine is allowed to remain on the hair.

If scalp or hair is excessively dry, use a little olive oil in conjunction with Listerine. Listerine will not bleach the hair.

LISTERINE
Guaranteed Approved
4602
Good Housekeeping Bureau

6 These results were re-checked by scientists in another conclusive test. This time a New Jersey clinic was the scene. Within thirty days, 76% of the group who used the Listerine Treatment twice a day, showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms! At last the scientists were satisfied. *Listerine Antiseptic had been definitely proved a positive cure for dandruff!*

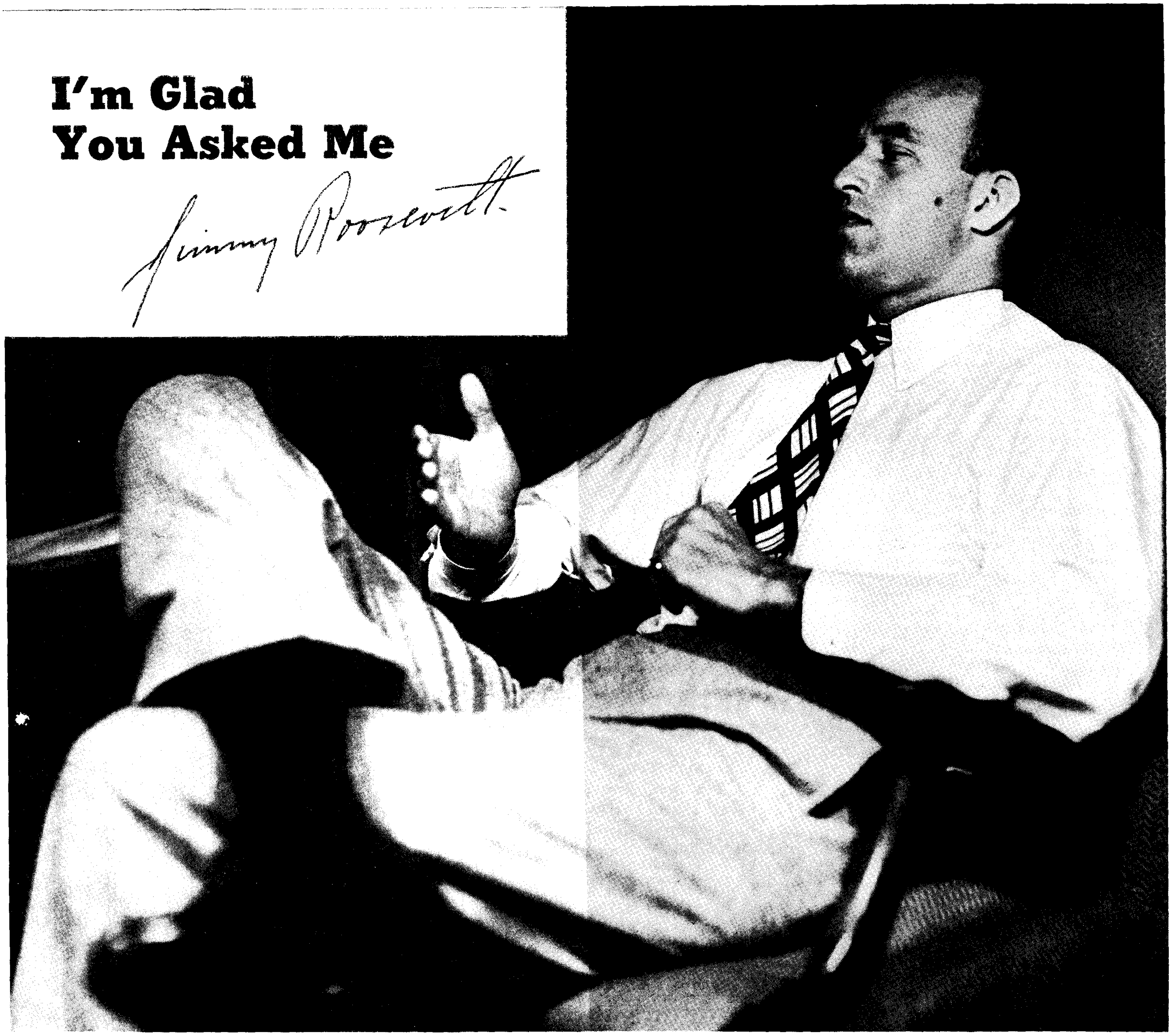
LISTERINE

P.S. *Listerine, which has been discovered to **be such an excellent** germicidal treatment for dandruff, **is the same** Listerine Antiseptic which has been used **as a** mouth wash and gargle for more than 25 years.*

Collier's The National Weekly for August 20, 1938

I'm Glad You Asked Me

Jimmy Roosevelt



LAWRENCE MONAHAN

By Walter Davenport

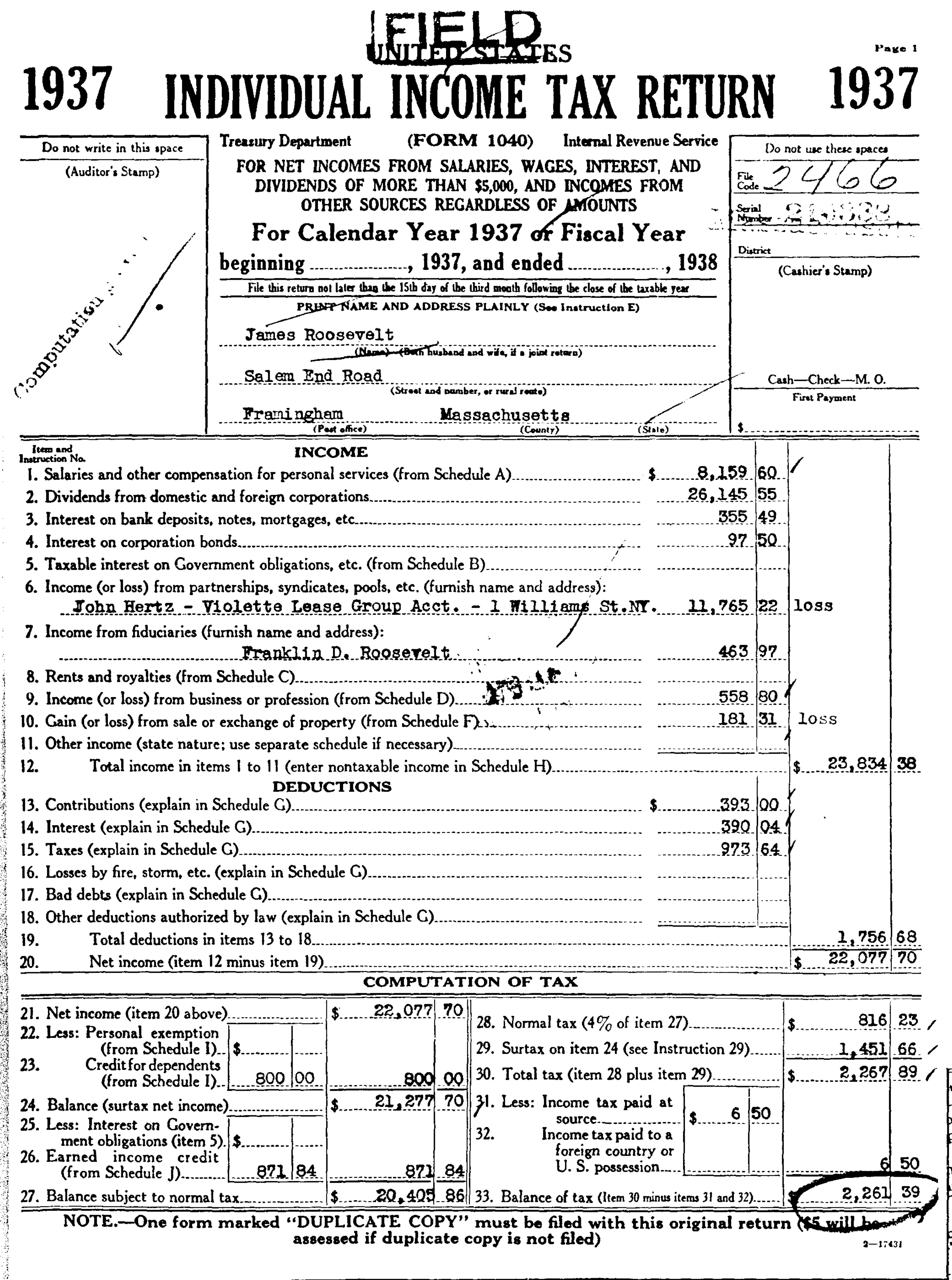
YOUNG Mr. Roosevelt—the one named James—lay at considerable length in his hospital bed. It was quite a long bed, which is as it should have been, because Mr. Roosevelt had done a considerable job of growing. In experience James was still growing; another fortunate thing because he was but thirty years old. At the moment he was trying to digest his first tough lesson in the penalties imposed inevitably upon an ambitious fellow whose father happens to be President of the United States and who isn't nonsensical [illegible] about grasping Opportunity as [illegible] he.

He looked a bit harassed. At his feet lay a disorder of newspapers. Around him in tipsy piles lay the morning's mail plus a score or two of telegrams. Until very recently life had been rather vanilla flavored; just now he was beginning to long for the peace of balsam quiet which would be his were he, say, Jimmy—Jimmy—oh, Jimmy anything of Notady Junction, Wyoming, instead of Jimmy Roosevelt. He's learning.

He had read the newspapers, or that part of them that reported what his father was doing and saying in his meander across the country seeking to save the political lives of his senatorial friends and halt the progress of candidates who aren't his friends. In other less painful circumstances Jimmy would have been with his father. But he was supposed to be sick—a gastric ulcer or so. And, to remind him of it, there were frequent invasions of doctors—portentous gentlemen, looking down their noses with studied severity—flanked by bored nurses and apologetic-looking fellows who carried charts.

Mr. Roosevelt's mail, which seemed never to stop arriving, was not warranted to keep his temperature at par nor his emotions unmixed. It advised him variously—everything from exhortations to keep his chin up to try a good lethal jump into the nearest lake. It begged him for everything from the price of a patchwork quilt to be raffled off at the pastor's birthday party to a dormitory for a college. It threatened him with a stern visitation from the Ku Klux Klan. Communists, Nazis, Fascists and wool-hat politicians rummaging for mugwump votes for the exalted office of county commissioner were warning him that his only salvation lay in turning over to them the vast fortune he was charged with having amassed as an insurance broker. And of course there were the inevitable bids from practical gentlemen to throw his lot in with them and take the customers for a million-dollar ride.

These latter invitations ran largely like this: Listen, kid, don't be a sucker. They say you've been taking down anywhere from two hundred grand a year to two million in commissions on life, liability and fire insurance. Maybe you haven't. Anyway, I can lead you to contractors who want government contracts. You do your part and we can take these mugs for 75 per cent of their profits. You write your own insurance ticket. They'll take it. . . . He'd heard this before.



~~UNITED STATES~~ FIELD

Page 1

1937 INDIVIDUAL INCOME TAX RETURN 1937

Do not write in this space

(Auditor's Stamp)

Computation

Treasury Department (FORM 1040) Internal Revenue Service

FOR NET INCOMES FROM SALARIES, WAGES, INTEREST, AND DIVIDENDS OF MORE THAN $5,000, AND INCOMES FROM OTHER SOURCES REGARDLESS OF AMOUNTS

For Calendar Year 1937 ~~or~~ Fiscal Year

beginning ...., 1937, and ended ...., 1938

File this return not later than the 15th day of the third month following the close of the taxable year

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY (See Instruction E)

James Roosevelt
(~~Name~~) (Both husband and wife, if a joint return)

Salem End Road
(Street and number, or rural route)

Framingham (Post office) Massachusetts (County) (State)

Do not use these spaces

File Code 2466

Serial Number

District

(Cashier's Stamp)

Cash—Check—M. O.

First Payment

$

Item and Instruction No.	INCOME	$	¢		$	¢
1.	Salaries and other compensation for personal services (from Schedule A)	$8,159	60			
2.	Dividends from domestic and foreign corporations	26,145	55			
3.	Interest on bank deposits, notes, mortgages, etc.	355	49			
4.	Interest on corporation bonds	97	50			
5.	Taxable interest on Government obligations, etc. (from Schedule B)					
6.	Income (or loss) from partnerships, syndicates, pools, etc. (furnish name and address): John Hertz - Violette Lease Group Acct. - 1 Williams St.NY.	11,765	22	loss		
7.	Income from fiduciaries (furnish name and address): Franklin D. Roosevelt	463	97			
8.	Rents and royalties (from Schedule C)					
9.	Income (or loss) from business or profession (from Schedule D)	558	80			
10.	Gain (or loss) from sale or exchange of property (from Schedule F)	181	31	loss		
11.	Other income (state nature; use separate schedule if necessary)					
12.	Total income in items 1 to 11 (enter nontaxable income in Schedule H)				$23,834	38
	DEDUCTIONS					
13.	Contributions (explain in Schedule G)	$393	00			
14.	Interest (explain in Schedule G)	390	04			
15.	Taxes (explain in Schedule G)	973	64			
16.	Losses by fire, storm, etc. (explain in Schedule G)					
17.	Bad debts (explain in Schedule G)					
18.	Other deductions authorized by law (explain in Schedule G)					
19.	Total deductions in items 13 to 18				1,756	68
20.	Net income (item 12 minus item 19)				$22,077	70

COMPUTATION OF TAX

		$	¢	$	¢
21.	Net income (item 20 above)			$22,077	70
22.	Less: Personal exemption (from Schedule I)	$			
23.	Credit for dependents (from Schedule I)	800	00	800	00
24.	Balance (surtax net income)			$21,277	70
25.	Less: Interest on Government obligations (item 5)	$			
26.	Earned income credit (from Schedule J)	871	84	871	84
27.	Balance subject to normal tax			$20,405	86

		$	¢	$	¢
28.	Normal tax (4% of item 27)			$816	23
29.	Surtax on item 24 (see Instruction 29)			1,451	66
30.	Total tax (item 28 plus item 29)			$2,267	89
31.	Less: Income tax paid at source	$6	50		
32.	Income tax paid to a foreign country or U. S. possession			6	50
33.	Balance of tax (Item 30 minus items 31 and 32)			$2,261	39

NOTE.—One form marked "DUPLICATE COPY" must be filed with this original return ($5 will be assessed if duplicate copy is not filed)

2—17431

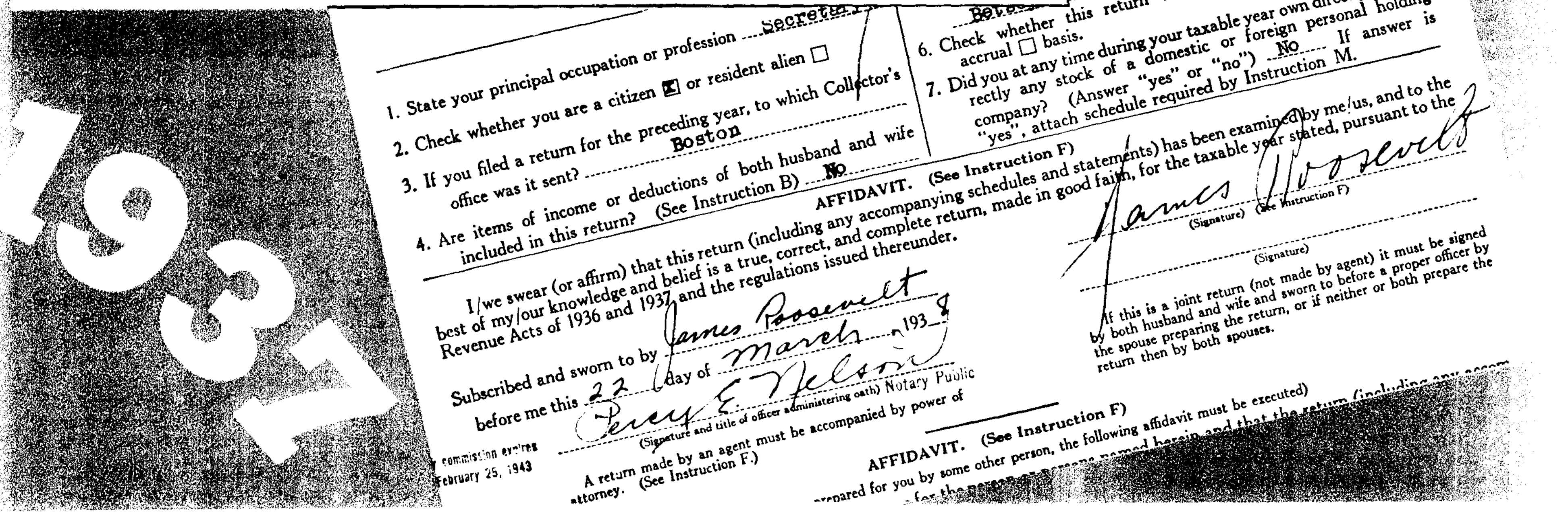
You can read just so many letters and telegrams of this sort. Up to a certain number they're educational—even interesting. But when you've reached a certain point you lean forward, sweep the rest out of the way and look around for an audience. Which is precisely what young Mr. Roosevelt did, earnestly chewing his tongue.

"When you get time," said he, "look over those. There was a day when I was childish enough to think that one's personal income was more or less a personal matter to be revealed only if it became a question of whether one was a thief or something like that. But I'm learning." (A pause, a sigh, an appealing look.) "My God, I'd love to have a large steak. Listen, for a guy with all the money I'm accused of having forced people to give me—oh, all right."

A nurse to whom all this was reduced to the simple fact that she had just another patient whose insides didn't rate solid food had appeared with a small glass of orange juice and what looked to us to be a quarter of an egg beaten to a froth—young Mr. Roosevelt's lunch. Using all his imagination on what she had given him, he took his time with it. We had a chance to look at the income tax returns he had handed us. Let's see:

In 1933, the year his father was elected President, his income was $21,714.31. He paid the federal government $1,826.64. Not half bad for a lad of twenty-five. In 1934, however, he appeared to be going places, his income from insurance commissions, radio talking and a few miscellaneous dividends amounting to $49,167.37. Nineteen thirty-five wasn't so generous, backing him down to $33,593.37. Quite a distance from a million a year. And yet, spartanlike, he didn't kick any more than you would as he paid the government $4,047.92. However, he did have something of an argument with the Collector of Internal Revenue. His return had neglected to mention a

According to photographs of returns in Collier's possession, the firm of Roosevelt & Sargent, Inc. reported gross income of $128,049.72 for 1937



...t Income in Exc...
...t over $14,000) $22,077 70
...page 1)
(10% of line 1 or 2,
...mount is smaller, but
...an $300) 815 96

...band or wife if a separate return was made,
...'s office to which it was sent Boston
... Roosevelt
... Bever...

1. State your principal occupation or profession Secreta...
2. Check whether you are a citizen ☒ or resident alien ☐
3. If you filed a return for the preceding year, to which Collector's office was it sent? Boston
4. Are items of income or deductions of both husband and wife included in this return? (See Instruction B) No
5. ...
6. Check whether this return was prepared on the cash ☒ or accrual ☐ basis.
7. Did you at any time during your taxable year own directly or indirectly any stock of a domestic or foreign personal holding company? (Answer "yes" or "no") No If answer is "yes", attach schedule required by Instruction M.

AFFIDAVIT. (See Instruction F)

I/we swear (or affirm) that this return (including any accompanying schedules and statements) has been examined by me/us, and to the best of my/our knowledge and belief is a true, correct, and complete return, made in good faith, for the taxable year stated, pursuant to the Revenue Acts of 1936 and 1937 and the regulations issued thereunder.

James Roosevelt
(Signature) (See Instruction F)

(Signature)

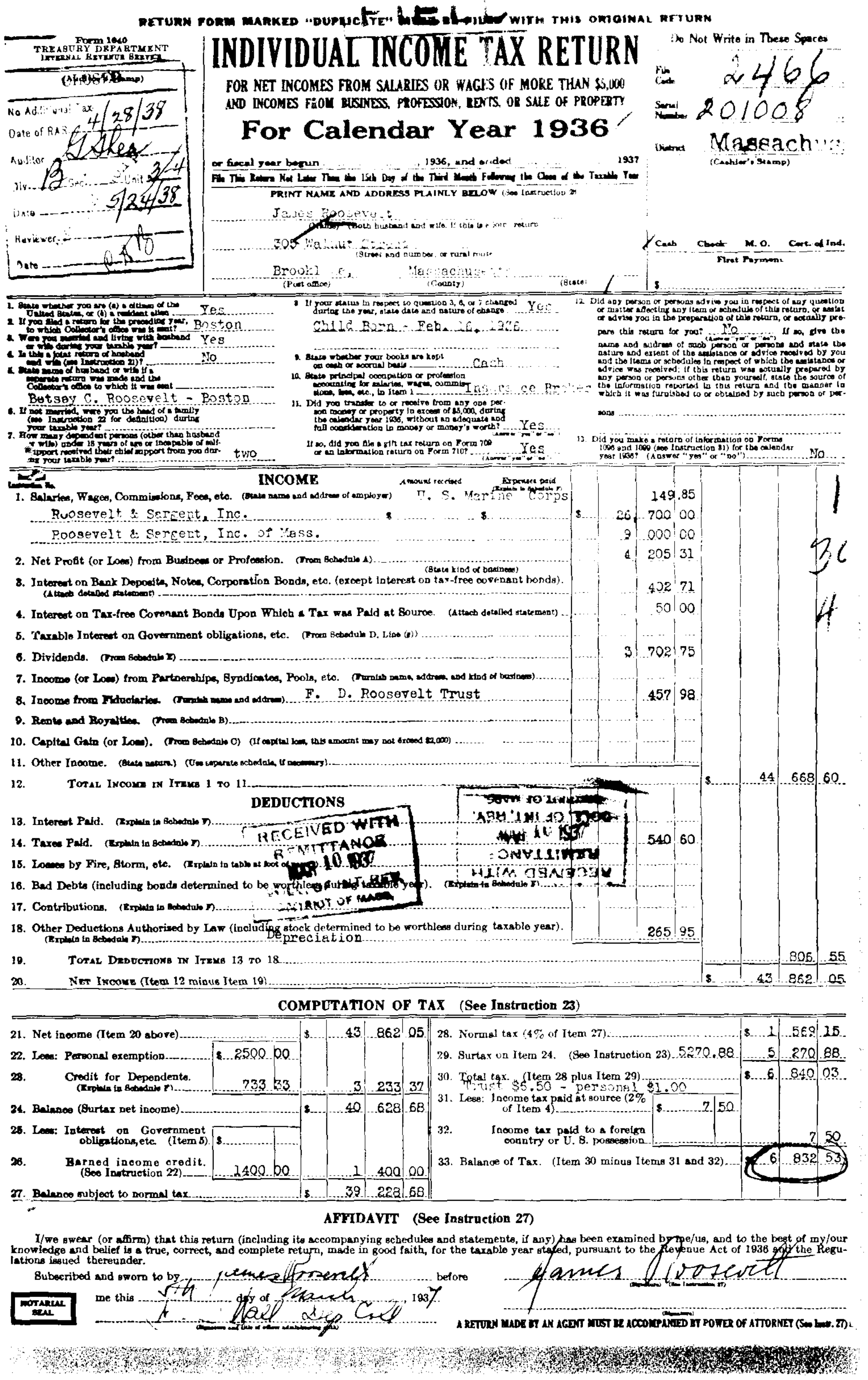
If this is a joint return (not made by agent) it must be signed by both husband and wife and sworn to before a proper officer by the spouse preparing the return, or if neither or both prepare the return then by both spouses.

Subscribed and sworn to by James Roosevelt
before me this 22 day of March, 1938
Percy E. Nelson Notary Public
(Signature and title of officer administering oath)
My commission expires February 25, 1943

A return made by an agent must be accompanied by power of attorney. (See Instruction F.)

AFFIDAVIT. (See Instruction F)

...prepared for you by some other person, the following affidavit must be executed)
...for the person or persons named herein and that the return (including any accom...



RETURN FORM MARKED "DUPLICATE" [illegible] WITH THIS ORIGINAL RETURN

Form 1040
TREASURY DEPARTMENT
INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE

(Auditor's Stamp)
No Additional Tax 4/28/38
Date of RAR
Auditor G Ahes
Div. B Sec. Unit 3/4
Date 5/24/38
Reviewer
Date

INDIVIDUAL INCOME TAX RETURN

FOR NET INCOMES FROM SALARIES OR WAGES OF MORE THAN $5,000 AND INCOMES FROM BUSINESS, PROFESSION, RENTS, OR SALE OF PROPERTY

For Calendar Year 1936

or fiscal year begun ...., 1936, and ended ...., 1937
File This Return Not Later Than the 15th Day of the Third Month Following the Close of the Taxable Year

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY BELOW (See Instruction 2)
James Roosevelt
(Name) (Both husband and wife, if this is a joint return)
305 Walnut Street
(Street and number, or rural route)
Brookline, Massachusetts
(Post office) (County) (State)

Do Not Write in These Spaces
File Code 2466
Serial Number 201008
District Massachusetts
(Cashier's Stamp)
Cash Check M. O. Cert. of Ind.
First Payment
$

1. State whether you are (a) a citizen of the United States, or (b) a resident alien Yes
2. If you filed a return for the preceding year, to which Collector's office was it sent? Boston
3. Were you married and living with husband or wife during your taxable year? Yes
4. Is this a joint return of husband and wife (see Instruction 21)? No
5. State name of husband or wife if a separate return was made and the Collector's office to which it was sent Betsey C. Roosevelt - Boston
6. If not married, were you the head of a family (see Instruction 22 for definition) during your taxable year?
7. How many dependent persons (other than husband or wife) under 18 years of age or incapable of self-support received their chief support from you during your taxable year? two
8. If your status in respect to question 3, 6, or 7 changed during the year, state date and nature of change Yes Child Born - Feb. 16, 1936
9. State whether your books are kept on cash or accrual basis Cash
10. State principal occupation or profession accounting for salaries, wages, commissions, fees, etc., in Item 1 Insurance Broker
11. Did you transfer to or receive from any one person money or property in excess of $5,000, during the calendar year 1936, without an adequate and full consideration in money or money's worth? Yes (Answer "yes" or "no")
If so, did you file a gift tax return on Form 709 or an information return on Form 710? Yes (Answer "yes" or "no")
12. Did any person or persons advise you in respect of any question or matter affecting any item or schedule of this return, or assist or advise you in the preparation of this return, or actually prepare this return for you? No (Answer "yes" or "no") If so, give the name and address of such person or persons and state the nature and extent of the assistance or advice received by you and the items or schedules in respect of which the assistance or advice was received; if this return was actually prepared by any person or persons other than yourself, state the source of the information reported in this return and the manner in which it was furnished to or obtained by such person or persons
13. Did you make a return of information on Forms 1096 and 1099 (see Instruction 31) for the calendar year 1936? (Answer "yes" or "no") No

Item and Instruction No.	INCOME			
1.	Salaries, Wages, Commissions, Fees, etc. (State name and address of employer) U. S. Marine Corps (Amount received / Expenses paid (Explain in Schedule F))	149.85		1
	Roosevelt & Sargent, Inc.	$ 26,700.00		
	Roosevelt & Sargent, Inc. of Mass.	9,000.00		
2.	Net Profit (or Loss) from Business or Profession. (From Schedule A) (State kind of business)	4,205.31		3C
3.	Interest on Bank Deposits, Notes, Corporation Bonds, etc. (except interest on tax-free covenant bonds). (Attach detailed statement)	402.71		
4.	Interest on Tax-free Covenant Bonds Upon Which a Tax was Paid at Source. (Attach detailed statement)	50.00		4
5.	Taxable Interest on Government obligations, etc. (From Schedule D, Line (g))			
6.	Dividends. (From Schedule E)	3,702.75		
7.	Income (or Loss) from Partnerships, Syndicates, Pools, etc. (Furnish name, address, and kind of business)			
8.	Income from Fiduciaries. (Furnish name and address) F. D. Roosevelt Trust	457.98		
9.	Rents and Royalties. (From Schedule B)			
10.	Capital Gain (or Loss). (From Schedule C) (If capital loss, this amount may not exceed $2,000)			
11.	Other Income. (State nature.) (Use separate schedule, if necessary)			
12.	TOTAL INCOME IN ITEMS 1 TO 11		$ 44,668.60	
	DEDUCTIONS			
13.	Interest Paid. (Explain in Schedule F)			
14.	Taxes Paid. (Explain in Schedule F)	540.60		
15.	Losses by Fire, Storm, etc. (Explain in table at foot of page)			
16.	Bad Debts (including bonds determined to be worthless during taxable year). (Explain in Schedule F)			
17.	Contributions. (Explain in Schedule F)			
18.	Other Deductions Authorized by Law (including stock determined to be worthless during taxable year). (Explain in Schedule F) Depreciation	265.95		
19.	TOTAL DEDUCTIONS IN ITEMS 13 TO 18		805.55	
20.	NET INCOME (Item 12 minus Item 19)		$ 43,862.05	

RECEIVED WITH REMITTANCE MAR 10 1937 COLL. INT. REV. DISTRICT OF MASS.

RECEIVED WITH REMITTANCE MAR 10 1937 COLL. OF INT. REV. DISTRICT OF MASS.

COMPUTATION OF TAX (See Instruction 23)

21. Net income (Item 20 above)		$ 43,862.05	
22. Less: Personal exemption	$ 2500.00		
23. Credit for Dependents. (Explain in Schedule F)	733.33	3,233.37	
24. Balance (Surtax net income)		$ 40,628.68	
25. Less: Interest on Government obligations, etc. (Item 5)	$		
26. Earned income credit. (See Instruction 22)	1400.00	1,400.00	
27. Balance subject to normal tax		$ 39,228.68	

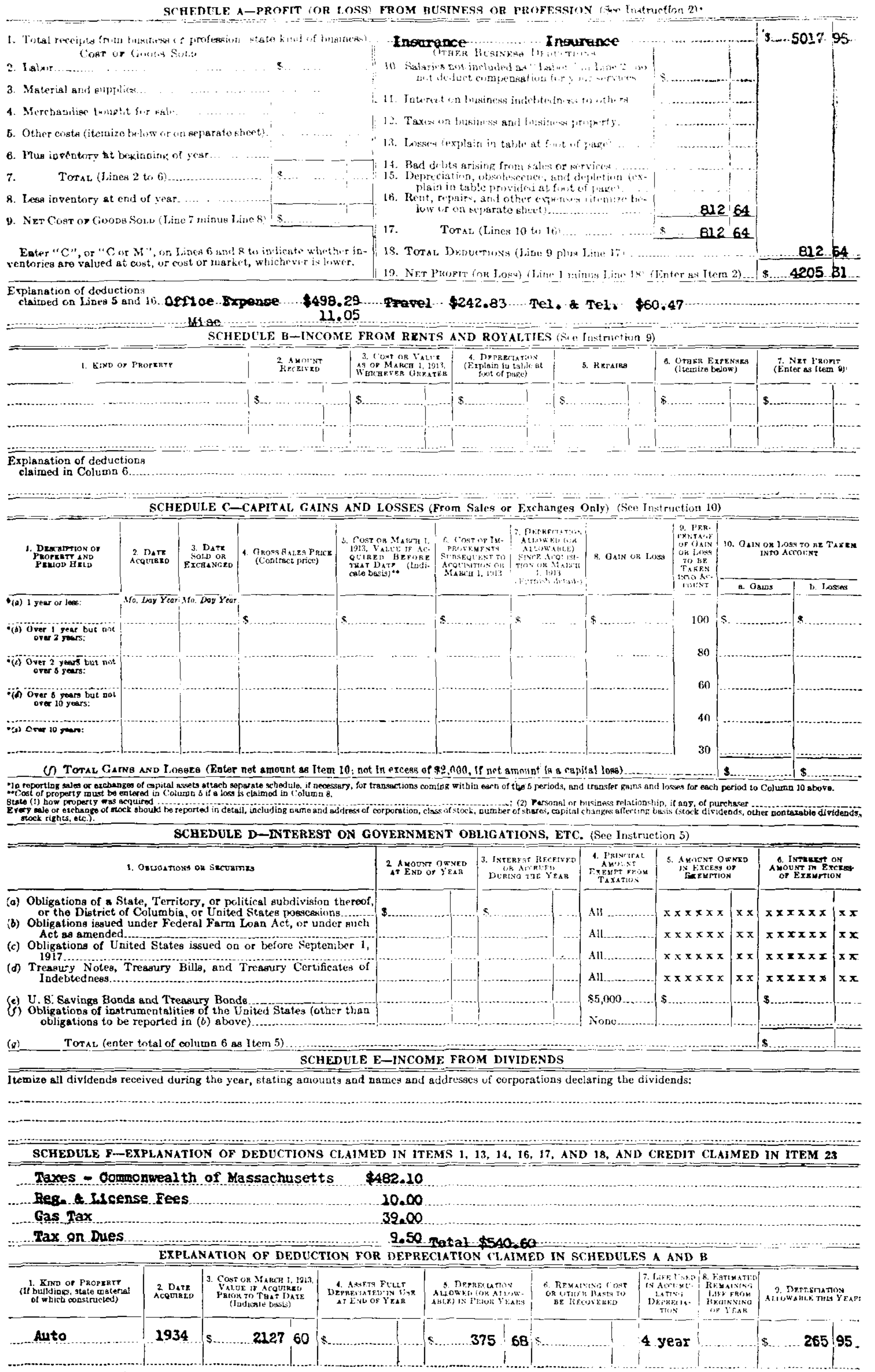
28. Normal tax (4% of Item 27)		$ 1,569.15
29. Surtax on Item 24. (See Instruction 23) 5270.88		5,270.88
30. Total tax. (Item 28 plus Item 29) Trust $6.50 - personal $1.00		$ 6,840.03
31. Less: Income tax paid at source (2% of Item 4)	$ 7.50	
32. Income tax paid to a foreign country or U. S. possession		7.50
33. Balance of Tax. (Item 30 minus Items 31 and 32)		$ 6,832.53

AFFIDAVIT (See Instruction 27)

I/we swear (or affirm) that this return (including its accompanying schedules and statements, if any) has been examined by me/us, and to the best of my/our knowledge and belief is a true, correct, and complete return, made in good faith, for the taxable year stated, pursuant to the Revenue Act of 1936 and the Regulations issued thereunder.

Subscribed and sworn to by James Roosevelt before me this 5th day of March, 1937
NOTARIAL SEAL
Wall Dep Coll
(Signature and title of officer administering oath)

James Roosevelt
(Signature) (See Instruction 27)
(Signature)
A RETURN MADE BY AN AGENT MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY POWER OF ATTORNEY (See Inst. 27)



SCHEDULE A—PROFIT (OR LOSS) FROM BUSINESS OR PROFESSION (See Instruction 2)

1. Total receipts from business or profession (state kind of business) Insurance Insurance $ 5017.95

COST OF GOODS SOLD		OTHER BUSINESS DEDUCTIONS	
2. Labor	$	10. Salaries not included as "Labor" in Line 2 (do not deduct compensation for your services)	$
3. Material and supplies		11. Interest on business indebtedness to others	
4. Merchandise bought for sale		12. Taxes on business and business property	
5. Other costs (itemize below or on separate sheet)		13. Losses (explain in table at foot of page)	
6. Plus inventory at beginning of year		14. Bad debts arising from sales or services	
7. TOTAL (Lines 2 to 6)	$	15. Depreciation, obsolescence, and depletion (explain in table provided at foot of page)	
8. Less inventory at end of year		16. Rent, repairs, and other expenses (itemize below or on separate sheet)	812.64
9. NET COST OF GOODS SOLD (Line 7 minus Line 8)	$	17. TOTAL (Lines 10 to 16)	$ 812.64
Enter "C", or "C or M", on Lines 6 and 8 to indicate whether inventories are valued at cost, or cost or market, whichever is lower.		18. TOTAL DEDUCTIONS (Line 9 plus Line 17)	812.64
		19. NET PROFIT (OR LOSS) (Line 1 minus Line 18) (Enter as Item 2)	$ 4205.31

Explanation of deductions claimed on Lines 5 and 16. Office Expense $498.29 Travel $242.83 Tel. & Tel. $60.47 Misc 11.05

SCHEDULE B—INCOME FROM RENTS AND ROYALTIES (See Instruction 9)

1. KIND OF PROPERTY	2. AMOUNT RECEIVED	3. COST OR VALUE AS OF MARCH 1, 1913, WHICHEVER GREATER	4. DEPRECIATION (Explain in table at foot of page)	5. REPAIRS	6. OTHER EXPENSES (Itemize below)	7. NET PROFIT (Enter as Item 9)
	$	$	$	$	$	$

Explanation of deductions claimed in Column 6

SCHEDULE C—CAPITAL GAINS AND LOSSES (From Sales or Exchanges Only) (See Instruction 10)

1. DESCRIPTION OF PROPERTY AND PERIOD HELD	2. DATE ACQUIRED	3. DATE SOLD OR EXCHANGED	4. GROSS SALES PRICE (Contract price)	5. COST OR MARCH 1, 1913, VALUE IF ACQUIRED BEFORE THAT DATE (Indicate basis)**	6. COST OF IMPROVEMENTS SUBSEQUENT TO ACQUISITION OR MARCH 1, 1913	7. DEPRECIATION ALLOWED (OR ALLOWABLE) SINCE ACQUISITION OR MARCH 1, 1913 (Furnish details)	8. GAIN OR LOSS	9. PERCENTAGE OF GAIN OR LOSS TO BE TAKEN INTO ACCOUNT	10. GAIN OR LOSS TO BE TAKEN INTO ACCOUNT	
									a. Gains	b. Losses
*(a) 1 year or less:	Mo. Day Year	Mo. Day Year	$	$	$	$	$	100	$	$
*(b) Over 1 year but not over 2 years:								80		
*(c) Over 2 years but not over 5 years:								60		
*(d) Over 5 years but not over 10 years:								40		
*(e) Over 10 years:								30		
(f) TOTAL GAINS AND LOSSES (Enter net amount as Item 10; not in excess of $2,000, if net amount is a capital loss)									$	$

*In reporting sales or exchanges of capital assets attach separate schedule, if necessary, for transactions coming within each of the 5 periods, and transfer gains and losses for each period to Column 10 above.
**Cost of property must be entered in Column 5 if a loss is claimed in Column 8.
State (1) how property was acquired ....; (2) Personal or business relationship, if any, of purchaser ....
Every sale or exchange of stock should be reported in detail, including name and address of corporation, class of stock, number of shares, capital changes affecting basis (stock dividends, other nontaxable dividends, stock rights, etc.).

SCHEDULE D—INTEREST ON GOVERNMENT OBLIGATIONS, ETC. (See Instruction 5)

1. OBLIGATIONS OR SECURITIES	2. AMOUNT OWNED AT END OF YEAR	3. INTEREST RECEIVED OR ACCRUED DURING THE YEAR	4. PRINCIPAL AMOUNT EXEMPT FROM TAXATION	5. AMOUNT OWNED IN EXCESS OF EXEMPTION	6. INTEREST ON AMOUNT IN EXCESS OF EXEMPTION
(a) Obligations of a State, Territory, or political subdivision thereof, or the District of Columbia, or United States possessions	$	$	All	xxxxxx xx	xxxxxx xx
(b) Obligations issued under Federal Farm Loan Act, or under such Act as amended			All	xxxxxx xx	xxxxxx xx
(c) Obligations of United States issued on or before September 1, 1917			All	xxxxxx xx	xxxxxx xx
(d) Treasury Notes, Treasury Bills, and Treasury Certificates of Indebtedness			All	xxxxxx xx	xxxxxx xx
(e) U. S. Savings Bonds and Treasury Bonds			$5,000	$	$
(f) Obligations of instrumentalities of the United States (other than obligations to be reported in (b) above)			None		
(g) TOTAL (enter total of column 6 as Item 5)					$

SCHEDULE E—INCOME FROM DIVIDENDS

Itemize all dividends received during the year, stating amounts and names and addresses of corporations declaring the dividends:

SCHEDULE F—EXPLANATION OF DEDUCTIONS CLAIMED IN ITEMS 1, 13, 14, 16, 17, AND 18, AND CREDIT CLAIMED IN ITEM 23

Taxes - Commonwealth of Massachusetts	$482.10
Reg. & License Fees	10.00
Gas Tax	39.00
Tax on Dues	9.50 Total $540.60

EXPLANATION OF DEDUCTION FOR DEPRECIATION CLAIMED IN SCHEDULES A AND B

1. KIND OF PROPERTY (If buildings, state material of which constructed)	2. DATE ACQUIRED	3. COST OR MARCH 1, 1913, VALUE IF ACQUIRED PRIOR TO THAT DATE (Indicate basis)	4. ASSETS FULLY DEPRECIATED IN USE AT END OF YEAR	5. DEPRECIATION ALLOWED (OR ALLOWABLE) IN PRIOR YEARS	6. REMAINING COST OR OTHER BASIS TO BE RECOVERED	7. LIFE USED IN ACCUMULATING DEPRECIATION	8. ESTIMATED REMAINING LIFE FROM BEGINNING OF YEAR	9. DEPRECIATION ALLOWABLE THIS YEAR
Auto	1934	$ 2127.60	$	$ 375.68	$	4 year		$ 265.95

trifling matter of $1,089.56 in stock dividends. The tax collector reminded him of it. Maybe you've seen one or two of those dreary or-else notices they send out.

Nineteen thirty-six was a pretty good year for James. What with one thing and another, mostly insurance commissions of course, he made $44,668.60, of which he gave the government $6,832.53. But we were a bit shocked when we looked at his 1937 income. The truth is that the whole business was somewhat disappointing. What we had come to talk about was the unusual situation of a socially active young Roosevelt who, tiring of trying to crawl through college on an allowance of $250 a year and found, went to work while still a student and suddenly found himself wallowing in an income of from $200,000 to $2,000,000 a year. You can't imagine how we hate having prospects crumble on us like that.

Anyway, his income tax return showed that all he got of 1937 was $23,834.38, —not that a man couldn't live on that.

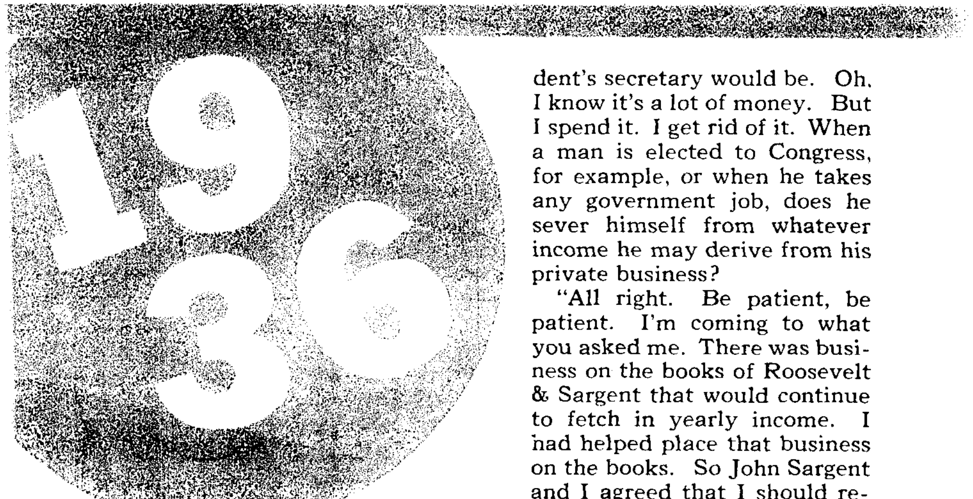
"What happened," we asked.

"I suppose I'm going to catch more hell," said he. "I may as well take it. Look. When the President asked me to go to Washington I said that I'd like to but wasn't sure I could afford it. The job he offered me as his secretary paid $10,000. I was earning, as you see—well, anywhere from twenty-five to fifty thousand a year. I honestly wanted to be with Father in Washington—oh, you know—to be with him, to do what I could to help him if he wanted me, to be in all the excitement. After all, the business of chasing insurance prospects, arguing with people who have to be convinced that they need insurance, so on and so on—all that can get pretty dreary at times. Sure, I got into places I never would have if I wasn't the son of the President. I know that. But, son or no son, I got tossed out a lot, too. Listen, fellow, prospects don't wilt just because you're the son of the President. Try it sometime.

According to photographs of returns in Collier's possession, the firm of Roosevelt & Sargent, Inc. reported gross income of $108,129.04 for 1936

"Anyway, I wanted to go to Washington. And inasmuch as that was going to take all my time—that and because we didn't want it said that the President's secretary was an insurance solicitor on the side (not that they aren't saying it, damn it), I resigned from the firm of Roosevelt & Sargent.

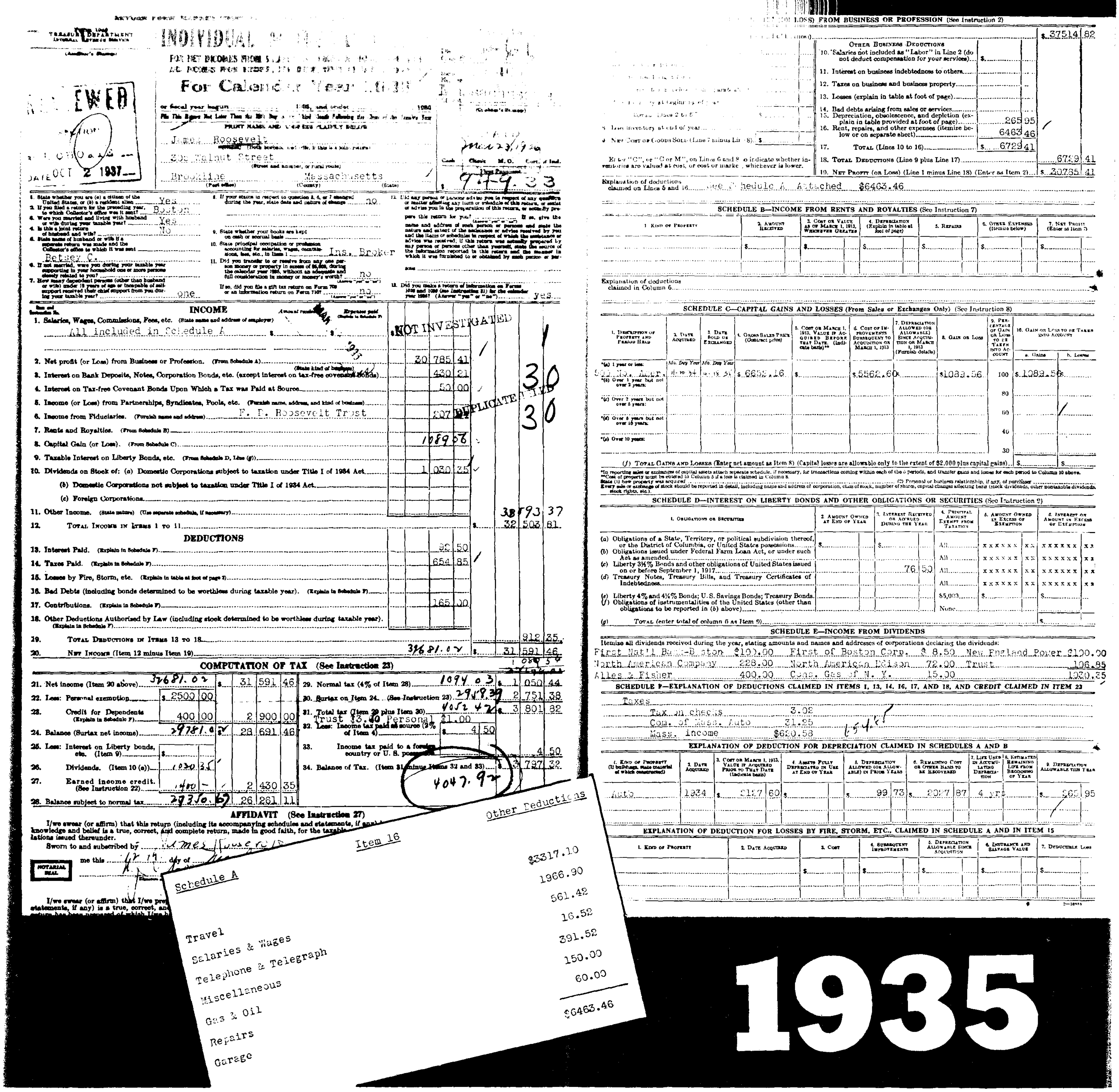
"But I didn't feel justified in being a complete fool about it. I don't think any reasonable person would ask me to be. I wasn't the insurance genius they say I've pretended to be. But I had worked—worked hard, tried to use my head as well as my feet. I had contributed something to the firm of Roosevelt & Sargent. . . . I wasn't going to repudiate all income from the firm—income on business I had helped to fetch in or had fetched in on my own. I didn't enter business for my health any more than you. Health. Huh. Haven't got a ham with you, have you? I'd have been silly to do that. I'm married—married while I was in Harvard. I have two kids. My obligations have grown to be larger than my salary as the President's secretary would be. Oh, I know it's a lot of money. But I spend it. I get rid of it. When a man is elected to Congress, for example, or when he takes any government job, does he sever himself from whatever income he may derive from his private business?



"All right. Be patient, be patient. I'm coming to what you asked me. There was business on the books of Roosevelt & Sargent that would continue to fetch in yearly income. I had helped place that business on the books. So John Sargent and I agreed that I should resign as an officer and director of the corporation and that thereafter the income he and I had enjoyed as salaries and bonuses should be paid to us as dividends. And we always split the net profit—carry nothing over.

"That sounded fine until our lawyer showed us that the laws of Massachusetts consider dividends of any kind to be unearned income and taxed such income at a far higher rate than straight salary. Same money from the same old accounts, mind—same as we'd been getting as salary. But that same money, received as dividends, would be taxed much more.

"Well, I didn't see any way out of it if I were going to Washington. And as



Form 1040
TREASURY DEPARTMENT
INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE
(Auditor's Stamp)

REVIEWED
DATE OCT 2 1937

INDIVIDUAL
For Calendar Year 1935
or fiscal year begun .... 1935, and ended 1936
File This Return Not Later Than the 15th Day of the Third Month Following the Close of the Taxable Year
PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY BELOW
James Roosevelt
(Both husband and wife, if this is a joint return)
305 Walnut Street
(Street and number, or rural route)
Brookline (Post office) Massachusetts (County) (State)

(Cashier's Stamp)
Mar 23/1936
Cash Check M.O. Cert. of Ind.
First Payment
$ 949.33

1. State whether you are (a) a citizen of the United States, or (b) a resident alien: Yes
2. If you filed a return for the preceding year, to which Collector's office was it sent? Boston
3. Were you married and living with husband or wife during your taxable year? Yes
4. Is this a joint return of husband and wife? No
5. State name of husband or wife if a separate return was made and the Collector's office to which it was sent: Betsey C.
6. If not married, were you during your taxable year supporting in your household one or more persons closely related to you?
7. How many dependent persons (other than husband or wife) under 18 years of age or incapable of self-support received their chief support from you during your taxable year? one
8. If your status in respect to question 3, 6, or 7 changed during the year, state date and nature of change: no
9. State whether your books are kept on cash or accrual basis
10. State principal occupation or profession accounting for salaries, wages, commissions, fees, etc., in Item 1: Ins. Broker
11. Did you transfer to or receive from any one person money or property in excess of $5,000, during the calendar year 1935, without an adequate and full consideration in money or money's worth? (Answer "yes" or "no") no
If so, did you file a gift tax return on Form 709 or an information return on Form 710? (Answer "yes" or "no") no
12. Did any person or persons advise you in respect of any question or matter affecting any item or schedule of this return, or assist or advise you in the preparation of this return, or actually prepare this return for you? (Answer "yes" or "no") If so, give the name and address of such person or persons and state the nature and extent of the assistance or advice received by you and the items or schedules in respect of which the assistance or advice was received; if this return was actually prepared by any person or persons other than yourself, state the source of the information reported in this return and the manner in which it was furnished to or obtained by such person or persons
13. Did you make a return of information on Forms 1096 and 1099 (see Instruction 21) for the calendar year 1935? (Answer "yes" or "no") yes

NOT INVESTIGATED
DUPLICATE FILED

INCOME

Item and Instruction No.		Amount received	Expenses paid (Explain in Schedule F)		
1.	Salaries, Wages, Commissions, Fees, etc. (State name and address of employer) All included in Schedule A	$	$		
2.	Net profit (or Loss) from Business or Profession. (From Schedule A) (State kind of business)			30 785 41	
3.	Interest on Bank Deposits, Notes, Corporation Bonds, etc. (except interest on tax-free covenant bonds)			430 21	
4.	Interest on Tax-free Covenant Bonds Upon Which a Tax was Paid at Source			50 00	
5.	Income (or Loss) from Partnerships, Syndicates, Pools, etc. (Furnish name, address, and kind of business)				
6.	Income from Fiduciaries. (Furnish name and address) F. D. Roosevelt Trust			207	
7.	Rents and Royalties. (From Schedule B)				
8.	Capital Gain (or Loss). (From Schedule C)			1089 56	
9.	Taxable Interest on Liberty Bonds, etc. (From Schedule D, Line (g))				
10.	Dividends on Stock of: (a) Domestic Corporations subject to taxation under Title I of 1934 Act			1 030 35	
	(b) Domestic Corporations not subject to taxation under Title I of 1934 Act				
	(c) Foreign Corporations				
11.	Other Income. (State nature) (Use separate schedule, if necessary)				38793 37
12.	Total Income in Items 1 to 11				$ 32 503 81

30
30

DEDUCTIONS

13.	Interest Paid. (Explain in Schedule F)	92 50	
14.	Taxes Paid. (Explain in Schedule F)	654 85	
15.	Losses by Fire, Storm, etc. (Explain in table at foot of page 2)		
16.	Bad Debts (including bonds determined to be worthless during taxable year). (Explain in Schedule F)		
17.	Contributions. (Explain in Schedule F)	165 00	
18.	Other Deductions Authorized by Law (including stock determined to be worthless during taxable year). (Explain in Schedule F)		
19.	Total Deductions in Items 13 to 18		912 35
20.	Net Income (Item 12 minus Item 19) 31681.02		$ 31 591 46

COMPUTATION OF TAX (See Instruction 23)

21.	Net income (Item 20 above) 31681.02		$ 31 591 46	29.	Normal tax (4% of Item 28) 1094 03	$ 1 050 44
22.	Less: Personal exemption	$ 2500 00		30.	Surtax on Item 24. (See Instruction 23) 2958.39	2 751 38
23.	Credit for Dependents (Explain in Schedule F)	400 00	2 900 00	31.	Total tax (Item 29 plus Item 30) 4052 42	3 801 82
24.	Balance (Surtax net income) 29781.02		28 691 46	32.	Less: Income tax paid at source (2% of Item 4) Trust $3.50 Personal $1.00	$ 4 50
25.	Less: Interest on Liberty bonds, etc. (Item 9)	$		33.	Income tax paid to a foreign country or U. S. possession	4 50
26.	Dividends. (Item 10 (a))	1030 35		34.	Balance of Tax. (Item 31 minus Items 32 and 33) 4047.92	$ 3 797 32
27.	Earned income credit. (See Instruction 22)	400 –	2 430 35			
28.	Balance subject to normal tax 29350.67		26 261 11			

1 089 54

AFFIDAVIT (See Instruction 27)

I/we swear (or affirm) that this return (including its accompanying schedules and statements, if any) to the best of my knowledge and belief is a true, correct, and complete return, made in good faith, for the taxable year stated, pursuant to the Revenue Act of 1934 and the regulations issued thereunder.

Sworn to and subscribed by James Roosevelt
me this 4th day of
NOTARIAL SEAL

I/we swear (or affirm) that I/we prepared this return for the person named herein and that the return (including its accompanying schedules and statements, if any) is a true, correct, and complete return, of which I/we have any knowledge.

SCHEDULE A—PROFIT (OR LOSS) FROM BUSINESS OR PROFESSION (See Instruction 2)

			$ 37514 82
	Other Business Deductions		
10.	Salaries not included as "Labor" in Line 2 (do not deduct compensation for your services)	$	
11.	Interest on business indebtedness to others		
12.	Taxes on business and business property		
13.	Losses (explain in table at foot of page)		
14.	Bad debts arising from sales or services		
15.	Depreciation, obsolescence, and depletion (explain in table provided at foot of page)	265 95	
16.	Rent, repairs, and other expenses (itemize below or on separate sheet)	6463 46	
17.	Total (Lines 10 to 16)	$ 6729 41	
18.	Total Deductions (Line 9 plus Line 17)		6729 41
19.	Net Profit (or Loss) (Line 1 minus Line 18) (Enter as Item 2)		$ 30785 41

8. Less inventory at end of year
9. Net Cost of Goods Sold (Line 7 minus Line 8) $
Enter "C", or "C or M", on Lines 6 and 8 to indicate whether inventories are valued at cost, or cost or market, whichever is lower.

Explanation of deductions claimed on Lines 5 and 16 See Schedule A Attached $6463.46

SCHEDULE B—INCOME FROM RENTS AND ROYALTIES (See Instruction 7)

1. Kind of Property	2. Amount Received	3. Cost or Value as of March 1, 1913, Whichever Greater	4. Depreciation (Explain in table at foot of page)	5. Repairs	6. Other Expenses (Itemize below)	7. Net Profit (Enter as Item 7)
	$	$	$	$	$	$

Explanation of deductions claimed in Column 6

SCHEDULE C—CAPITAL GAINS AND LOSSES (From Sales or Exchanges Only) (See Instruction 8)

1. Description of Property and Period Held	2. Date Acquired	3. Date Sold or Exchanged	4. Gross Sales Price (Contract price)	5. Cost or March 1, 1913, Value if Acquired Before That Date. (Indicate basis)**	6. Cost of Improvements Subsequent to Acquisition or March 1, 1913	7. Depreciation Allowed (or Allowable) Since Acquisition or March 1, 1913 (Furnish details)	8. Gain or Loss	9. Percentage of Gain or Loss to be Taken into Account	10. Gain or Loss to be Taken into Account: a. Gains	b. Losses
	Mo. Day Year	Mo. Day Year								
*(a) 1 year or less: [illegible] No. Amer.	[illegible]	[illegible]	$ 6652.16	$	$5562.60	$	$1089.56	100	$ 1089.56	$
*(b) Over 1 year but not over 2 years:								80		
*(c) Over 2 years but not over 5 years:								60		
*(d) Over 5 years but not over 10 years:								40		
*(e) Over 10 years:								30		
(f) Total Gains and Losses (Enter net amount as Item 8) (Capital losses are allowable only to the extent of $2,000 plus capital gains)									$	$

*In reporting sales or exchanges of capital assets attach separate schedule, if necessary, for transactions coming within each of the 5 periods, and transfer gains and losses for each period to Column 10 above.
**Cost of property must be entered in Column 5 if a loss is claimed in Column 8.
State (1) how property was acquired .... (2) Personal or business relationship, if any, of purchaser ....
Every sale or exchange of stock should be reported in detail, including name and address of corporation, class of stock, number of shares, capital changes affecting basis (stock dividends, other nontaxable dividends, stock rights, etc.).

SCHEDULE D—INTEREST ON LIBERTY BONDS AND OTHER OBLIGATIONS OR SECURITIES (See Instruction 9)

1. Obligations or Securities	2. Amount Owned at End of Year	3. Interest Received or Accrued During the Year	4. Principal Amount Exempt from Taxation	5. Amount Owned in Excess of Exemption	6. Interest on Amount in Excess of Exemption
(a) Obligations of a State, Territory, or political subdivision thereof, or the District of Columbia, or United States possessions	$	$	All	x x x x x x x x	x x x x x x x x
(b) Obligations issued under Federal Farm Loan Act, or under such Act as amended			All	x x x x x x x x	x x x x x x x x
(c) Liberty 3½% Bonds and other obligations of United States issued on or before September 1, 1917		76 50	All	x x x x x x x x	x x x x x x x x
(d) Treasury Notes, Treasury Bills, and Treasury Certificates of Indebtedness			All	x x x x x x x x	x x x x x x x x
(e) Liberty 4% and 4¼% Bonds; U. S. Savings Bonds; Treasury Bonds			$5,000	$	$
(f) Obligations of instrumentalities of the United States (other than obligations to be reported in (b) above)			None		
(g) Total (enter total of column 6 as Item 9)					$

SCHEDULE E—INCOME FROM DIVIDENDS

Itemize all dividends received during the year, stating amounts and names and addresses of corporations declaring the dividends:

First Nat'l Bank-Boston	$100.00	First of Boston Corp.	$ 8.50	New England Power	$100.00
North American Company	228.00	North American Edison	72.00	Trust	106.85
Alles & Fisher	400.00	Cons. Gas of N. Y.	15.00		1030.35

SCHEDULE F—EXPLANATION OF DEDUCTIONS CLAIMED IN ITEMS 1, 13, 14, 16, 17, AND 18, AND CREDIT CLAIMED IN ITEM 23

Taxes

Tax on checks	3.02
Com. of Mass. Auto	31.25
Mass. income	$620.58

654.85

EXPLANATION OF DEDUCTION FOR DEPRECIATION CLAIMED IN SCHEDULES A AND B

1. Kind of Property (If buildings, state material of which constructed)	2. Date Acquired	3. Cost or March 1, 1913, Value if Acquired Prior to That Date (Indicate basis)	4. Assets Fully Depreciated in Use at End of Year	5. Depreciation Allowed (or Allowable) in Prior Years	6. Remaining Cost or Other Basis to be Recovered	7. Life Used in Accumulating Depreciation	8. Estimated Remaining Life from Beginning of Year	9. Depreciation Allowable this Year
Auto	1934	$ 2127 60	$	$ 99 73	$ 2027 87	4 yrs	$	$ 265 95

EXPLANATION OF DEDUCTION FOR LOSSES BY FIRE, STORM, ETC., CLAIMED IN SCHEDULE A AND IN ITEM 15

1. Kind of Property	2. Date Acquired	3. Cost	4. Subsequent Improvements	5. Depreciation Allowable Since Acquisition	6. Insurance and Salvage Value	7. Deductible Loss
		$	$	$	$	$

Schedule A
Item 16
Other Deductions

Travel	$3317.10
Salaries & Wages	1966.90
Telephone & Telegraph	561.42
Miscellaneous	16.52
Gas & Oil	391.52
Repairs	150.00
Garage	60.00
	$6463.46

I told you, the President had asked me to go—and I wanted to. So what? My lawyer assured me that it was perfectly proper to give my wife irrevocably—irrevocably, mind—no trick Indian giving or anything like that—to give her irrevocably one half of my one-half interest in the Roosevelt & Sargent corporation, which would reduce my state tax and by a very small sum my federal income tax too. But it is a pretty small saving. . . . Excuse me."

The telephone was ringing; Jimmy's face underwent a remarkable change.

"Yes, sir, yes, sir. Yes, Mr. P. Yes, Father. Me? Oh, fine. But they won't give me anything to eat. Yes, sir, I know but—Oh, no, sir, I'm doing what they say. How are you? Great. Great. Where are you? Oklahoma? Sure, sure. Hot here too—doggone hot. Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. I wish I were there too."

Young Mr. Roosevelt put his hand over the transmitter and let us in on the secret. He was talking to his father.

"Oh, did you? How is he? Fine—great. Give him my respects. Yes, sir, I heard from them yesterday—two letters. Yes, sir, I know, Mother will be out Wednesday. Sir? Oh, I'm all right. Don't worry about me. How about you? That's simply fine—simply fine. . . ."

When he had hung up, Jimmy rolled over in bed. He had been talking, he explained again, to his father.

"Where was I?" he asked. "Oh, yes. It was a darned small saving. Actually if we had wanted to save taxes originally we'd never have formed a corporation because we pay a corporation tax first on the corporation income. I have those corporation returns here if you want them. And after that we pay personal income taxes on it too. Look. My salary as the President's secretary is $10,000 a year. I have an income of something like $380 from a trust fund father created for us children. That plus what I get in dividends from the firm of Roosevelt & Sargent—that's my income.

"And that explains why in 1937—last year—my income was considerably off—$23,834.38. Listen, mister, when you have lunch think of me, will you?"

But we were poring over the income tax return of the firm of Roosevelt & Sargent for 1937. Yes, he would have had a larger personal income tax to pay had he not gone to Washington and had he not turned over to his wife half of his half of the firm's dividends. Even so, he was doing pretty well for a fellow of twenty-nine or thirty. His total income from dividends, including his half of the Roosevelt & Sargent cut, was $26,145.55. But he discovered, too, that he had lost $11,765.22 in a Texas oil-lease company and quite properly deducted that from what might have been a far more impressive net income.

But you are probably pretty tired of statistics by now. And you are doubtless just as disappointed as we are after having been worked up to a nasty

(Continued on page 57)

Promised Land

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

Like Moses, Uncle Henry was shown the Promised Land. But, like so many of us, Uncle Henry didn't know it when he got there

DISTANCES, expressed in exact units of linear measurement, are vague and indeterminate. It is, according to the surveyors, a trifle less than thirty miles from Little Bee Bend in Bossier Parish, Louisiana, to the Texas state line. But thirty miles do not begin to express the distance. It is not until Uncle Henry takes off his hat, gazes dreamily toward the sunset, and says, "Texas is a fur piece off; mighty fur," that one begins to comprehend the space intervening between the cotton plantation and the Lone Star State line.

Uncle Henry had never been to Texas. In his youth he had begun some such pilgrimage, and after nearly forty years of travel when he arrived at Little Bee Bend, he was still thirty miles short of his goal. He stayed at Little Bee for ten years, but he was still on the pilgrimage.

Uncle Henry was born in the Mississippi Delta country—"four years after de surrender," his mamma had told him. And his father, according to the same authority, "had runned off and gone to Texas." Texas, he had been told, was a far piece off in the general direction of the sunset; and there were only two places in this world farther away than "a fur piece." One was Italy, where a man went when he completely disappeared and was never again seen by mankind. The other place was where "the Southern crosses the Dog;" that was a mirage in space and no living man could make it. However, it was possible, according to Uncle Henry's childhood instruction, for a man to go "a fur piece," and then turn around and come back home, all in one lifetime.

"I was a young'n, den," Uncle Henry recalled, "and my heel got to eetchin'. So I jest lit out for Texas."

Pilgriming, he found, was slow. He traveled the Red River bottoms, making a crop or so of cotton, preaching a little here and there, raising an occasional family when it seemed appropriate, and doing odd jobs in "the public works." He was fond of people and people liked him. He was "handy" with livestock and that made him valuable in the agricultural community through which he traveled. It was always difficult for him to sever a connection and move, and frequently he delayed his journey from year to year, because he was satisfied where he was. But when he did leave, he always moved toward Texas.

At one place he didn't like the man but he stayed nine years.

"Dat was Old Man Billie Bob's levee camp, down around Bunkie," Uncle Henry explained. "Mister Billie Bob was one mean man. Ev'y time he started a levee dump, he tuck and kilt his biggest nigger and biggest mule, and started de dump by th'owin' de dirt over 'em. And cuss? He'd cuss on Sunday, same as Monday! But hit was a old smoke-colored mule in de lot, name er Smokey. I liked dat mule and de mule liked me. So I stayed with Mister Billie Bob jest to take keer er Smokey. But one night old Smokey got into de oat-bin and et too many oats. So he died off de next day, and I drawed my money and headed for Texas again. I traveled two days, straight, before I stopped, dat time."

Uncle Henry was an old man when he arrived at Little Bee Bend, but he displayed such a knowledge of feeding and handling livestock that he was employed to care for the plantation's seventy-odd head of mules. He named every mule, every pig and every cow on the place and soon became a personal friend of each.

Even when the Bossman had shipped a hundred and twenty bald-faced yearlings from the West to eat the surplus grass on the place, Uncle Henry was not overwhelmed. He was not around when the calves arrived, but later, when he was feeding the cows, and one of the yearlings, separated from the herd, wandered into the feed pen and stood half frightened, half defiant, Uncle Henry named him.

"Hello, Daniel," Uncle Henry greeted the steer. "Don't git skeered. I *ain't no* line, and dis ain't no line's den. Us gonter be friendly."

The next day, when he saw the rest of the calves, each one exactly alike in size and color, he was disconcerted for a few seconds.

"Daniel?" he said. "You, Daniel! Lawd, Lawd, hit's a whole band er Daniels! So I'm gonter name y'all Bandaniel! Now, git on to eatin' de grass and git fat and grow."

AND now, at last, Uncle Henry was going to Texas! It was time to ship the bald-faced steers to the market in Fort Worth, and instead of two carloads of calves, there would be four carloads of two-year-old steers.

"Uncle Henry," said Giles, the foreman, "you better ride wid dem cows on de train over to Fo't Worth. Ain't much you kin do but keep yo' eyes on 'em. Efn one gits down in de car, you might git him on his feets again."

"Fo't Worth?" repeated Uncle Henry casually. "Dat's over in Texas, ain't hit?"

"Sho, hit's in Texas," stated Giles. "Whar'd you think hit is?"

"I hyared about Texas," Uncle Henry said.

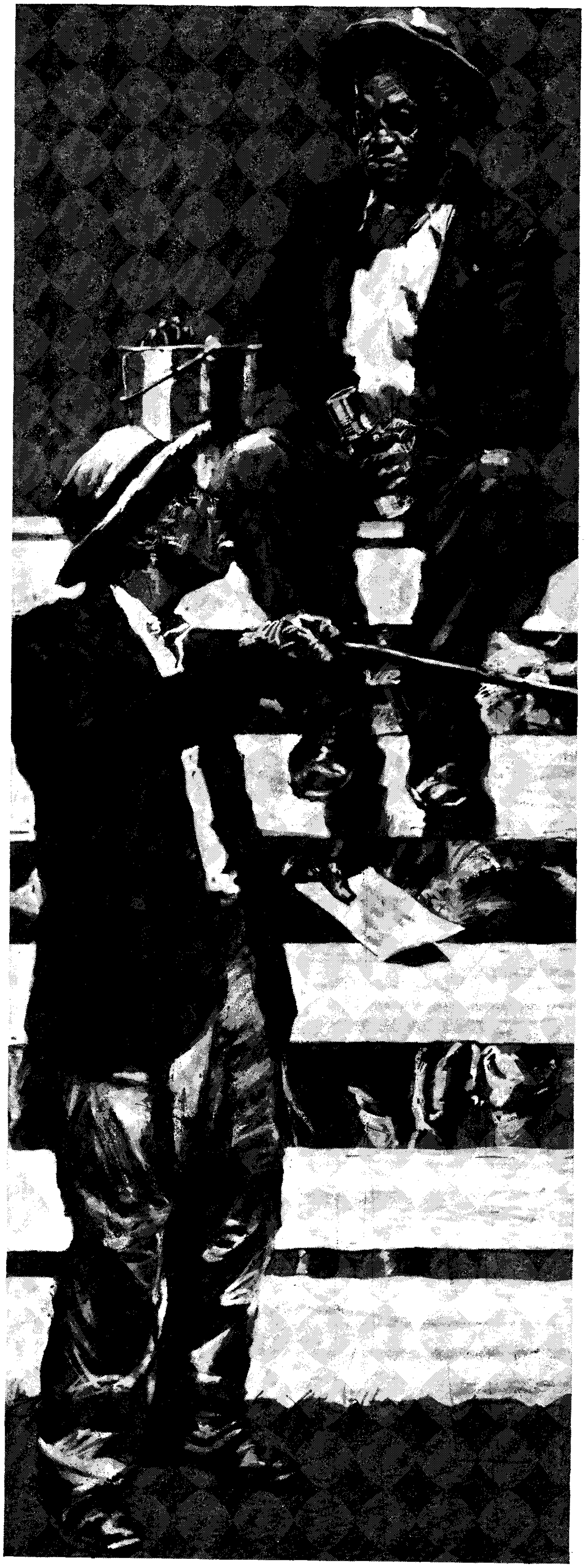
"Git on plenty warm clothes," instructed the foreman, "and git yo' overcoat. Hit's liable to git cold out yonder in Texas."

"I hyared 'em speak about how cold hit gits," Uncle Henry confirmed.

"Better git you a bucketful er somethin' to eat, too," advised the foreman. "'Cause dat gonter be de Manifest freight train which haul dem cattle away, and de Manifest don't stop for dinner, nor neither for supper."

"De Manifest, hunh?" Uncle Henry repeated. He struggled to appear bored with the whole idea, but his voice trembled with emotion. "Dat de train which ole One-Eye Bill Shelly pull de whistle on, ain't hit?"

"You ain't got to weary about who pull de whistle on de train," Giles said. "All you got to do is keep dem cattle on dey feets t'm hyar to Fo't Worth.



"Wait right hyar to I gits back," Giles instructed Uncle Henry

Now, go git yo' stuff together, and be ready to ride de truck over to Benton, when Dock goes. Dem cattle due out of Benton about sundown, and you got to be ridin' out wid 'em."

Ordinarily, when a man is happy he seeks the company of others. But Uncle Henry felt no desire to share the big news. He knew that there was not a person on the place who would not have envied him the trip. But he did not wish to make other people envious, just now.

He went into the lot, and began to pump water slowly. He felt very happy about it, but not happy in the way he felt in church when the preacher whooped and yelled, and everybody shouted. The situation called for more dignity than that. He felt holy, like at a funeral, or when a mule's tongue-palate dropped and the mule died off before he could do anything about it.

He worked the pump handle mechanically. The water came in an undulating stream, and the trough, already filled, overflowed through the escape pipe with a gurgling sound. Patsy, the Bossman's saddle mare, strolled up and dipped her nose into the water.

"Yes, Miss Patsy," Uncle Henry told the horse solemnly, "I'm fixin' to go out yonder in Texas. I'm fixin' to ride de Manifest wid all de Bandaniel cows. Dey tell me ole man One-Eye Bill Shelly pull down de whistle on de Manifest. And you know what dat mean?"

Patsy gave no indication that she knew.

"Hit mean," went on Uncle Henry, "dat Mister One-Eye pull de throttle wide open and start blowin' de whistle, and ringin' de bell. A mile a minute, up hill and down. And he can't stop to he gits to Texas."

"I'm fixin' to be gone," Uncle Henry told Patsy, "about fawty days and fawty nights. And whilst I'm gone you behave yo'se'f."

UNCLE HENRY went home, filled a washtub with water and bathed. He put on two suits of winter underwear and his "Sunday" suit. Then, with his "best" hat held over his left breast, he stood barefoot with head bowed toward the east window, and offered a prayer of thanksgiving.

"I hyar tawk," he told the Lord, "about me goin' to Texas. But efn somethin' turn up and I don't make hit, I'm still gonter be thankful for de tawk. I hope I gits to go, but efn hit ain't in de cyards for me to make Texas, me and You still gonter be friends jest de same. Amen."

He made a quick curtsy, dragging his right foot backward as he bowed. Then he removed his Sunday suit, put on his work clothes and shoes, and, taking a half-gallon tin pail from the wall, he started out to collect food from the neighbors for his journey. Suster gave him a big spoonful of cold beans and a hunk of corn pone. Mamie T. added a serving of collard greens and a generous hunk of boiled side meat. Jett contributed a pocketful of pecans that he had just stolen from Duke's Bend.

By the time Uncle Henry arrived at the cabin of the Widow Duck, his pail was bulging with food. But he stopped, just the same, and began telling her about the projected trip.

"Yeah, I know," the Widow Duck interrupted. "I hyared you prayin' to git to Texas mo'n one time since you been up hyar on Little Bee, and I knowed de Lawd was gonter answer yo' prayer. So I went and told Giles he'd better load you on de Manifest wid dem bald-faces, efn he didn't want bad luck."

"You tole him dat?" asked Uncle Henry. "Well, thanky, ma'am."

"Don't thank me," snorted the Widow Duck. "Thank de Lawd."

"I done already done dat," Uncle Henry said.

"You ain't got to Texas, yit," cautioned the Widow Duck. "De Book say, 'Be ye thankful for what you gits, but wharfore you thanks before you gits you's like a dog barkin' up de cypress when de possum be's up de 'simmon tree.' Be not disencouraged, Henry, God will change conditions. But don't git too sot on a thing 'cause dat's ugly, and God don't love ugly."

"I didn't thank de Lawd for sendin' me out to Texas," Uncle Henry said meekly. "I thanked Him for de pleasant speakin' about sendin' me."

"Well," admitted the Widow Duck, "dat's better. You been around de mules so long, I reckon you learnt some sense."

"Bound to learn a little," agreed the lotman.

"So," went on the Widow Duck, "I see you bring yo' bucket for me to put somethin' in."

"A little somethin'," admitted Uncle Henry.

"What you got in dar?" she demanded.

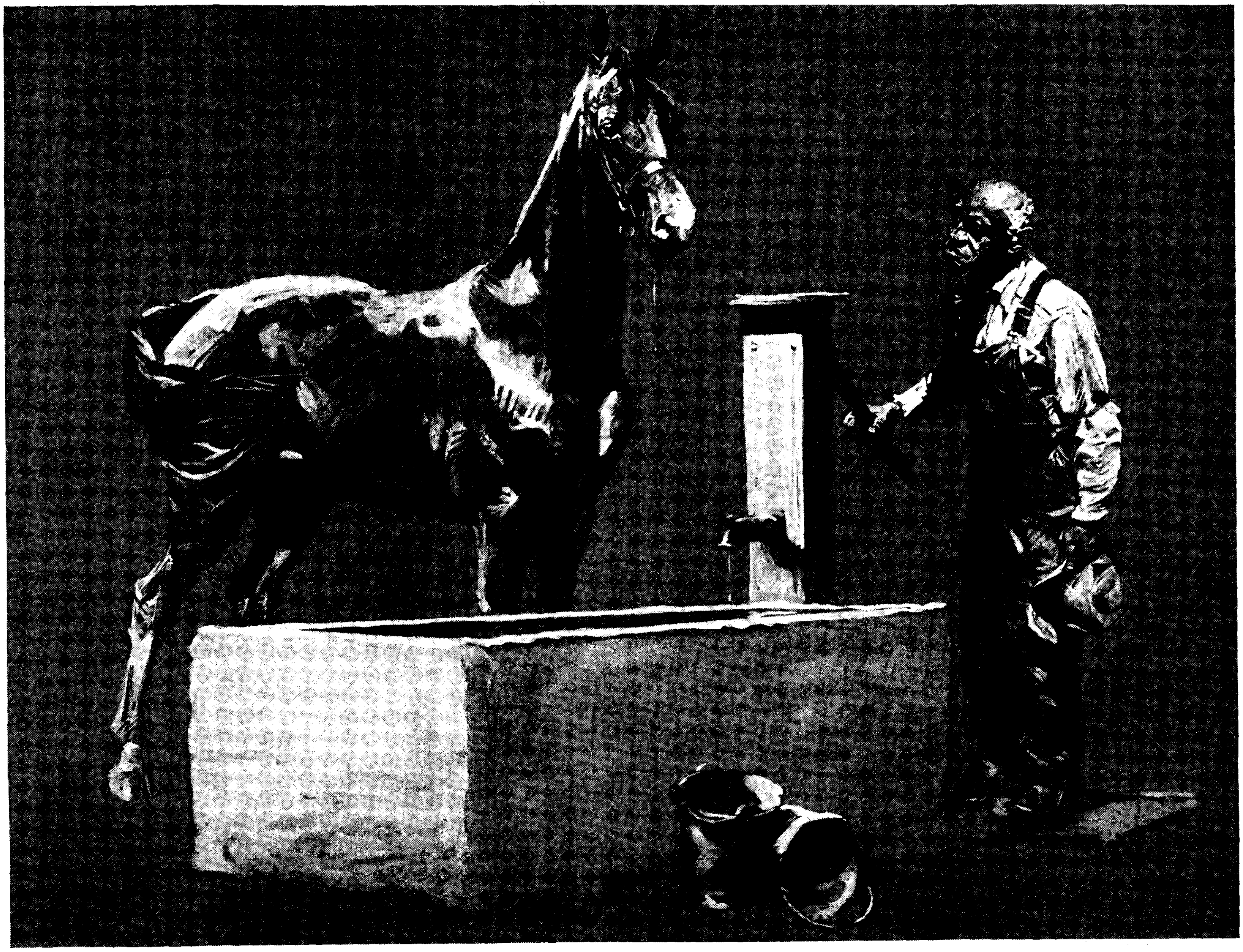
The lotman removed the lid and handed the bucket to the Widow Duck. "Beans! And collards! And cawnbread!" Her disgust grew with each exclamation. "What kind er grub is dat for a man to take to Texas wid him?" she demanded. "Hyar"—she thrust the pail into his hand—"take dis stuff out and feed hit to my pig!"

"But, Mis' Duck," protested Uncle Henry.

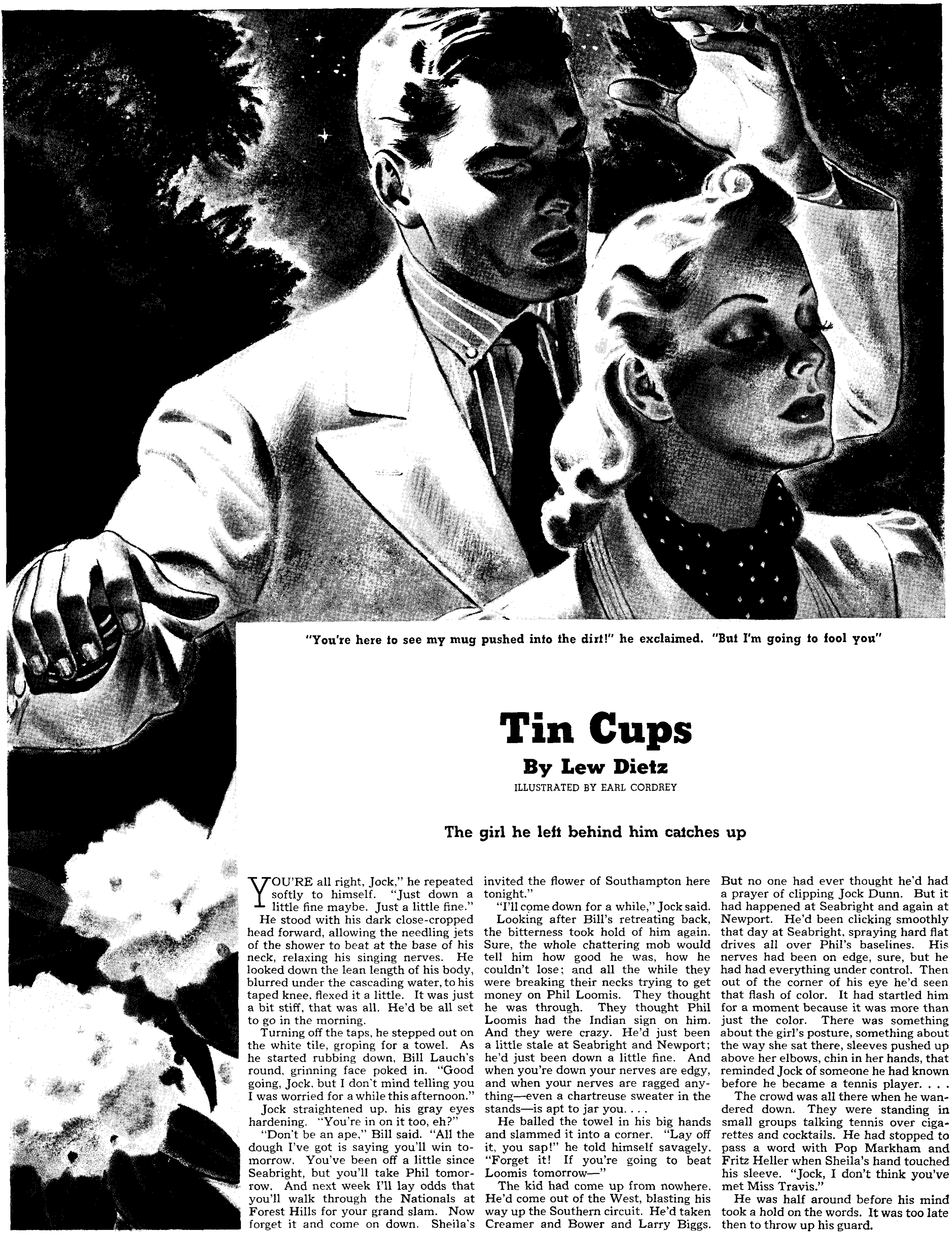
"DON'T but me," she growled. "I got a bucket already fixed up for you. Chicken and fried po'k and angel food cake. Dat's de kind er grub for a man to eat in Texas." She went inside her cabin, and returned a moment later with a pail filled with food. "And you go home and put on yo' Sunday clothes, too," she commanded. "You want to look 'country' out yonder in Texas? What ailin' you, you old fool? Goin' to Texas dressed up like a fiel' hand!"

"I got to ride de Manifest wid dem yea'lin's," Uncle Henry reminded her, "before I gits to Texas. And dem yea'lin's will ruin my Sunday suit."

(Continued on page 32)



"I'm fixin' to be gone," Uncle Henry told Patsy, "about fawty days and fawty nights. And whilst I'm gone you behave yo'se'f"



"You're here to see my mug pushed into the dirt!" he exclaimed. "But I'm going to fool you"

Tin Cups

By Lew Dietz

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The girl he left behind him catches up

YOU'RE all right, Jock," he repeated softly to himself. "Just down a little fine maybe. Just a little fine."

He stood with his dark close-cropped head forward, allowing the needling jets of the shower to beat at the base of his neck, relaxing his singing nerves. He looked down the lean length of his body, blurred under the cascading water, to his taped knee, flexed it a little. It was just a bit stiff, that was all. He'd be all set to go in the morning.

Turning off the taps, he stepped out on the white tile, groping for a towel. As he started rubbing down, Bill Lauch's round, grinning face poked in. "Good going, Jock, but I don't mind telling you I was worried for a while this afternoon."

Jock straightened up, his gray eyes hardening. "You're in on it too, eh?"

"Don't be an ape," Bill said. "All the dough I've got is saying you'll win tomorrow. You've been off a little since Seabright, but you'll take Phil tomorrow. And next week I'll lay odds that you'll walk through the Nationals at Forest Hills for your grand slam. Now forget it and come on down. Sheila's invited the flower of Southampton here tonight."

"I'll come down for a while," Jock said.

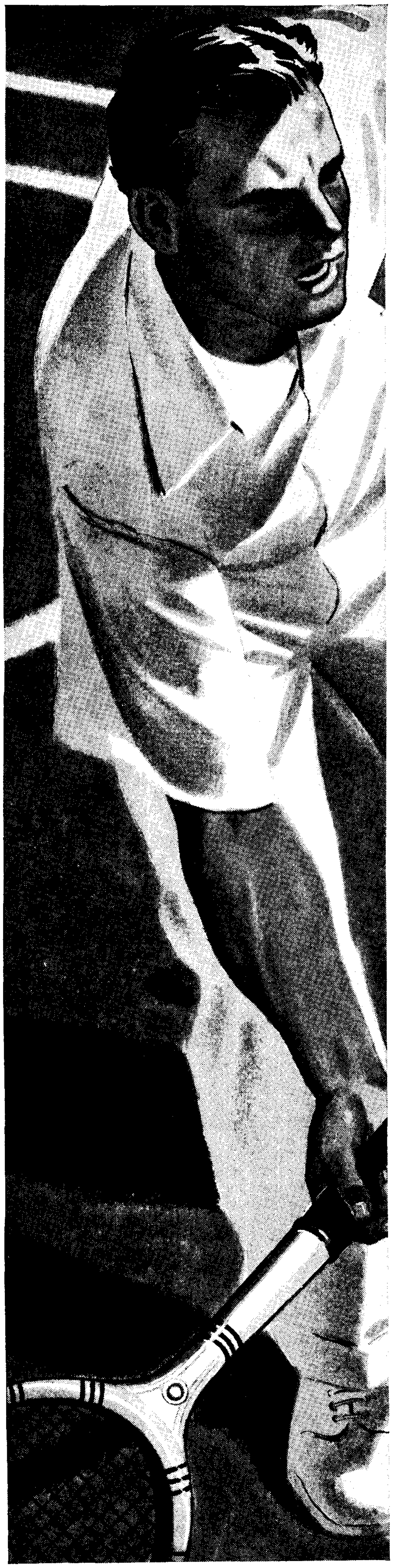
Looking after Bill's retreating back, the bitterness took hold of him again. Sure, the whole chattering mob would tell him how good he was, how he couldn't lose; and all the while they were breaking their necks trying to get money on Phil Loomis. They thought he was through. They thought Phil Loomis had the Indian sign on him. And they were crazy. He'd just been a little stale at Seabright and Newport; he'd just been down a little fine. And when you're down your nerves are edgy, and when your nerves are ragged anything—even a chartreuse sweater in the stands—is apt to jar you. . . .

He balled the towel in his big hands and slammed it into a corner. "Lay off it, you sap!" he told himself savagely. "Forget it! If you're going to beat Loomis tomorrow—"

The kid had come up from nowhere. He'd come out of the West, blasting his way up the Southern circuit. He'd taken Creamer and Bower and Larry Biggs. But no one had ever thought he'd had a prayer of clipping Jock Dunn. But it had happened at Seabright and again at Newport. He'd been clicking smoothly that day at Seabright, spraying hard flat drives all over Phil's baselines. His nerves had been on edge, sure, but he had had everything under control. Then out of the corner of his eye he'd seen that flash of color. It had startled him for a moment because it was more than just the color. There was something about the girl's posture, something about the way she sat there, sleeves pushed up above her elbows, chin in her hands, that reminded Jock of someone he had known before he became a tennis player. . . .

The crowd was all there when he wandered down. They were standing in small groups talking tennis over cigarettes and cocktails. He had stopped to pass a word with Pop Markham and Fritz Heller when Sheila's hand touched his sleeve. "Jock, I don't think you've met Miss Travis."

He was half around before his mind took a hold on the words. It was too late then to throw up his guard.



He angled it just out of Loomis' reach. He could see the bewildered face of Phil Loomis

From a long way off she said calmly, "Hello, Jock . . . I knew Jock a long way back. I wasn't sure he'd remember me."

She stood there smiling easily, legs planted a little apart, one hand in the jacket pocket of her white sharkskin suit.

"Anne!"

She held his eyes for the briefest instant, then she laughed and shook her blond head a little. "You look almost as though you expect me to evaporate, Jock. In front of all these people you might at least pretend I'm rather a pleasant ghost."

Sheila chided: "Jock, you've been holding out on me!"

"I knew Anne in school," Jock said. "It's—it's been some time."

"Three years is a long time for a tennis player, I guess," Anne Travis said. "You've gone from a 'white hope' to veteran since I last saw you, Jock. It's good to see you again."

"Anne," he said, and stopped. He was still staring down at her, struggling to control his feelings, when Bill Lauch came weaving over with two cocktails and a proprietary air and took her away.

It seemed a long time later that Sheila's voice jarred him back:

"The little red schoolhouse, Jock?"

"What? . . . oh. No, it wasn't so long ago as that. I knew her at the university. We used to dissect frogs together."

Amusement flickered in Sheila's blue eyes. "I'm relieved if that's all you had in common, Jock. And now, at the risk of shattering a sentimental mood, I'm going to suggest you have just one little touch of sherry and then tuck yourself in bed. You seem to have got over Seabright and Newport but I don't want to take any chances. If you lose I won't be able to hold my head up around here. Not saying what it'll do to my pocketbook."

Jock said: "Good night's sleep is all I need. I'll get a breath of air, then get to bed. Excuse me, will you?"

THE night was cool. The grass was wet from a twilight shower and the steamy smell of damp earth hung on the air. He walked down off the porch, out across the lawn, past Pop Markham's prize dahlias, out beyond the pool and summerhouse. His bad knee began throbbing again. He stopped on the planked bridge over the brook, listening to the lugubrious *thar-ump* of a bullfrog, trying desperately to drive the thing off.

The frog went *thar-ump* again and there was music coming from the house in rising crescendos. And the past kept swirling back in remembered smells and sounds and fragmentary visions. The smell of iodoform in the zinc-tabled lab. She was there in a daubed smock, a bright kerchief tied carelessly about her head to keep that errant corn-gold hair of hers from tumbling over her eyes. And the smell of burning leaves as he'd hurried across the quad that early spring evening, bursting with the news. She was with the crowd in the back of Joe's tavern, playing records on the mechanical phonograph.

Barely waiting to get her into a corner booth, he had blurted, "Annie—I'm going. Just got a letter from Dad!"

And she was sitting there like that, sleeves pushed up, chin cupped in her hands. But it wasn't until a long time afterward that he remembered the shadow that crept across her face. He was going to the Bermuda Championships! There wasn't room for anything else in his mind.

"I had a feeling, Annie, I'd get a bid after going to the finals in the intercollegiates last year. Boy, I've been itching to get a whack at some of those fellows. Everything's being paid for once I get to the boat!"

After a while Anne said: "You still have a lot of work to make up before your graduation, Jock. Are they going to pay for that too?"

"Forget it, Annie. I can breeze through that stuff and you know it. Besides, I'm taking some books with me. I'll have plenty of time to do a little cramming once I get clipped."

"But what if you win?"

He chuckled at that, shaking his head. "I won't win, Annie. You can forget about that too. Do you realize the class I'll be up against?"

She didn't say much more about it right then. It was on the way back across the campus that she stopped and turned slowly. "I don't want you to think I'm a kill-joy, Jock. And don't think I'm not proud of you. But you haven't forgotten all those things we've talked about. You—you want to be a great surgeon, don't you, Jock? You don't want to be the greatest tennis player in the world, do you?"

He laughed because it had seemed so funny. And then, because she was standing there so close and she looked so lovely, so genuinely troubled, he drew her into his arms. It had seemed so utterly natural that it was some time before either became aware that this had never happened before. They stood there a long while like that, not speaking. They had been friends for years; now, suddenly, without warning, something had happened, something that, he was sure in that instant, had never happened before to anyone, would never happen again.

At last she had whispered, head close against his cheek: "If you do anything to spoil my plans for you, Jock Dunn, I'll haunt you to your grave."

He remembered how she looked that night as he held her away and gazed into her eyes. After a while he had said, "What a lovely little ghost you'd make, Annie. I'm almost tempted to try it."

Lord knows he'd never expected to get through to the finals that year at Bermuda. He couldn't quite remember how it had happened. Too much had happened down there. As he looked back, it was all a swirl of color, a confusion of crowd, a hot fever of excitement. He remembered the great hand he'd got as he walked off the courts after losing in five furious sets to Henderson in the finals. Sheila was with her father in the governor's box. Pop Markham had introduced him to the governor.

"Splendid, my boy, splendid!" the governor had said. He'd gone to dinner at the Markhams' and Pop Markham had beamed. "Keep it up, boy. We're going to hear a lot more of you, mark my word!" All eyes were on him and Sheila as they sat side by side at the tennis banquet. "I've been watching you, Jock. I had my eye on you the first day you walked out on the court. You're coming to Southampton this year. I want to see you beat Henderson. I know you can do it!"

HOW cocksure he'd been himself that he could do it. After all, a dozen sports writers couldn't be wrong. They were laying it on with a trowel. Just a little more seasoning on the Eastern circuit and he'd tie old Henderson in a knot, they were saying. And he had. But a lot had happened first.

He'd been invited to the Davis Cup tryouts, so he ducked back to school to take a quick stab at his examinations. He wanted to tuck his degree under his belt, then have that whole summer free to campaign for the Nationals.

Anne Travis had seemed rather subdued and thoughtful during the weeks he was back in school. But his mind had been too full of the summer ahead to wonder much about it. She said scarcely a word about his plans until that night before he left, as they sat together on the steps of Knowell's Hall and watched the sun go down over the gray bastions of the stadium.

She wore the sweater that night and she sat the way he best remembered her, chin in her hands. "Then you're going to do it, Jock?" she said suddenly.

"Do it? You mean, play the circuit this summer? You bet your sweet life I am, honey. And what's more, I'm going to bring back that National Singles cup for you to drink beer out of."

"Jock—" Her voice was very low as she turned to him. "Jock, do you really want to give me a present? You can give me something I want more than anything in the world. Stay away. Give me a present of your chances to win the Nationals. You could win —I know you can do it, Jock, so it's yours to throw away. Will you throw it away for me?"

He just stared at her blankly for a moment. At last he said, "You think of the darnedest ideas, Annie. You aren't serious?"

"Look at me, Jock! Just look at me and you can't doubt that I'm serious. Throw it away for me, Jock. If it means nothing else, it's a way of telling me that I mean more to you than a piece of shiny tin."

"Gosh, honey, you know you do. If that's all you're afraid of—"

"Oh, it's not exactly that, Jock. Can't you see what I'm afraid of? I'm afraid because I know you so well. I know how you have to be great—how you must be best in whatever you do. I'm just afraid that, once you get the fever, you won't want to come back to four years of grinding at Med next fall. They won't want to let you go, once you win the Nationals. They'll drug you, Jock. They'll dope you with cheers and pictures and oceans of newsprint. They'll keep you pounding the turf, filling their stadiums, winning their cups. They'll keep driving you on until you crack. Then they'll take the dope away and you'll wake up in a lot somewhere with a splitting headache and a basket of tinware!"

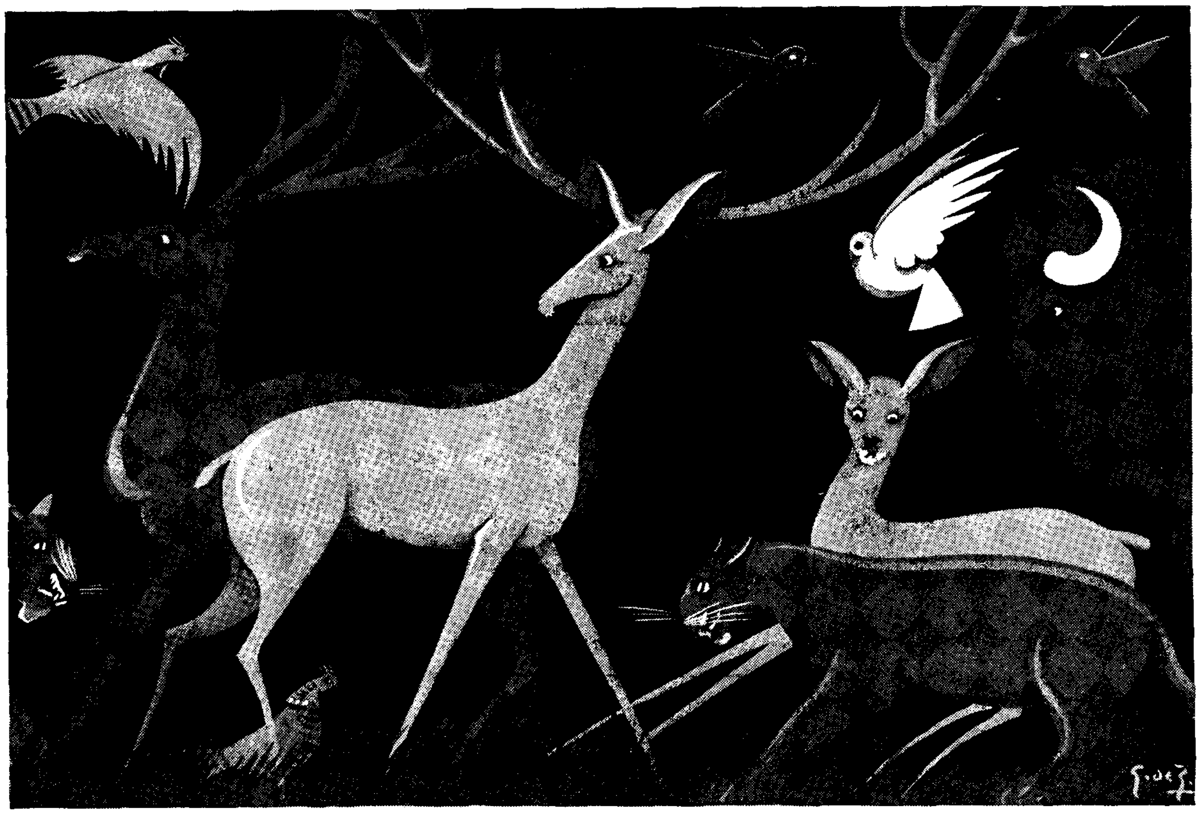
The sudden gust had caught him off guard, rocking him back on his heels.

"Will you give me *(Continued on page 36)*

Balancing Act

By Hannah Lees

When the pioneers shot the wolves and prairie dogs, they ruined the land. When the mountain lions were killed, the trout disappeared. Upset nature's balance at any point—and the bill will come in later



Not so many years ago, the place was the sportsman's idea of heaven

The wolves had to eat, so they ate the cattle. "We'll wipe out the tarnation vermin," said our grandfathers

Fishermen find more salmon and sea trout in big mouse years because the fishes' natural enemies are feeding on mice

MONTANA is a pretty big and, even now, a pretty wild state, but it used to be even wilder, and there was a place in Montana not so many years ago that was the sportsman's idea of heaven. It was full of mountain lions and deer and elk, and full of nice clear streams that were full of nice plump trout. And the mountain lions lived on the deer and elk, and the deer and elk lived on the willow thickets along the banks of the streams, while the trout frolicked happily in the deep clear pools and caught flies. And your grandfather and maybe mine had a fine time hunting and fishing and generally enjoying the outdoors.

And all this may sound like little nature stories for the kiddies, but just you wait. Pretty soon some of our grandfathers began to worry about the deer that the mountain lions were knocking off.

"If this goes on," said they, "there won't be any deer and elk left." So a bounty was put on mountain lions and pretty soon, with no lions to work on them and not enough extra hunters to substitute, as it were, for the lions, the woods quite literally were full of deer and elk and the sportsmen were very, very happy.

But not for long, because now there were so many deer and elk to eat the willow shoots that soon they were all gone. And no willows meant no willow roots. And it was the willow roots, it turned out, that had been holding up the banks of the streams, so the streams began to wash out and get shallow and muddy. And the trout, which liked their water deep and clear—and I don't blame them—went somewhere else to catch their flies.

Meanwhile, the deer and elk, having polished off all the willows, began on any other tree shoots they could find, and when they had polished them off too, there wasn't anything at all for them to eat so they began to get sick and to die. And the hunters and fishermen sat around and sadly wondered what was the matter. They'd only tried to be efficient and helpful. So there's your nature story, but I wouldn't tell it to your children, because they are going to be so much smarter about these things than we are by the time they grow up that they might remember and laugh.

Maybe instead you'd like to hear another one, also a Western. Years ago, before we got around to conquering America, the Western plains were already pretty well settled. There were grass eaters like the gophers and prairie dogs and buffalo—you know, you see them on nickels and in zoos. And there were meat-eaters like coyotes and wolves. And they all got along beautifully. The buffalo and gophers and prairie dogs kept the prairie grass down, and the wolves and coyotes kept the buffalo and so on down, and the hard winters and lean pickings kept the wolves and coyotes down, so nothing got out of control, and everybody had enough to eat.

Then our grandfathers came along again and you probably think you know what happened. Our grandfathers brought their cattle, which had to eat, and our grandfathers had to eat, too. So they ate some of the buffalo and drove the rest away and put their cattle to graze instead. The cattle thrived on prairie grass and again for a while everything was fine. But with no buffalo for dinner the wolves had to eat something, so of course, they ate the cattle, and that wouldn't do at all. "We'll wipe out the tarnation vermin," said our grandfathers, and they did. But then there was nothing to eat the gophers and their friends so they got out of control. So again our grandfathers said, and perfectly logically, too, "We'll wipe out the tarnation vermin," and, again being strong and smart, they did.

But pretty soon, and I'll bet you were waiting for this, our grandfathers, or maybe it was our fathers by this time, found they weren't going to like that either, because the gophers and prairie dogs, what with burrowing around, had done a nice free job of plowing, and at the same time had done a nice free job of keeping down a tough, nasty weed that was poison to the cattle but ice cream and cake to gophers. So with no gopher plowing, the ground got hard and dry and the sweet grass withered, and the tough weed spread all over, and the cattle began to look peaked and hungry. But you can't go out and shoot poisonous grass and dry grounds, so all our fathers and grandfathers could do was sit around feeling sad and talking about the good old days.

Trespassers Not Allowed

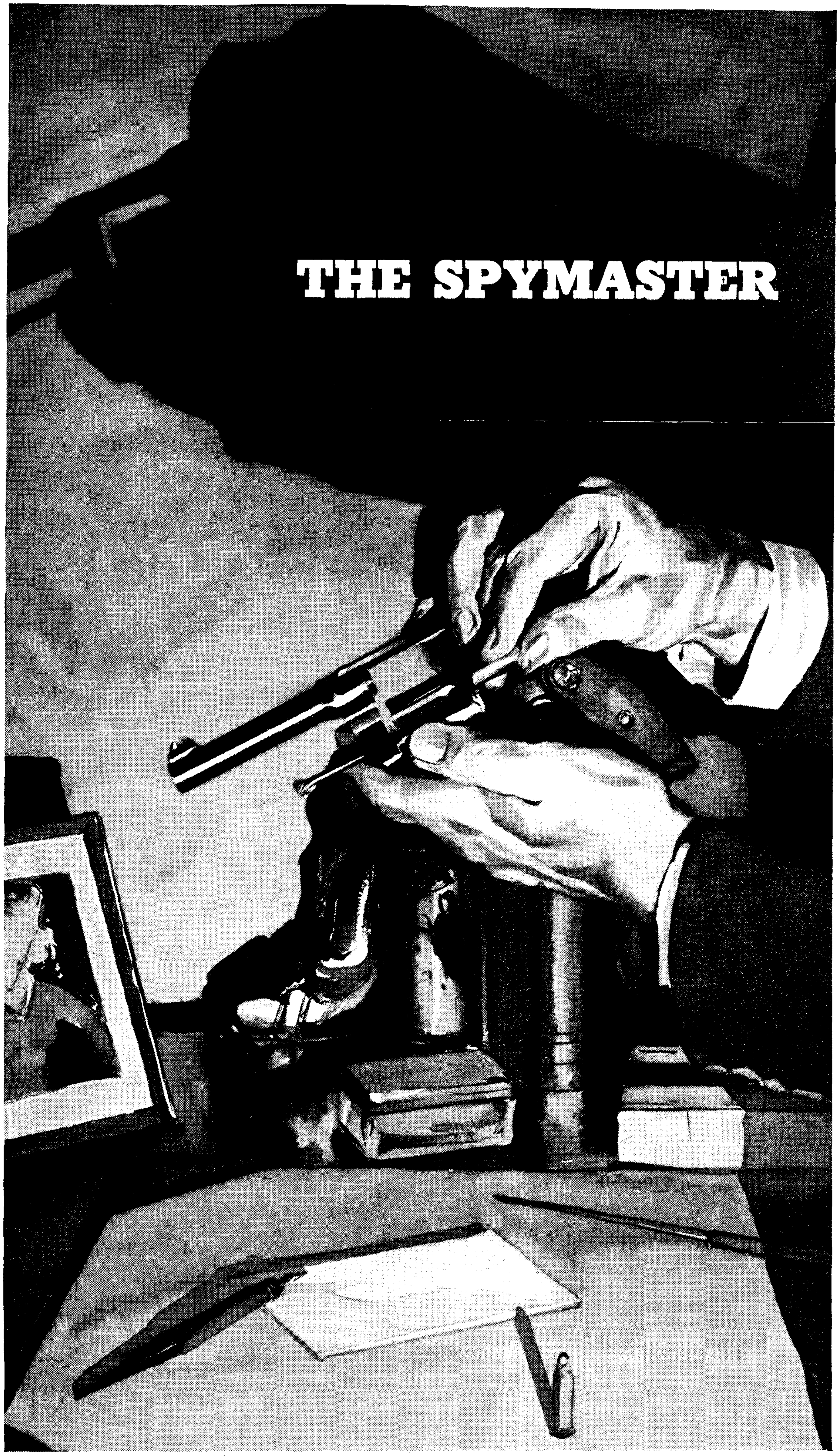
Now, if you can bear it, I'm going to take a quick jump from wolves to robins and tell you why afterward. It's not a bedtime story this time but a simple little fact of nature. It's about the song the papa robin sings come June while the mamma robin is sitting on those blue eggs. You have probably heard it unless you're the complete thing in city dwellers and if you haven't you'd better go right out next June and listen, because it's nice. Well, that song that makes us all feel so young and sentimental isn't a song of pride and exuberance at all, naturalists tell me, but a sort of war cry. "Come onto my land," Papa robin is saying, "and I'll show you to whom it belongs." And he does. People who watch birds have seen him do it over and over again.

No one acre of ground, you see, can furnish worms and insects for more than just so many robins, and whether they know it by instinct or experience or because their mammas tell them, they do know it, and no robin will ever let another robin build within just so far from his nest. That means only so many robins can build nests and hatch eggs in any given community. The rest have to live and die nestless, and so the robin population manages to stay pretty standard year after year without benefit of wars.

And the point of these three stories and a few others you may read a little farther on ought to be pretty obvious, though it's taken us an incredibly long time to find it out and will probably take us a lot longer to believe. The point

(Continued on page 34)

THE SPYMASTER



Before midday the whole world knew why Captain Rawson had blown out his brains

Beginning a prophetic romance of love, adventure and diplomacy—in the murk of Europe's war clouds

ADMIRAL GUY CHESHIRE, whose orders and decorations denoted an unusually distinguished career for a man of forty-five years, was honored by his old friend Henry D. Prestley, host of the gathering, with a few minutes tête-à-tête in one of the smaller reception rooms of the great house in Regent's Park. Prestley was a silent man, so also, except when he was talking nonsense, was the admiral. A queer sort of friendship had sprung up between them during the last ten years. They played golf together at irregular intervals and bridge in the same little circle most evenings at the famous St. George's Club.

"I was thinking, as I came up the stairs," Cheshire confided, "that yours is really the first of the great diplomatic shows of the season. Sabine has evidently made up her mind to make the others seem like Cinderella dances."

Prestley shrugged his shoulders slightly. From where they stood they had a fine view of the larger rooms through which a continual stream of men and women was flowing. The old days of tiaras had returned. The brilliant uniforms of the men assisted in providing a blaze of color. The ballroom was banked with a forest of flowers. The strains of an Austrian waltz, played by one of the world's best orchestras, reached their ears faintly. It was all a gay and marvelous whirlpool of gorgeous and scintillating life.

"We are doing it for the ambassador of Sabine's country, of course," Prestley observed. "I felt a little uncomfortable about it but Sabine was dead keen. Broccia has been summoned back to a conference and Count Patani is, after all, a distant connection of hers. My wife loves entertaining for her people, and if this sort of thing gives her pleasure, so much the better."

"I ask myself sometimes," Cheshire meditated, "why you didn't go in for the diplomatic life yourself."

Prestley smiled. He had the fine delicate features, the long straight nose of all the men of his family, but he lacked the physique of his race. Notwithstanding his youthful successes at out-of-door sports—he had played football for Harvard, and international polo—his complexion was pale and he had preserved the thoughtful air of a statesman or a man of great affairs. He was, as a matter of fact, head of the most famous banking firm in the world.

"Sometimes," he confessed, "I ask myself the same question. Then I answer it and I am satisfied. There were reasons, my friend. Sabine, I think, so long as she married an American instead of a fellow countryman, is quite as happy in her present position without the restraint of diplomatic life. The show tonight, of course, is given entirely for Patani. We can still unofficially step in, though, now and then, when we are asked to on behalf of our own people. Neither Broccia nor his wife have had any experience of this sort of thing. It gives Sabine pleasure and she has not the responsibilities."

"An amazing woman," Cheshire observed. "She knows as much about European politics as anyone with whom I ever talked—much more than I do. Then of course it isn't my job. I am only a sailor."

An urgent messenger came for the host. He departed with a little farewell nod to his friend. The latter, who was in a depressed frame of mind, had just decided to seek the solace of a glass of champagne when a very beautiful girl, with an only half-uttered word of apology, left her partner and came over to him.

"What have you done with my young man, Guy?" she complained. "Have you put him on night duty or something of that sort?"

"Which of your retinue are you talking about?" he demanded.

"Why, Ronnie Hincks, of course. Is he not one of your A. D. C.'s or something, tucked up with you indoors at the admiralty for a month or two?"

"Ronnie Hincks? Oh, yes. Isn't he here?"

The girl shook her head.

"I have been looking for him everywhere. Sabine was asking for him, too. We are both very sad. Geoffrey Rawson is absent, also."

"They're pretty busy at the shop," the admiral confided. "I've come straight from there myself."

"Heavens! And you had no dinner?" He shook his head.

"I'm going to make up for it in a minute or two."

She glanced regretfully at her partner.

"I wish I could take you in to supper," she sighed. "You know Tony Gresham, do you not, Admiral? Tony and I are going to forget all about our scrappy dinner. Come in with us."

The two men exchanged nods.

"Do come, sir," Gresham begged. "We would be delighted to have you join us."

"Just what I should have said at your age," Cheshire replied dryly, "but I should have kicked myself for having to say it. No, I won't come, thanks, Elida. To tell you the truth, I have not really paid my respects to your sister yet. I got mixed up with a little tangle of royalties and, being a shy man, I fled."

"You know where to find her," the girl said as she rejoined her partner. "She is in what she calls the Tapestry Salon, taking a brief rest. She is easily got at, though."

"I will present my apologies at once," Cheshire declared as he took his leave.

PROGRESS through the crowded rooms was difficult. Admiral Guy Cheshire was a popular man and found friends on every side. He came face to face with his hostess only when she was leaving her retreat.

There was a touch of eagerness in her manner as she dismissed her cavalier and came toward him.

"I almost wondered," she said quietly, "whether you were not keeping out of my way."

He looked at her in very genuine admiration. He knew little about women's clothes but her ivory satin gown, so exquisitely classic a garment, those marvelous Pelucchi pearls, her beautifully coiled and smoothly coiffured chestnut-brown hair and the flash of her brown eyes, seemed to reproduce one of those Florentine pictures of the Renaissance.

"You flatter me," he remarked. "I have been laying my homage at the feet of the younger generation. Elida, too, looks beautiful tonight."

Her imitation curtsy was a trick of the old days.

"I have just a quarter of an hour before the formal business of supper," she confided. "I have not given you any special place, Guy. I know you are entitled to it but I also know that there is just truth enough in your affected shyness to make you like to look after yourself. Stay with me for a minute. Here—let us sit down inside this small room. Bring us some champagne," she ordered one of the footmen. "We will sit on that divan away from this blaze of lights."

"I am very much honored," he murmured, as he followed her. . . .

"My friend," she said, as soon as they had settled down. "I am still your friend, am I not?"

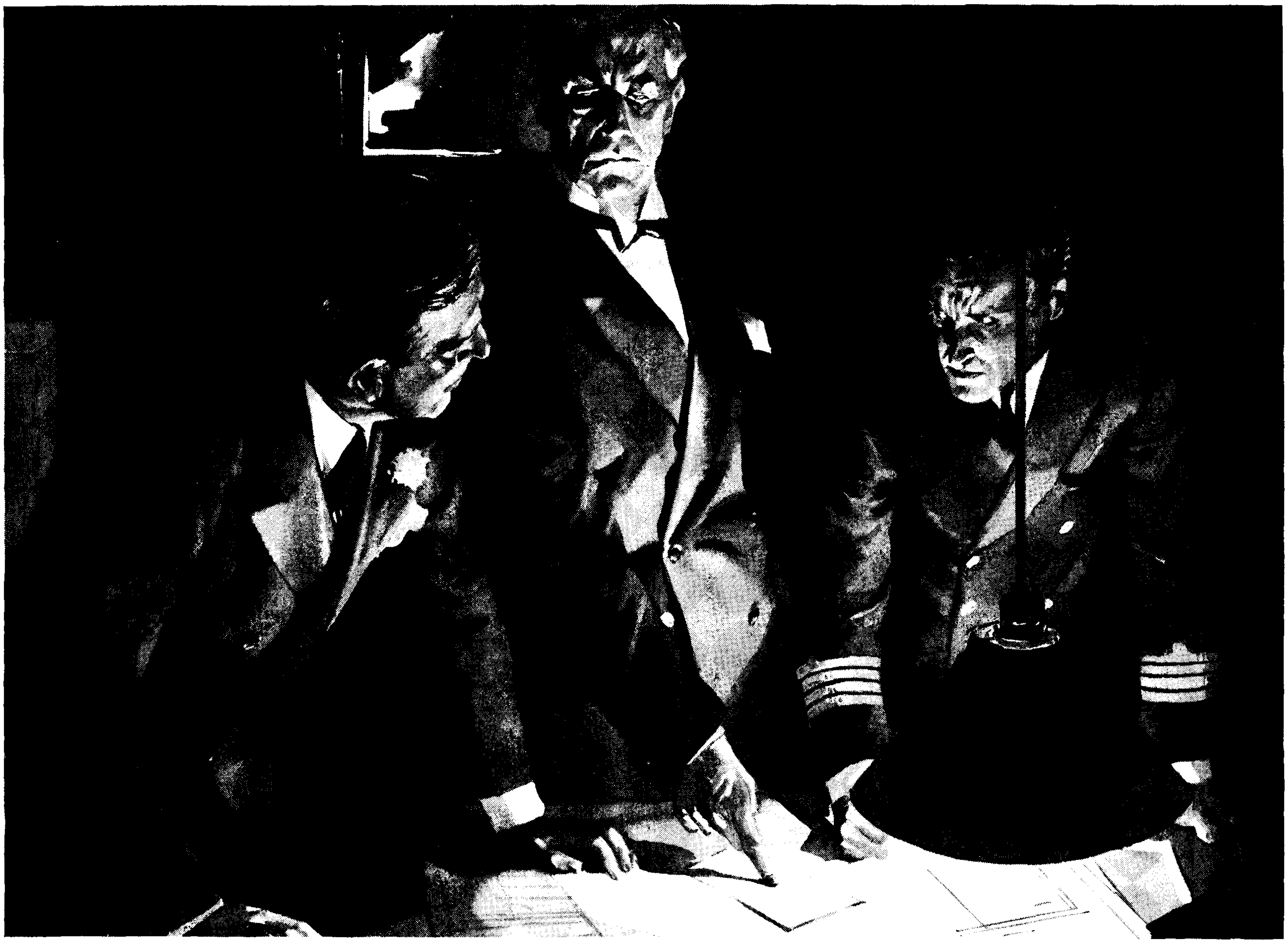
"I hope so," he answered gravely. "Has my behavior in any way led you to think differently?"

"No," she admitted, "but you come no longer to my At Homes. You have the entrée to my private sessions. You do not come."

"These are anxious times, as you know," he reminded her. "So long as the wireless from the Continent works, my official duties keep me at my desk."

"Is that quite honest with me—an old friend?" she asked. "You see, I, too, have information. I know that you occupy a wonderful post. I know that you are greatly engaged just now, but that is no reason why you should desert your friends altogether. It makes them just a little anxious."

(Continued on page 60)



"You know what these are, I suppose?" he asked, touching the parchment with his forefinger. "Rather," was Rawson's reply. "They are the plans of what is to be our 35-36 cruiser"

Impersonation

By Alan LeMay

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

"I RESIGN," Steve Sargent said.

His boss stared at him a while. "It's a lie," he answered. "You're one of the doggonedest undercover men in the Southwest. Hardly any other man has done as much to keep the express partly unrobbed. Something scare you?"

"I scared myself," Steve said. Then he quoted Smoky Towne: "I ain't safe to be allowed loose no more, mister."

He had reference to a hurried quarter hour three weeks before, up in the Red Ledge country. Hardly anybody knew anything about it. But Abe Conn, wanted for two stage holdups, was in there someplace; so Steve Sargent followed him in.

He had not hoped to take Abe Conn this trip, or even to see him. All he wanted was to get the lay of the country. So Steve and his partner, Smoky Towne, wandered considerable distances into the Red Ledge, following old trails Abe Conn's riders had made.

Undoubtedly they were watched; but until the afternoon of their fourth day they saw no one. Then, in a narrow gorge, three men rode out of concealment in the upper rocks.

That Abe Conn should come out openly to meet strangers was about the least likely thing that could have happened, but Steve knew its meaning. It meant that while Abe had decided that they had come too close to his hide-out, and something must be done about it, he nevertheless wanted to see what he could find out from them first. And his evident confidence as to the outcome of open fight confirmed the probability that at least one more rifle was sighted on Steve's wishbone from some ambush.

Steve had foreseen the bare possibility of this meeting, and had prepared for it; he knew what he was going to say. The worst loophole stemmed from the fact that this was strictly not the sort of shenanigan that would find Smoky at his best.

SMOKY TOWNE was twenty. His draw had the speed of a striking sidewinder, and he could no more miss a fair shot than he could miss his face with an eating knife. But, since you can't have everything, Smoky wasn't bright. Just now Smoky was staring at the approaching riders with complete surprise.

"Come up here," Steve monotoned. "Don't try to understand nothin'. Jest set."

They could see the faces of the approaching men now. The rider with the carbine in his big outsize hand was Abe Conn, all right. Another, a cowboy with a forelock that looked like redwood excelsior, would be Curly Begg. The third man was nameless to Steve.

The three drew up to face the two, and Steve chanced a last glance at Smoky Towne. Smoky's mouth was open—that was bad. His mind had stopped up again.

Abe Conn said mildly, "Looking for someone, Bud?"

"Looking for water," Steve said. "We don't know this country very good."

The quiet tightened until it nearly squeaked. And now Steve Sargent picked up the play. "You look to me like Abe Conn," he said, skirting suicide. "I tell you plain, if I'd knowed you by your trail, I'd have turned and rode the other way."

"That might have been a good idee," Abe Conn agreed.

Steve could feel Smoky tensing up. He mentally shrugged, and made his gamble.

"I'm Slim Pankey," Steve said. The name he gave himself was one all of them would have heard—yet one whose owner was best known in Texas, a thousand miles away. "Maybe you heard of me. They got a reward on me for taking over the Coltsfoot station."

Silence for two moments more. Steve saw surprise widen Abe's prominent eyes by a hairsbreadth. He saw the frozen immobility of Curly Begg. He sensed, rather than saw, a curious tensing in the unknown man. But what pleased him was that all eyes were upon his face—not a soul was studying Smoky Towne.

Just then Smoky's gun roared, and the whole canyon seemed to blow up.

Steve took to the ground, swinging his horse in front of him, and his rifle came into his hands from the saddle boot; he saw the unknown man pitch headlong from his stampeded pony. Close above Steve three guns were blasting at once, but he spotted a small feather of smoke high up on the talus slope, and fired at that, from under the neck of his horse. A man rolled down the rock.

ABE CONN was down, flat on his face under his spraddle-legged pony. Only Curly Begg still rode; his pony had cracked into a bucking fit, and Curly was grabbing leather. Steve knocked him off it with a slug through the shoulder, and instantly all firing ended.

Smoky Towne was cramped over his saddle horn. He said, "They creased me in the ribs a little."

But all Steve could think of was the way Smoky had spilled the beans. "You ratchet head!" he shouted. "You'll never side *me* again!"

Smoky shouted back at him: "You're damned tootin' I won't side you again! You ain't safe to be allowed out! What did you think you was doin'?"

"I was fixin' to join 'em. I'd have found out their caches, and lined up convictions on every one of them."

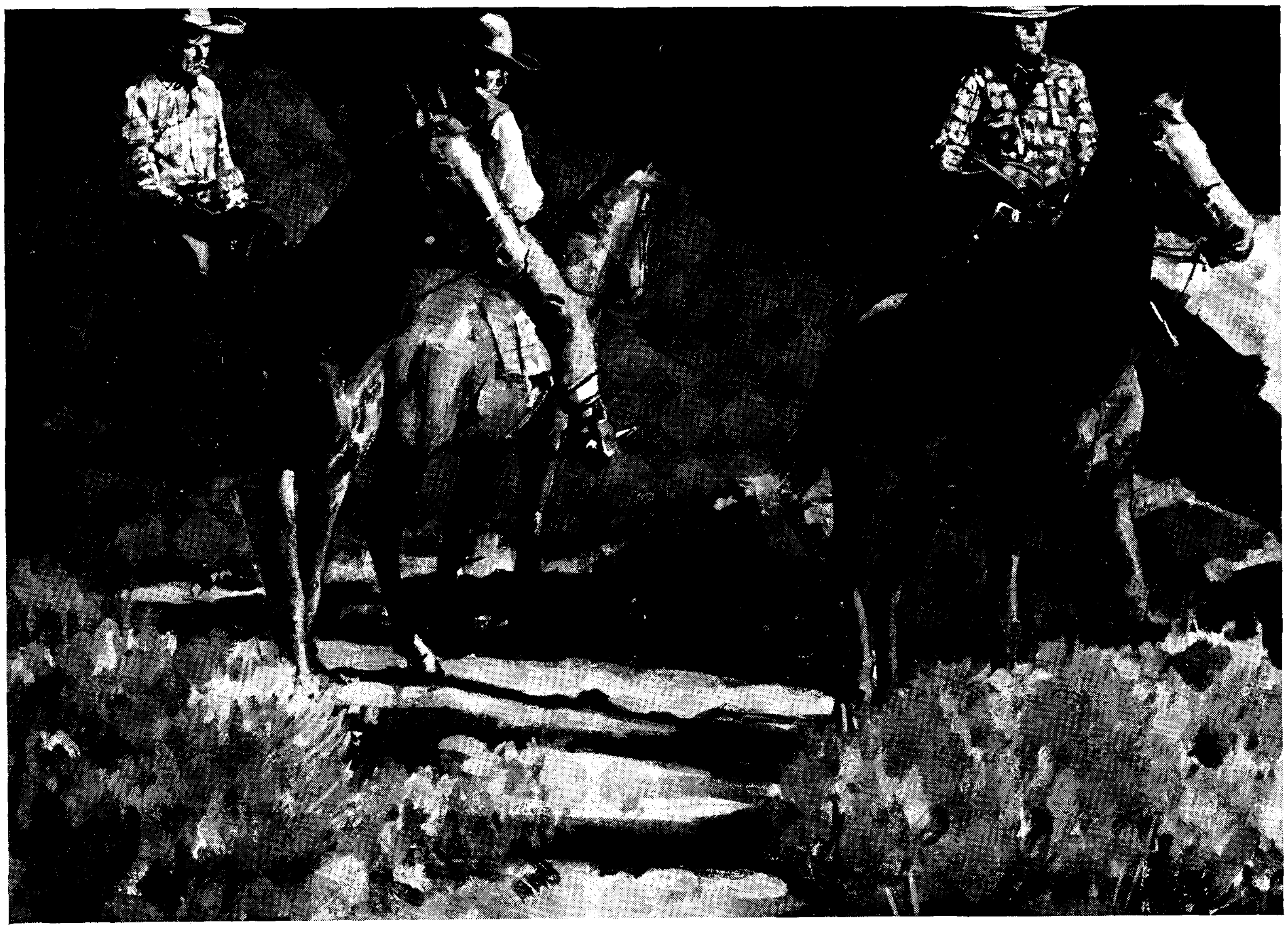
"Oh," said Smoky doubtfully.

"'Oh,'" Steve mimicked bitterly.

"I still think it wouldn't've worked. Pretty soon it would've come to 'em that you wasn't Pankey."

"How would it have come to 'em?"

"When they got to thinkin' it over," Smoky said, "they would've suspicioned somepin. Because that's Slim Pankey. That's him over there on the ground."



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Britain's Bright Boy

By Jim Marshall

The British army resisted change from Waterloo until it met Leslie Hore-Belisha. Now the young man is turning his eye on the empire

Able and vocal Leslie Hore-Belisha, England's war minister, inspects one of his new antitank guns

NEWSPHOTOS

"THIS 'ere 'Ore-Belisha," said the cockney atop the bus at Hyde Park Corner, " 'e's a bright one, 'e is. 'Eaded for prime minister of England, I shouldn't wonder."

"Oh, aye!" agreed his companion. " 'E's a man who gets things done."

That's about the way fifty million Britishers size up Leslie Hore-Belisha, their minister of war. His most recent achievements, outside of rebuilding the British army, were the soothing of the *enfant terrible* of Europe, Benito Mussolini, and the working out of an Anglo-French alliance.

He may not have invented the army modernization idea, or the Mussolini-handshaking plan, or the scheme of chumming up again with England's volatile neighbors across the channel. But he gets credit for these things, mainly because he talks loudly and long about himself and usually manages to be down in front with a smile ready when the newspapermen come around and the cameras start to click and grind.

As for becoming premier—number one job of the British Empire—that's really his own idea. Benjamin Disraeli, another Jew, made the grade. Leslie thinks he can make it, too.

But that will have to wait until after the war—the war that all Europe expects within two years. To win the war—or at least be on the winning side—England is depending largely on the florid, heavy-jowled, dark-eyed man who first won fame through a glass globe atop a ten-foot pole.

That was the Belisha Beacon, which got him publicity not only in England but in America, too. A beacon is simply a one-foot yellow globe stuck on top of a black and white standard. Thousands of them are set in the curbing of London and other British cities, next to a steel-studded, yellow-painted strip of safety zone running across a street. In this zone walkers are supposed to be safe—and, surprisingly enough, usually are.

There are some ten thousand of these unlighted beacons in London alone. Every time a Britisher looks at one, he thinks of Hore-Belisha. This is a bit tough on a retiring gentleman named Oliver Stanley, who invented the beacon idea when he was minister of transport in 1933. A governmental change threw out Mr. Stanley and tossed in Mr. Hore-Belisha. The latter, at once sensing the possibilities, got his name attached to the beacons. In a few weeks he was known to everyone as "The archbeacon." Not long after, with a nod to his religion, the public was calling his safety zones "Belisha's passovers."

It was about this time that Leslie was telling the voters he was "just an old-fashioned politician who knew nothing about publicity." That bulge the voters saw in his rosy cheek was his tongue.

But we're getting ahead of the story. . . .

The man who sits behind a huge desk in a map-covered office in England's war department and works to get his country ready for "the war" is a Sephardic Jew, and proud of it. His ancestors came over years ago from Mogador in Morocco, settling in Portugal. From Portugal his father, Jacob Isaac Belisha, emigrated to England with considerable capital and made a success as a real-estate trader and financier.

The boy Leslie was born in a tall, three-story-and-basement brick house in Kilburn, a northwest London suburb, now a bit run down. Since entering public life, he has varied his birth date. Formerly he gave it as September 8, 1898. The real date was September 7, 1893, which makes him forty-five years old this year. That's pretty young for a British war minister.

While he was at school, his father died. His mother remarried in 1912. Her new husband was Sir Charles Hore, a government official. Leslie Belisha hitched his own name to his stepfather's, a not uncommon British practice.

In his early years, his mother wanted him to be a doctor. She gave up this notion when he contracted the habit of orating before a mirror in his bedroom. So the law was decided on as a career instead.

He was packed off at seventeen to Clifton College to study for the bar. He didn't mind that, but the head of the school had a passion for making his pupils spend Saturday afternoons in neighboring churches, gathering material for a written "meditation." Leslie, whose tastes lay elsewhere, soon evolved a system of missing the churches, spending the afternoons more pleasantly, and getting his material by interviewing the duller-witted boys.

"My essays won the prizes, too," he relates proudly.

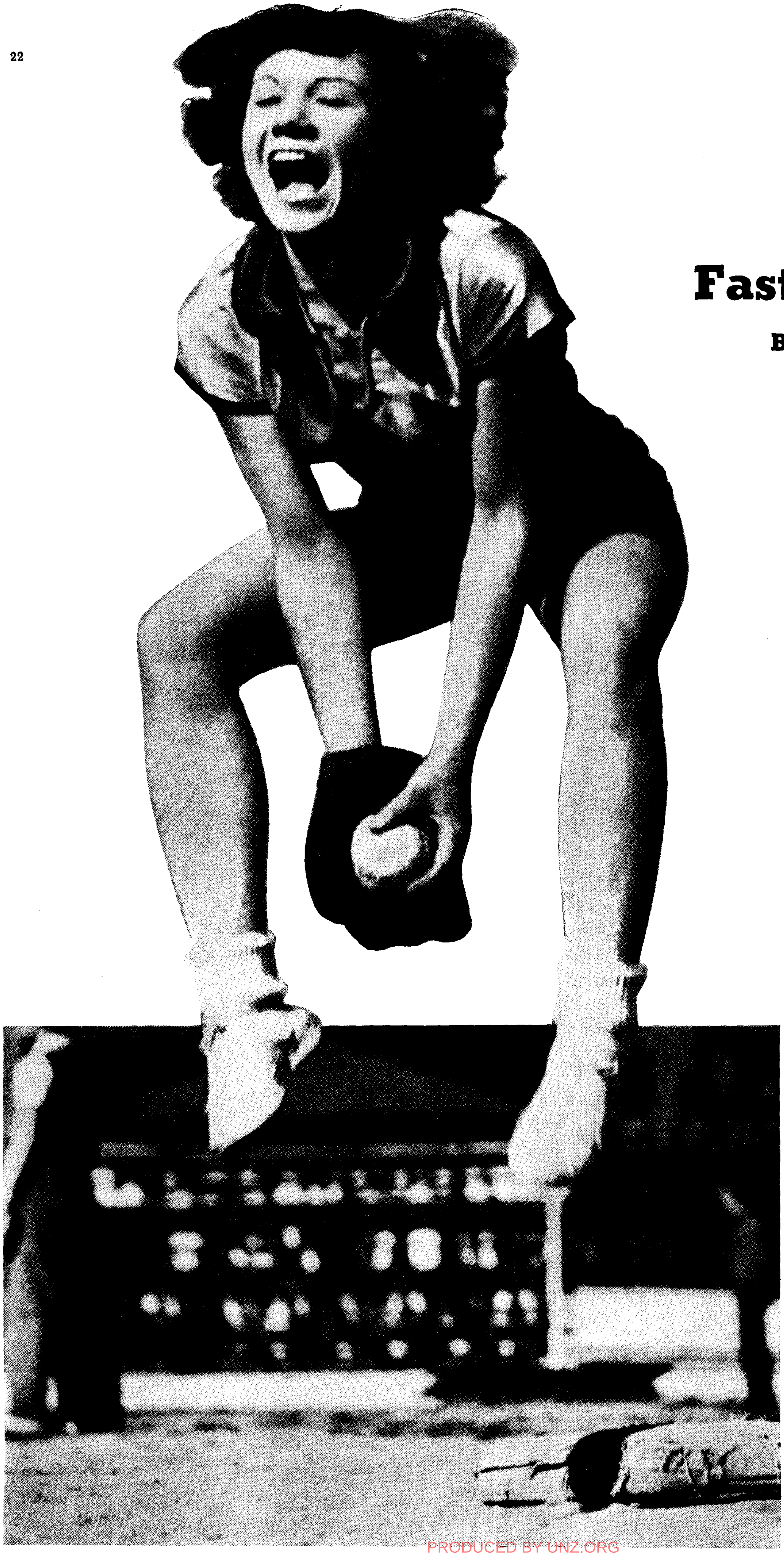
The war came along. He enlisted; at twenty-one he went through the conflict and came out a major. The idea of becoming a lawyer still lingered. He went to Oxford, played football, became a useful one-hundred-yard-dash man and read some law. His flamboyant tastes and inventive mind started to blossom. He rented rooms once occupied by Prince Rupert, furnished them luxuriously and staged many a party. He was so busy at the university, in fact, that he had little time for study.

But, at Oxford, he found time to learn Greek, French and Italian. A short stay at Heidelberg acquainted him with German. He speaks and reads half a dozen languages today.

In 1922, just as young Hore-Belisha was getting ready to start law practice his stepfather suggested, through a political friend, that he should "stand for Parliament."

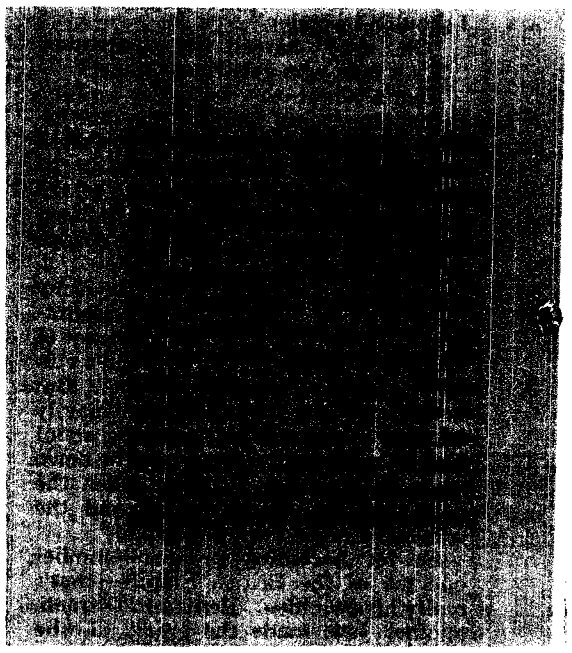
In England, you don't have to live in your election district. The spot they picked out for Leslie was Devonport, a dockyard town on the south coast. They didn't tell him it was a hopeless fight. The member was a Conservative; Leslie had to be a Liberal—so a Liberal he became. He got down to Devonport ten days before the balloting, hired a coach-and-four and drove around making such promises as he could think up on the spur of the moment. But Devonport had never heard of him and vice versa. He was beaten.

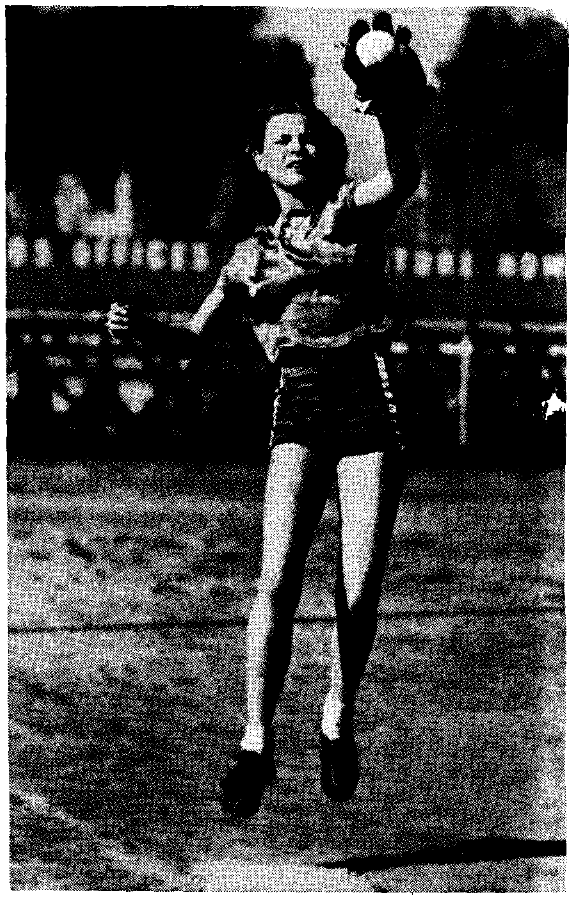
(Continued on page 45)

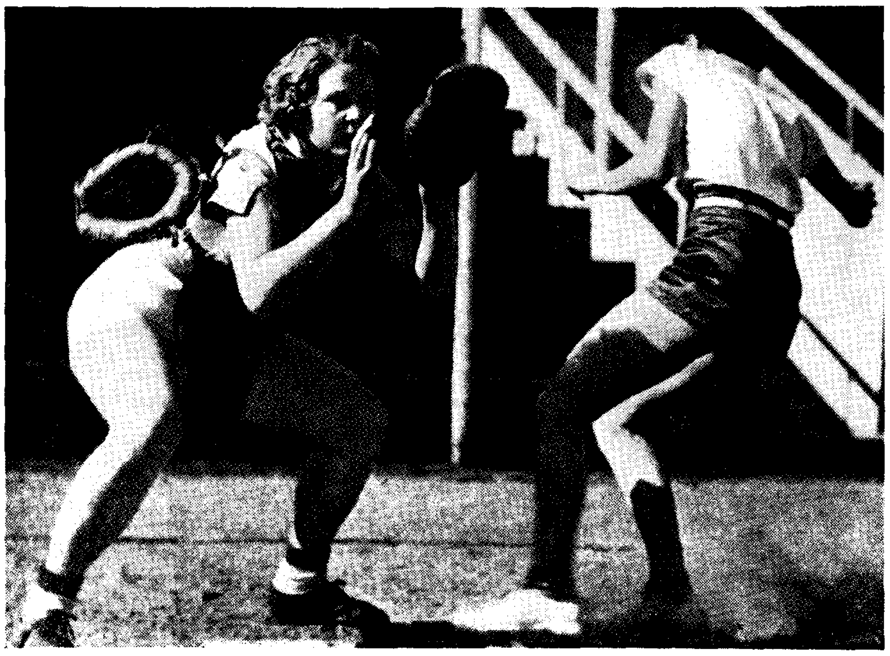


Fast and Pretty

By Frank J. Taylor







These girls aren't fooling. They are members of the Hollywood and Loyola leagues; their average age is seventeen, and they play their game seriously and at a pace that surpasses that of the regular men's game. Upper left, Lois "Goodearth" Roberts, who plays barefoot for speed in beating the throw to first; upper right, slugger Bobby Borchers getting ready to slap one. Below, Jackie Know[illegible]on sliding as Wanda Machy misses the put-out. Note ball over her shoulder. Right, Catcher [illegible]ie Richards waits for the relay

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM GEORGE H. PHILLIPS AND CARROLL PHOTO SERVICE

OUR hero, Mr. Marty Fiedler, was filled with deep concern. Time after time he hoped we wouldn't form our notion of softball, the new national game, from this Monday-night spat between Slapsie Maxie's Curvacious Cuties and the Balian Ice Cream Beauties. Fine girls and peppy players, y'understand, and refreshing to the eye. But minor-leaguers on the way up.

Now, if we'd only hold off until Tuesday evening, there'd be a Hollywood league fracas to knock our eyes out. Bank of America Bankerettes versus Columbia Pictures Starlettes. "Tossing Tess" Dodenhoff on the mound against "Skipper" Jean Beck, who pitched two no-hit games in one week last September. Tuesday's game would be a battle to write a piece about.

"Softball's no sissy game, like some people think, because girls play it," admonished Mr. Fiedler. "Take it from an old hard-ball player, this is real ball, the way these gals play it."

Now, since Mr. Marty Fiedler is to softball what Mr. Flo Ziegfeld was to the stage, to wit, the glorifier of the American girl athlete, we said all right, we'd hold everything in the way of opinions until Tuesday night. Furthermore, we'd go over to the rival Loyola league's diamond and watch the Payneheat Amazons tie into Pat O'Brien's Shamrocks, the former being last year's Western champs and this year's runners-up to the Diamond Walnuts for the Western pennant.

From the way Mr. Fiedler winced, we could see that mention of the rival league was a cruel blow. The Loyolas, it seems, play the game with a ten-woman team, slipping in a short infielder, the way they do in some Eastern cities. Being an old professional ballplayer, Mr. Fiedler snorts, "That's not baseball. Why not add another and make it a football team?"

But Miss Ruby Sorber, who manages the female end of the Loyola softball league, replies, "It is so baseball." Ruby has been playing the game in southern California for a decade and ought to know, being organizer not only of the Payneheat Amazons but also of the pioneer San Gabriel Valley girls' baseball league.

Anyway, the Loyolas are affiliated in some way with the American Softball League, sponsored by George Sisler of major-league fame, while the Hollywoods, though still independent, lean toward the National League.

So there you are. Already, the new national game is riven by issues. The short infielder's right to be on the diamond to balance the shortstop is only one of them. The Joint Rules Committee decreed a sixty-foot base, and in the East the teams abide by the decision. Out West they cut the base lines to fifty feet, and place the pitcher's box only thirty-seven and a half feet from the home plate, to speed up the game. In the East, the girls have a special ball, thirteen inches in circumference. "That's sissy," the Western girls say, where they play with the regulation twelve-inch men's ball. In the East, softball is largely a twilight game. Out West and down South, where the twilight is about as long as a first basewoman's panties, it's a night game, played under the arc lights. In the East, the game is dominated by playground instructors. Out West, it is bossed by former ballplayers.

Fortunately, these and other differences don't keep some ten million softball enthusiasts away from the eight

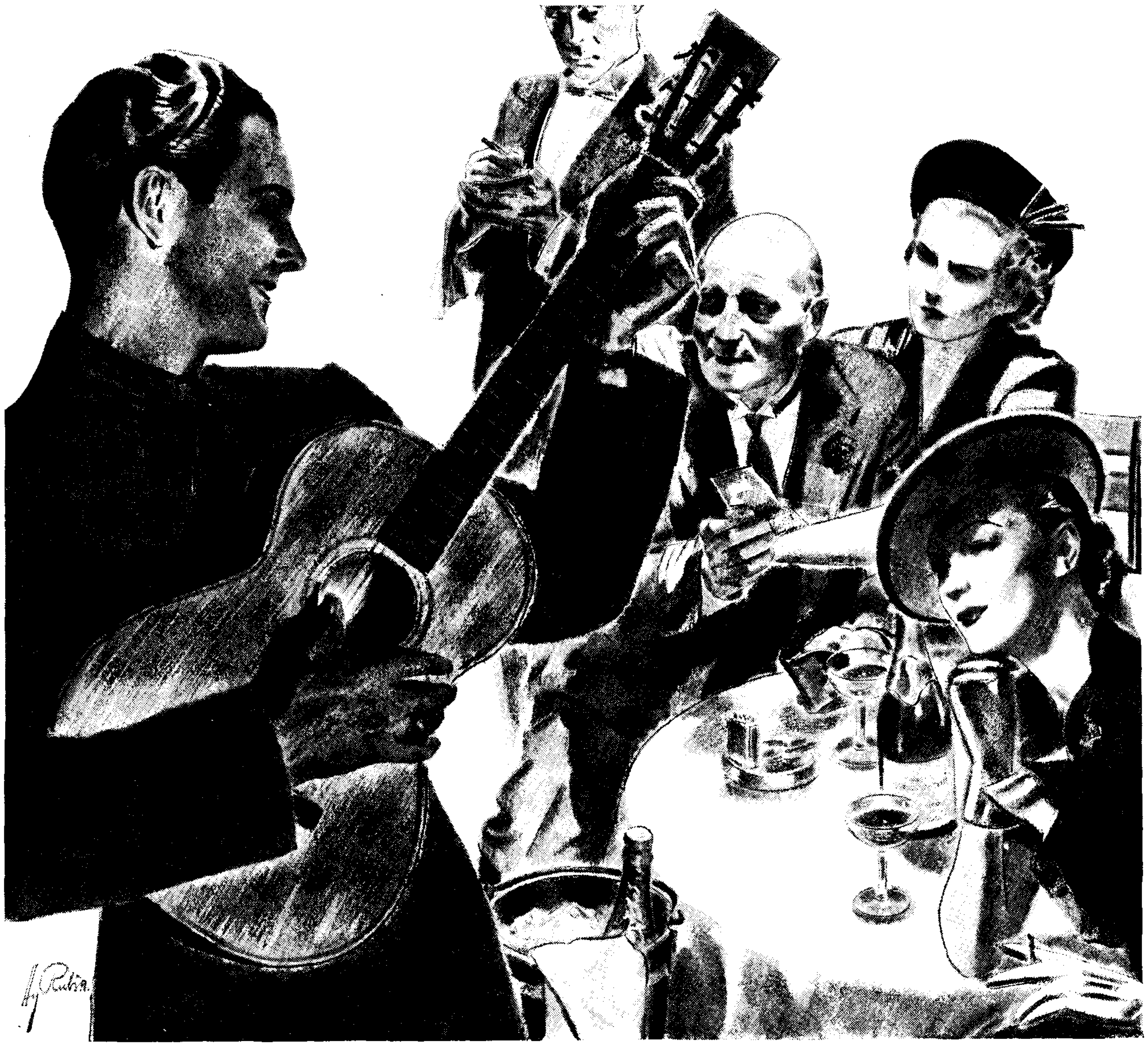
(Continued on page 38)

Melody Morgan

By Richard Wormser

ILLUSTRATED BY HY RUBIN

A few exciting hours in the life of a piano player who did not keep his eyes on the keys



Gracie put out a hand to keep him from paying me. "He works here, Charlie," she said. He shook her off

I WAS banging out Sweet Rosie O'Grady, trying to get some of the after-movie crowd into the Jungle Bar, when this old boy walked in, with a gal on either arm. I flashed Louis to put them at a table near the piano, because if I knew either of my businesses, this was a prospect on two counts.

As a piano player, the old boy looked good for champagne and a nice tip. And as a dick—well, he looked like one of the "complaints" the Hotel Men's Association had hired me to answer; said complaints being guys who got socked on the coco on their way home from an innocent night's amusement.

The old man sat down, and told Louis: "Two bottles of champagne," and I knew that I was good at one of my trades, anyway. As to the other—well, my employers were holding a meeting upstairs in an hour, to tell me I smelled.

I got out my guitar, and went over to the wine buyer's table. He told me, gravely, that the girls were Gracie and Ellen. I pointed at the sign over the piano that said: "Melody Morgan Will Play Any Song You Request."

"What'll it be?" I asked.

One of the girls said: "Do you really know all the tunes ever written?"

"I've got albums," I grinned. "What'll it be?"

"You know Spanish songs?" he asked. "Five says you don't know Mujer de Venizelos."

ELLEN wanted to know if my name was really Melody.

"Just a trade name." I grinned, trying to think of the song, and also wondering if these were the ones who had been bird-dogging for the sluggers. "Could this be a translation?" I asked. "To pass the time away—in Venezuela . . ."

I'd hit it; when I finished, the old gent's eyes were damp as he fished for his wallet. "You win. I haven't heard that in years—" He opened his wallet and took out a bill.

Gracie put out a hand to keep him from paying me. "He works here, Charlie."

He shook her off. I gasped when I saw what was in that wallet. I've been around, but the sight of that much money in a bar—Wow! "Have a glass, son?" he asked.

I sat down, grinning at the furious Gracie, and helped myself. "Just off a ship?"

"Yeah," Charlie said. "Just got her unloaded. I've been in the jungles two years, cutting Honduras mahogany. Money in it, if you don't die."

I thought of the wallet. "And now you're out to see the town, huh?" The clock said the association meeting was in fifteen minutes, upstairs in the hotel.

Charlie said: "Have a little fun, that's right." He was drunker than I had thought. "Met these nice girls downtown." As though remembering something, he peered at the clock, got out a little bottle, washed some pills down with champagne. "Jungle fever," he sighed. "Got a touch of jungle fever." He began to look restless. And the place was thinning out.

I rose, bowed. "Got to give the cash customers a little music." I began pounding it out again, singing to it, and it was fun to watch the customers settle back and order more drinks. I clinched them with one of my own numbers, The Tin Pan Blues, and flashed Louis.

"I've got to go upstairs," I said. "Take it a while. If the old boy tries to get out, tell him I'll be back."

"NICE old guy," Louis agreed. "He gave me five bucks. . . . Hey, boss. Don't go now."

"Why not?"

"That fella what comes in and sez you can't play the piano just showed. He'll slaughter me."

"Okay, I'll handle him." There is always one like him around—a music lover who takes it out in going around to bars and telling the ivory-pounders they don't know their business. I didn't know this egg's name, but he had been in twice in three weeks and I remembered him, which gives you an idea of how loud he had been.

I cornered him at the door, said: "Wish I'd known you were coming in. I'm just knocking off."

He said: "Yeah?" He had a tough, rather pleasant face. "Scared of my criticism, Melody?"

"Sure. Hey, I hear they have a new saxophone soloist down at the Music Box."

"No guy oughta play a saxophone solo." But he swallowed the bait, and I went on upstairs as he left.

The meeting was the same as all the meetings held by the Hotel Men's Association. Was I a detective or a piano player, they wanted to know, and if the former, why did I play the piano, and anyway, how could I expect to get these thugs who were scaring off their business while I pounded a keyboard?

I gave them answers A to F, reserving the rest of them for the next meeting, and left them grumbling about paying me.

But after all the speed with which I had run through my routine up there, I hadn't been fast enough. When I got back to the bar, Louis was hashing some Gershwin with an agonized expression on his face, and Charlie was gone, driven out with most of the rest of the customers.

I swore, and Louis shrugged, muttered: "I tried to hold him."

"You shouldn't attempt Gershwin, you lug," I said. I walked over to Charlie's table, sniffed his glass. Doped.

I nodded. There would be no more piano playing for me that night. I switched off the sign, got my hat from behind the bar, and left the place to Louis. I carried my gun, as usual.

CHARLIE'S trail was clear to Fifth and Sanford; a cab had hauled him away from the hotel, and then phoned in for another assignment from a box down there. But they didn't expect to hear from the driver for an hour; too long for me to wait. Charlie had jungle fever, and a sock might do him more than momentary damage.

So I started walking in circles around Fifth and Sanford, and instead of a clue I got Detective-Sergeant Nicholas J. Cantrell, or — to you — Rubber-hose Nick. With his usual charm, he barked: "Whatcha doin'?"

"I'm looking over the opposition tonight, Nick," I said. "I heard there were a couple of piano players down in the spig places threatening my title of the best in the world." I wished he'd go away. "And you, guardian of the law?"

He looked down, mumbled: "I'm on these night-spot sluggings; trying to find the spotter." Then, suddenly his beefy hand caught my lapel, rubbed it. "That's an expensive suit for a cheap piano player, Morgan."

I stepped back, sliding the cloth out of his fingers. "Keep your hands off me, flatfoot. If you want to make what you just said official, write it in a warrant."

Down the street a door opened and let out some fair Spanish music and a girl. She was only in the oblong of light a moment, but I recognized her. It was Gracie. And Charlie was no longer with her.

I said: "Make it a pinch, or good night, Nick. It's been nice seeing you."

He stepped in front of me, said: "Hold on, Melody. And by the way, what is your first name?"

"Out of my way," I said.

He laughed. "Okay. You had your chance." He put out a hand to grab my shoulder, rough me up.

I took the hand lightly in both of mine —one hand on his palm, and one on his wrist—and turned.

He swept over my shoulder and came down on the pavement.

Sitting on the pavement, his hat over one eye, he still looked tough. "Jujitsu, huh? Jap stuff!"

"Yeah, and remember Manchuria." His back was turned to me; I went down the street through the door that had let out the Spanish music before he could see where I had gone.

I would rather have followed Gracie, but Nick had made that impossible.

LOTS of things were exciting me as I went through that door. I hoped more than anything that I would find Charlie —doped, but well—at a table, while Gracie went to get the slug boys. I hoped I was on time.

But Charlie wasn't there. I took over the place with about thirty seconds of eye work. Ellen, the girl who had been with Gracie and Charlie, was sitting by herself and looking nervous.

"Has Charlie gotten the works yet, Ellen?" I asked as I sat down.

She smiled uncertainly at me, and said something about her sister coming right back. Then, as what I had said dawned on her, she blurted: "Please go—"

"Away," I finished for her. "Yeah, I know. Right outside, I met Detective-Sergeant Cantrell. He's known to the boys and girls as Rubber-hose Nick. Want me to call him in, or will you talk?" I asked the waiter for a beer.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Ellen said. She was pretty, brunet and big-eyed, and I hoped she didn't. But how could I believe that?

I said: "You don't look so bad. Talk, Ellen, talk. While we sit here, those two bruisers may be killing Charlie."

"Oh, no. My sister promised me—" She stopped.

"Ah, I've got it," I said. "You're the country sister, new to the big city. You didn't know what a pretty racket your sister was in. Is that it?"

I'd hit home. She said: "I'm—I'm afraid. Ever since I got into town yesterday morning, I've known somehow—something was wrong. Two—two bruisers you called them? I don't—"

"Bruisers, strong-arm men, holdup artists," I said impatiently. "They been slugging people coming home from night clubs, taking their dough. Couple of the victims died."

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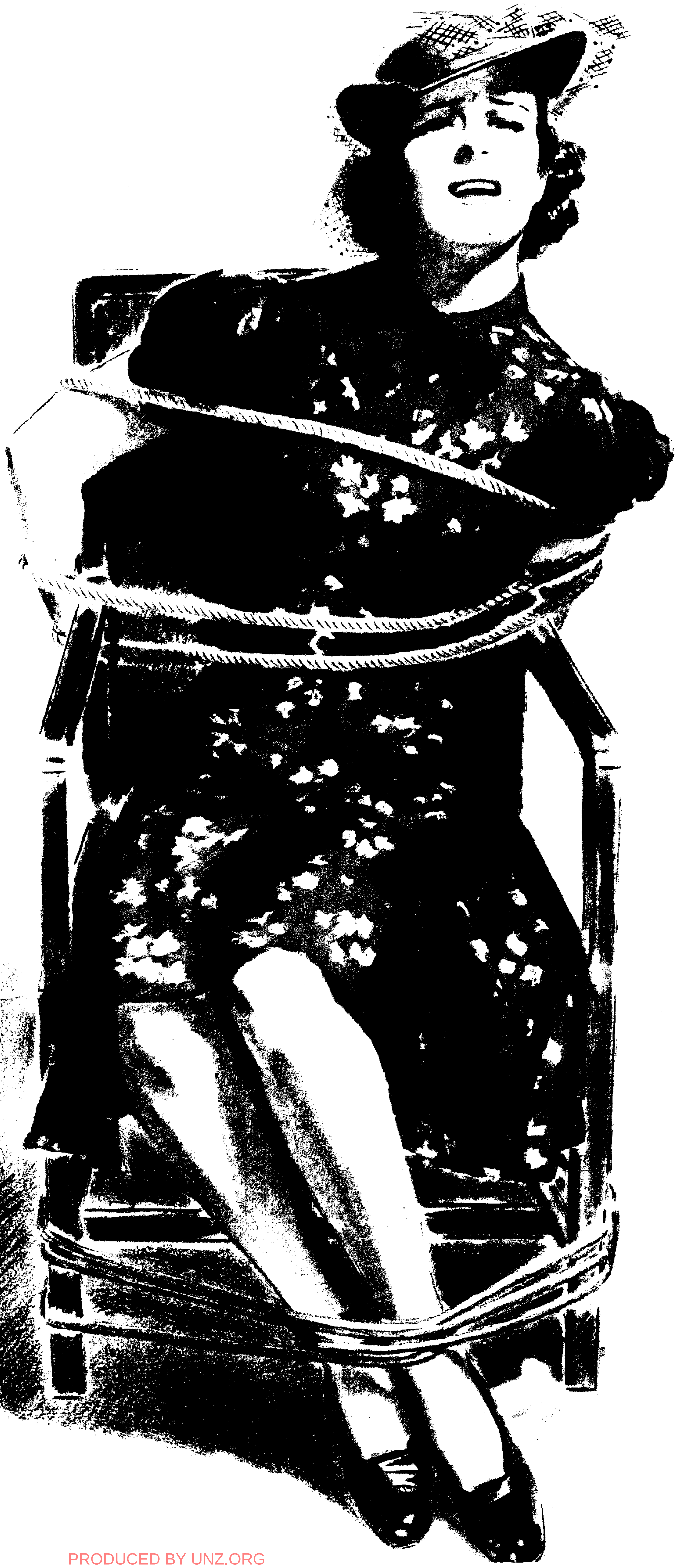
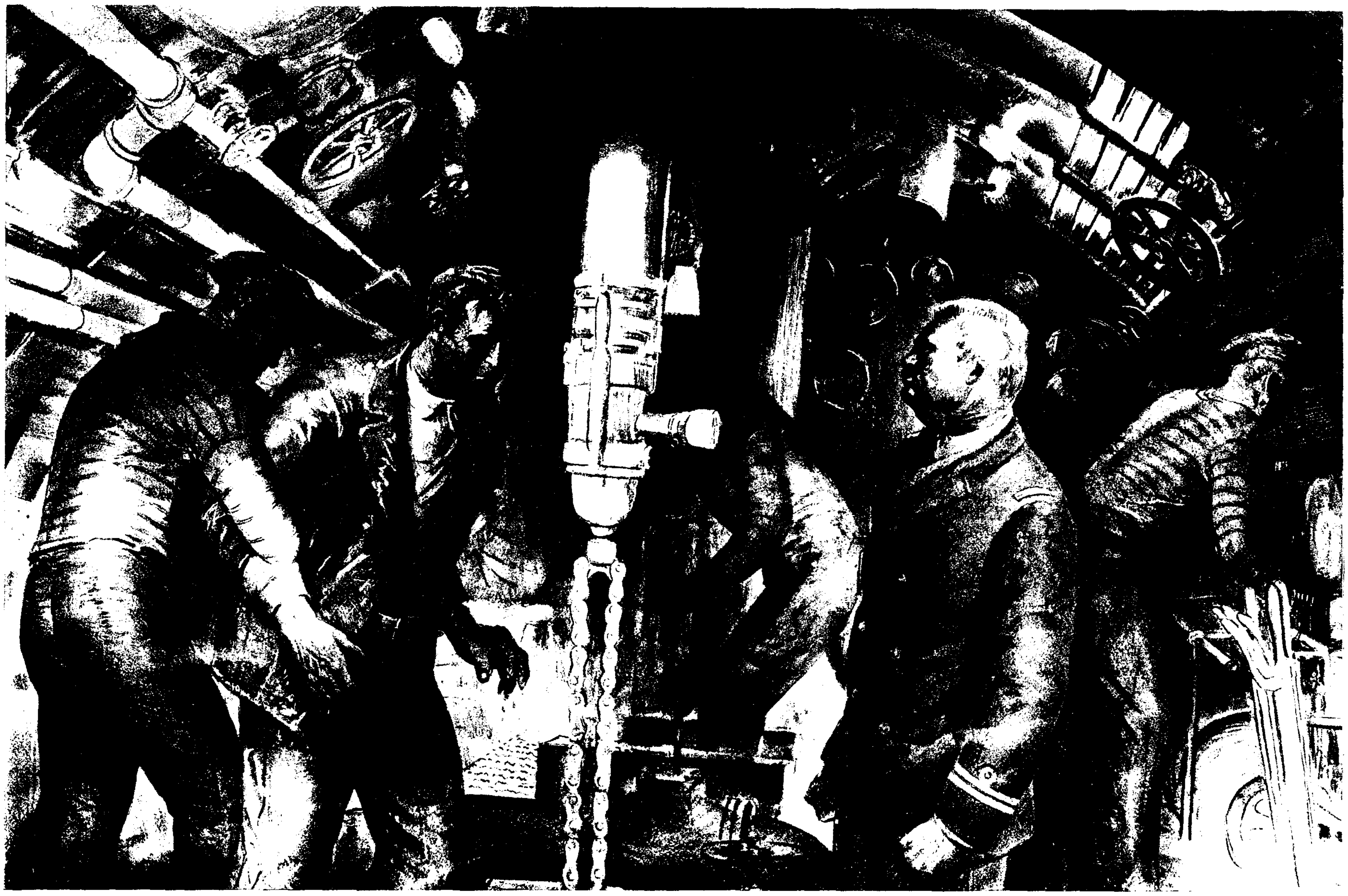


Ellen said: "He means torture. And why should he kill us, Melody? Maybe if we told him—" "Shut up," I barked



The German officer rapped an order; a half-dozen men sprang into action

Big Fish

By Gordon Carroll

LITHOGRAPHS BY JAMES E. ALLEN

Albert Macfee vs. the Imperial German Navy. It doesn't pay to arouse a Scotsman, even in wartime

WAR souvenirs make curious talismans. Consider, for instance, the tarnished ship's bell that hangs at the gateway to Kindon Cemetery on the east-coast sheers of Scotland, not a mile from the sea. Smudge off the verdigris with your thumb and beneath it, tooled in foundry letters, appears the bell's inscription:

UNTERSEE BOOT 303
KIEL, 1915

This is the bell, stained green by North Sea weather, that old Albert Macfee rings upon a certain day each year, before he kneels in the graveled pathway and utters a brief prayer for the souls of six seamen. Then Macfee rises from his knees, tugs at his worsted fisherman's cap, and clears his throat gruffly. Walking back to Kindon village, he senses the whip of another winter in the air, and suddenly recollects that the war has been over these many years. October has come again to Scotland; and somehow Macfee feels his age. As he plods slowly down the winding road to Kindon, the embers of his pipe punch a red hole in the dusk.

It was on an October afternoon in 1917 that something terrible happened to Macfee, something that engraved its emotional imprint upon his life. The smell of his pipe recalls it. . . .

He was standing forward of the Lydia's wheelhouse, smoking in slow cadence and watching the trawler's broad prow rise and fall, while the wind ripped tobacco smoke over his shoulder. A mild westerly sea was running under a slate sky. Then abruptly, without warning, rose a great smear of ocher smoke and flame before his face, and an overwhelming noise, and everything quickly changed. His world, he found, was still the sea, but a sea become a welter of green and white bubbles lashing his face. There was a fearful booming in his ears, caused by the pressure of salt water, and a painful stricture about his chest. He comprehended, too, that the wetness of the North Sea had saturated his clothing, and was striving to pull him downward with the weight of the sodden wool.

A gust of wind, momentary in force, cleared the foam from his face; he sucked in a long, gasping gulp of air. Overhead stretched a cold expanse of bluish-gray sky, ribbed with cloud rack. Queer, Macfee thought automatically, how the sky was still there, how the North Sea still heaved and labored, how the air still pressed, cold and raw. Only his own personal world had changed. He was in the sea, instead of atop it.

There were no ship's timbers to be seen, no small boats, no floating coops, no booms or spars. Naught substantial. Only oil scuds on an undulating surface, and lean splinters of wood. His fishing trawler was gone, suddenly and completely; likewise her crew of six, trapped below deck in a tangle of fishing gear.

A spasm of torment, born of bitter loss, wrenched at Macfee's heart. His face, foam-wreathed, was dark and bronzed and worn, like an old coin. Black hair clung to his skull in long, wet plumes; there was beard stubble on his chin, and a gash on his forehead, where he had struck some unyielding object as the explosion ripped the Lydia beneath his feet. The gash flowed slowly, dribbling a ribbon of red into the green water.

Macfee, in his forty-odd years of life, had never thought much about dying; long familiarity with the sea bred a respect for its inscrutable laws of fatality. Yet at this moment, facing certain essential realities, the relationship, he sensed, was altered. He comprehended that he had been tricked by a force outside the natural realm of the sea. Something man-made had brought about disaster to his vessel: a globular something, fashioned cruelly of steel, floating just below the surface. The North Sea was strewn with such, these days. A drifting mine. A German mine! Och, even in war, such should not be! . . . The dir-rty Germans! Littering the sea with explosives! Blasting ship and men alike! . . .

Under the wide expanse of slate sky, Macfee, thrashing and gasping, wallowed like a drift of flotsam. More salty water came to his tongue; his nostrils seemed to be clogged with cotton. Soon a drug-like warmth crept through his body until his fists slowly opened, fingers splaying. The booming noise returned to his ears, twofold. It was all over, he said.

And then, in his last animation, he became conscious of new movement in the water about him—a heavy, cushioning swell, buoying his body with transmitted energy. Suddenly something plucked at his pea jacket like a claw, lifting him irresistibly upward, so that he hung momentarily in mid-air, suspended out of the sea, gasping. Next he was jerked through an oily wave and felt his feet touch a cold, solid substance, slippery beneath his stockinged flesh. From the far side of a mistlike curtain filming his eyes he heard a human voice, guttural and curious.

"*Wo ist?*"

Another voice replied, and then followed a cheerless laugh. Macfee was yanked clear of the water and placed upon a hard, wet surface. Next he felt himself being lowered through a drafty opening into firm hands below. From somewhere, there came to his nostrils a sharp tang of burned fuel oil and rank tobacco. Then the gentle blackness of oblivion enfolded him.

When Macfee regained consciousness, he was lying on a cushioned settee, his legs stretched awkwardly before him, his body cold and half numbed from immersion. Overhead, a single electric bulb burned, and in its light he appraised the cubicle where he lay. It was steel-walled, this small cabin, and smelled of wet clothing and stale food. Soon Macfee forced himself upright on the settee, striving to clear a tenuous fog from his brain. At first his thoughts would not come clear, nor assume an orderly procession.

Then, as remembrance rushed in upon him, he struggled to stand erect, cursing and muttering beneath his breath. But before he could reach his feet, a burly, hatless man, clad in naval uniform, stepped into the cabin. Macfee sank back, scrutinizing the newcomer's ruddy face.

"Your name?" the man asked in clipped English.

"Alber-rt Macfee."

"Your boat?"

Macfee jerked one hand upward in silent resignation. Already he knew where he was. The oscillating motion of the steel deck, the purr of machinery, the acrid smells, spoke for themselves: a German submarine.

The officer grew impatient. "You heard me?"

Macfee gestured skyward again. "Aye, mon, I heard. Ma ship wa' blown up."

"A mine sweeper, eh?"

Macfee shook his tousled head. "Trawler," he replied.

"Trawler? Then why were your mine sweeps out?"

"Twa' nae sweeps," Macfee said evenly. "We wa' cleanin' fish nets."

"So!" The German rubbed his chin. "So! . . . I wasted a torpedo."

"Ye blasted us wi' a torpedo?"

"*Ach*, yes."

PATIENTLY, as though he had been awaiting this opportunity for some time, Macfee arose. His right fist was knotted and as he stood erect he swung at the German's face, across the narrow ship's table. The blow missed; the impetus of his effort spun him about, until he staggered against the table and caught at the varnished wood to steady himself. There he crouched, giddy and panting; then he turned once more, his fist halfway to his shoulder, his eyes twin disks of sullen flame, his breath audible above the whir of the U-boat's motors. Again he drew back the arm. But the German merely laughed in his face.

"Mueller!" he called.

A German seaman appeared in the doorway.

"Seize him!" the officer snapped, pointing to Macfee. The sailor stepped forward, circled the table, struck down Macfee's fist, and pinioned his arms. The Scot was shoved to the doorway and out into the control room, where myriad surfaces of metal and tubing glowed with a diffused sheen. The German officer rapped an order; a half-dozen men sprang into action. The steel deck underfoot suddenly began to incline upward; soon the periscope housing had broken sea. The movement of the U-boat's hull increased noticeably as surface waves commenced to strike the superstructure.

The conning-tower hatch was thrown open with a clang; prodded by the sailor, Macfee negotiated the ladder, trailing the officer's boots on the rungs above his head. The trio came out onto the submarine's bridge, into a world of pale sky and cold air. The U-boat was running awash, her nose dipping under the swells, water breaking aft and gurgling through the scuppers on a mournful, lifeless note. The sailor shoved Macfee against the bulwark.

"We are off Kindon," the officer vouchsafed. "Where are the fishing grounds?"

Macfee stood silent, contemplating the gray sea alongside. The sailor nudged him.

"Speak!" the officer roared.

Macfee measured the distance to the German's chin, then shrugged. It was no use. He answered: "Off yon," vaguely indicating the sea to eastward.

The officer stepped forward, swinging his shoulders, and slapped Macfee across the face. The sailor came quickly to life, leaping behind Macfee to knot his arms. For a moment the two figures swayed and struggled on the bridge gratings while a flush darkened the Scot's cheeks. His eyes became narrow slits puffed in crimson, and his teeth showed. Then he swallowed, caught his breath, and spat, true and straight, on the officer's jacket.

"I'll nae talk!" he cried. "Be damned t' ye!"

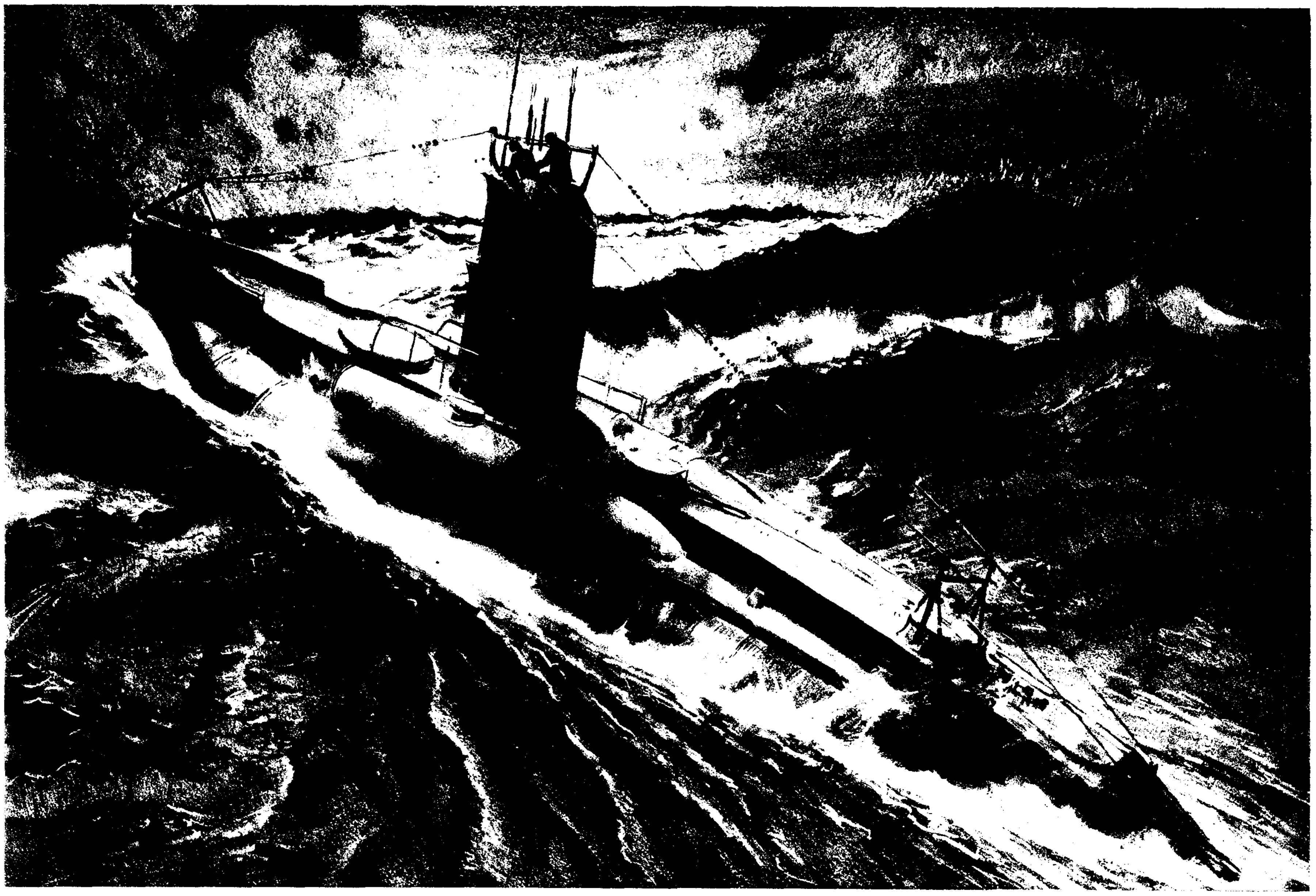
He heard a sharp intake of breath behind him as the seaman gasped at such affront to authority. For a moment the officer stood motionless, his face knotting in mixed surprise and anger. Slowly his right hand closed under sharp knuckles. "So!" he said softly. "So!" . . . His fist rose. Macfee set his jaw for the impending blow. But first, from aft the conning tower came a loud voice, raised in excitement. The German's hand dropped.

The voice resolved into the face of a startled sailor, who came running around the port side, gesticulating in his stride. Macfee wondered at the interruption; he could see naught astern. But the officer, instantly responsive and alert, moved past Macfee to the afterdeck, there to stare toward shore. Then his voice, too, was raised in sharp speech.

TWO seamen came tumbling up from the foredeck to stand by the periscope shafts. The officer and his excited companion appeared from aft. Macfee's captor released his hold and the fisherman's arms dropped to his sides, tingling with a flow of released blood. Then the officer barked an order in German and the three sailors vanished below. Macfee and his inquisitor were alone on the bridge.

The officer moved closer until he stood directly before Macfee. For a brief time, the German stared at the prisoner, his appraising eyes impassive, his face expressionless. Apparently he was weighing some problem in his mind. Whatever it was, it caused him to turn about and glance shoreward. Then, facing forward again, he thrust out an arm, struck the

(Continued on page 53)



The sailors vanished below. Macfee and his inquisitor were alone on the bridge

The Runaway

By Kathleen Norris

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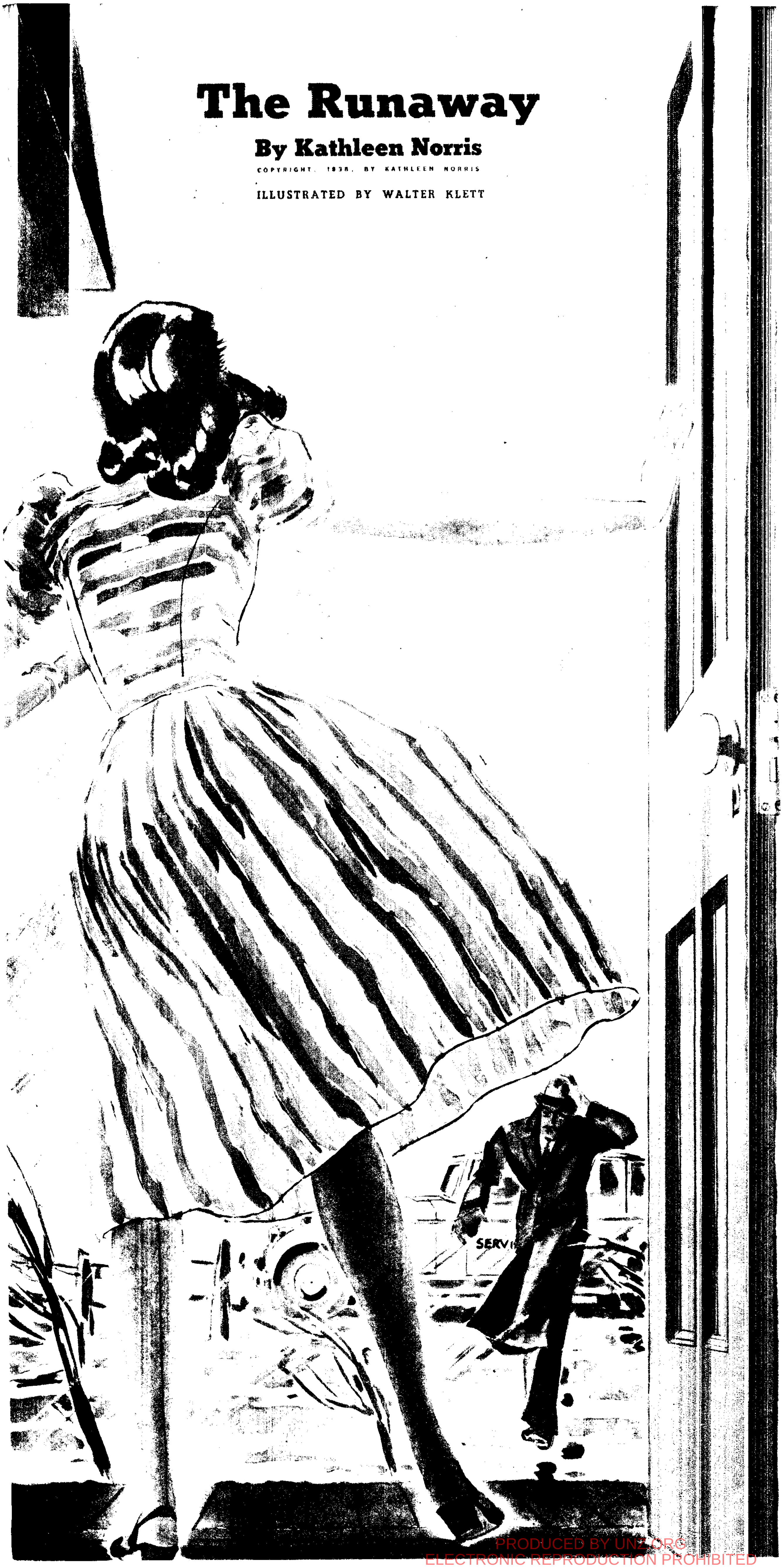
ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



Becky opened the door. "Come in!" she called. "Isn't this terrible? Look out for dripping on my floor"

The Story Thus Far:

JUST before Becky Gibson and Gavin Flood are married, in San Francisco, Mrs. Gibson—whom Becky has always believed to be her mother—tells her that she is an adopted daughter; and that she does not know who her parents were!

Other shocks follow for the girl. Gavin is a gambler, a hard drinker. Becky is not happy. When her baby, "Gibbs," is born, her husband makes no effort to support her. Whereupon, not relishing the idea of divorce, she takes her baby and goes to New York City. There she finds a job.

Two years later, when Gibbs is ill at a hospital, she meets a middle-aged doctor: Stephen Dinsmore. Dinsmore notes a strong resemblance between Becky and a woman he had once loved. He becomes deeply interested in the young mother. And presently, she and little Gibbs are at his Long Island home, as his guests. Mrs. Lee, the doctor's sister, and her two daughters, Hatsy and Barbara, are also there.

And again the divorce problem confronts Becky. Seeing much of young Laurence Moulton, artist and protégé of the noted artist, Duane Fox, she falls in love with him. Fox and "Larry" both insist that she go to Reno, secure a divorce, and marry Larry.

Still repelled by the mere thought of divorce, Becky is nevertheless on the verge of yielding to the entreaties of the two men, when she has a most important talk with Doctor Dinsmore. Duane Fox is Larry's step-uncle. When Becky mentions his name, and tells Dinsmore of his close association with Larry—Dinsmore makes a startling revelation:

Duane Fox is—Becky's father! And her mother? A girl, long dead, whose name had been Madeleine Satterlee.

The doctor tells Becky the story: Years before, he and Fox had both loved Madeleine Satterlee. He had asked her to marry him; she had informed him that she was not yet ready to decide between them. But later, after Duane Fox had married a German singer, Madeleine had told Dinsmore that although she did not yet love him she would marry him.

On their bridal night, however, his young wife had confessed that she was infatuated with Duane Fox. Fox had wired her that (rid of his wife through some legal technicality) he was coming to her.

Madeleine had said to Dinsmore: "I thought that was over. *And it is not over.*"

XII

DINSMORE paused; then continued:

"It had upset her horribly—terribly. I could see that. He had sent it to her old home, her old name, and they had forwarded it, thinking, I suppose, that it was just another joking telegram of congratulation. She said it could change nothing. It was too late. But days and nights went by, and instead of growing nearer, she slipped farther and farther away from me. She was shy, affectionate, but aloof and afraid, and I was only twenty-three. We would talk together, breakfast together, have our dinners by the fire and perhaps go to a movie, or to call on someone, but she never let me come any nearer than that. I was working hard; we were living very quietly; we had planned to go to Bermuda for my Easter holiday. I hoped I might win my wife then. But at Easter she went away; she didn't say goodby. It was just that she was gone.

"I went to Germany that summer, worked like a madman. It was after I came home in October that Madeleine walked into this house one night and asked to see me. I came downstairs and we went into the library. She looked bad. I could see she was going to have a baby within a few months.

"She did not tell me that she was unhappy; she did not need to tell me. Quite simply she said that she must have a divorce now; she must go to Reno; she had no time to spare. 'He will get a divorce, too,' she said. 'He has never felt that we need marry but it is different now. We must get married for the child's sake.'

" 'He will go to Reno, too?' I asked. 'He won't have to,' she said, 'he says he can get it here!' 'How on earth can he get it here before this baby is born?' I asked. 'I don't know, I don't know,' she said feverishly, 'but he *must*. And you help me, Steve! Help me—against him!' 'Against him?' I said. It was all terribly distressing to me; I can't tell you how distressing! Her manner, and the change in her, and the knowledge—what I'd always suspected—that he was not kind to her.

" 'You see,' she said, crouching up close against me on the davenport, her hands holding tight to mine. 'He doesn't want this baby, Steve. You can't blame him! It's stupid, it's so terribly stupid of me to have let him in for this! I love it. I'd love to have my own dear little son in my arms,' she said, 'but his work is all-important, and he's nervous, and if he fails he'll have to go back to bookkeeping, or selling life insurance. He can't do that, Steve! And I can't be a drag on him! And unless I force him he'll not push his divorce—it isn't really a divorce, it's only an investigation into some sort of ceremony he went through with Freda in Vienna. It may be legal, it may not be, but it will cost *(Continued on page 46)*

But what was the real love of Sir Thomas' life?

"WHAT was the first and foremost love of Sir Thomas Lipton's life?"

Most people would pop right up and say "Yachting!" . . . But they'd be wrong! For Sir Thomas had an even greater *love than sailing, and that greater love was . . .* tea. *He loved to drink tea, cultivate tea, and spread the news of the good that's in tea.*

1. And Sir Thomas did great things for this drink he loved so well. By helping to introduce tea-growing in Ceylon, he gave to tea probably the kindliest soil, sun, and climate it enjoys anywhere in the world.

2. In his own Ceylon gardens, Sir Thomas worked well and wisely on the scientific cultivation of tea. So well that the Great Tea Exposition of Ceylon and India awarded him the Gold Medal for "Choicest Tea Grown."

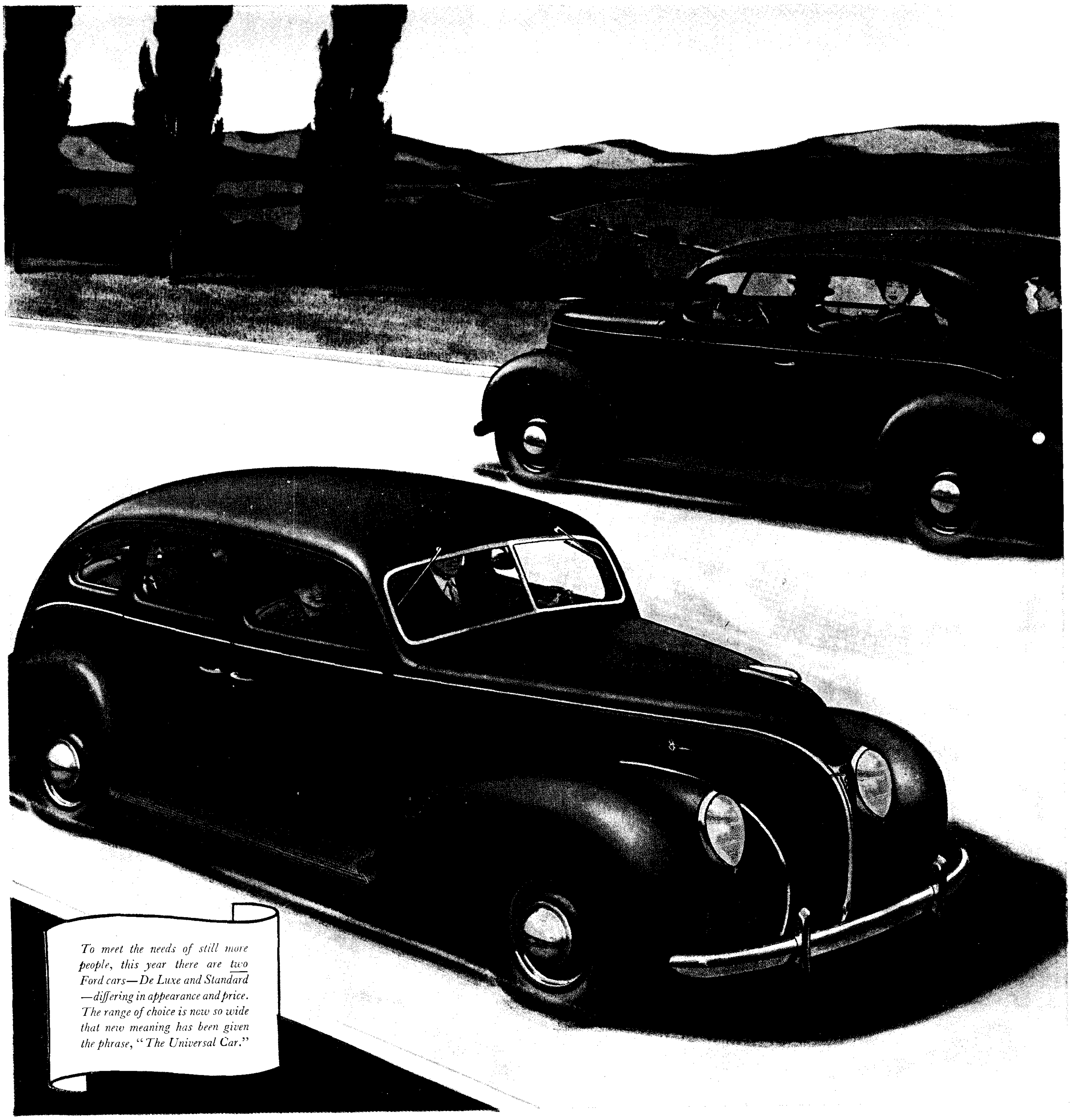
3. With this superb tea as a basis, Sir Thomas mixed a blend so delicious that today it has become the outstanding favorite of men and women of America —and of six other great tea-drinking countries!

LIPTON
CEYLON
LIPTON'S
Known All Over the World for its Supreme Quality
Thomas J. Lipton
FINEST TEA
LIPTON
TEA PLANTER, CEYLON
ORANGE PEKOE & PEKOE TEA
BLACK

LIPTON'S TEA

4. Brew a cup of Lipton's today! As its magnificent flavor delights and warms you, you'll marvel that so luxurious a drink can cost so little. For tea—even a tea as fine as Lipton's—costs less than any other beverage **except water.**

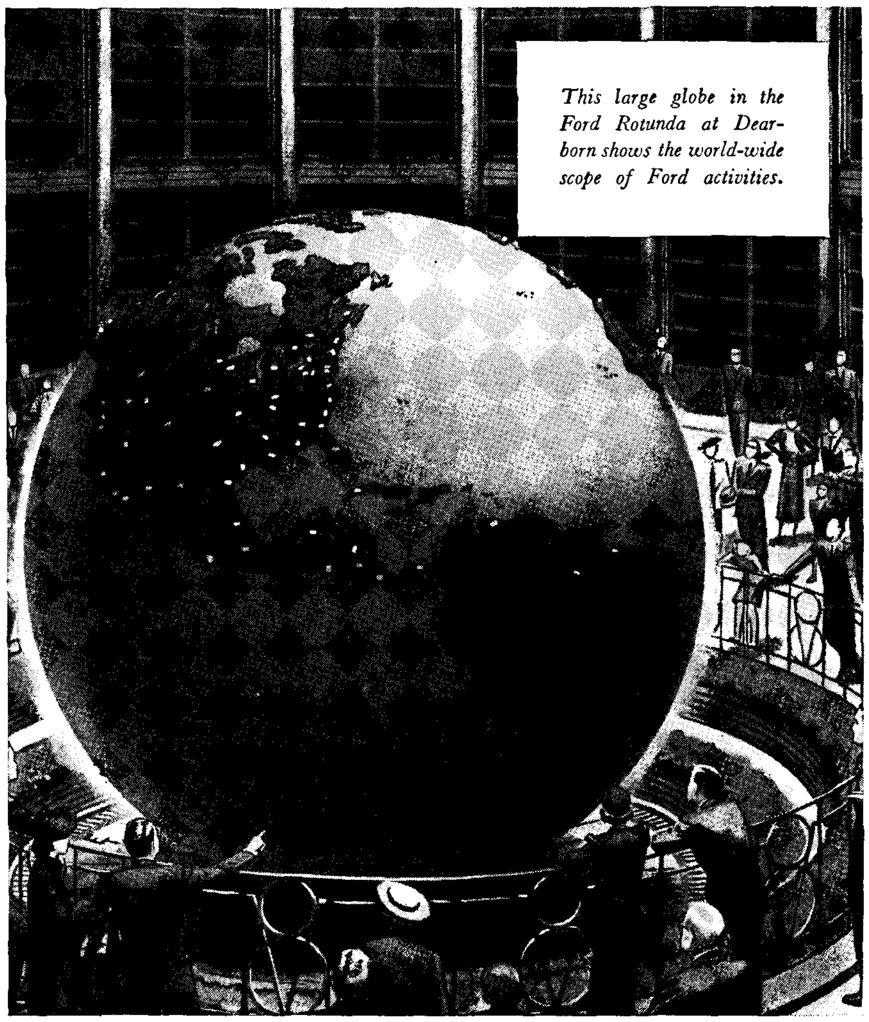
THE UNIVERSAL



To meet the needs of still more people, this year there are ***two*** *Ford cars—De Luxe and Standard—differing in appearance and price. The range of choice is now so wide that new meaning has been given the phrase, "The Universal Car."*

CAR

One name comes quickly to mind when mention is made of "The Universal Car." The description is distinctively Ford. No other car is used by so many millions of men and women in every part of the world. Everywhere it is the symbol of faithful service.



This large globe in the Ford Rotunda at Dearborn shows the world-wide scope of Ford activities.

As you read this, more than 10 million Ford cars are in service in this country. Many are on the main highways, serving owners who make no extraordinary demands upon them. Thousands of others, in rugged, difficult country, furnish more dramatic examples of the range of usefulness that makes the Ford "The Universal Car."

In other lands, additional millions of Fords are on the road—or on trails that will become roads—or in jungles and deserts where roads will never be.

Daily they make news. "Ford V-8 wins 3868-mile Grand Prix competition in Argentina." "Ford V-8 wins Monte Carlo rally, Europe's greatest road contest."

Tales arrive from adventurers. Two men in a Ford make the first crossing by car of the South American continent, sweltering through jungles, freezing in the Andes.

A traveler sees a Bedouin chief, surrounded by his tribe on camels, driving a "Robin's Egg Blue" Ford!

A young couple, crossing the Sahara Desert in a Ford, meet a party from Belgium in three Fords, heading for the Belgian Congo.

But there are more workers than adventurers. News comes of Fords serving the New Guinea gold fields. Of Fords pulling regularly through the incredible Potaro Road in the British Guiana jungle. Serving mining camps in Alaska. Adapted as a rail car in Honduras. A jungle taxi in Ceylon.

The Ford has to be good, because so many people ask so much of it—and because so many of them are what we call "marginal users." This is a term that describes the owner who pushes his car beyond normal limits—asks it to do things the ordinary motorist would never undertake. The Ford attracts more than its share of this type of buyer.

Why? Because an extra margin of sturdiness, reliability and long life always has been built into the Ford. It is there—a surplus to draw upon in emergencies.

The average owner may never push his Ford to punishing limits, but he benefits by this "marginal" quality too. For him it shows up over the years in trouble-free performance, low up-keep and enduring satisfaction.

The Ford is constantly broadening its appeal in other ways—bringing modern styling, 8-cylinder performance, unusual riding comfort and dozens of refinements to the low-price field.

But none of these has been attained at the expense of that reserve of quality built into the core of the car. It is one of the obligations of building "The Universal Car" . . . and one of the reasons why 26 million Fords have been bought.

We have had just one main purpose during these years, and that is to give the people transportation of the most dependable quality at the lowest possible cost. Our car was called "The Universal Car" 30 years ago, because it fulfilled so many needs; it is "The Universal Car" today for the same reason.

Henry Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Promised Land

Continued from page 14

The Widow Duck knew that the steers would do just that, and for a moment she was about to agree with the lotman. Then she had an idea. "You go home," she instructed, "and put on yo' Sunday clothes. And den take and put yo' overhalls over yo' suit. And quick as you gits out yonder in Texas, you can pull de overhalls off, and be all dressed up."

Uncle Henry returned to his cabin and changed his clothing again. Then he went to the lot and climbed on the truck, which was filled with two dozen bales of hay.

At the siding in Benton, Dock and Uncle Henry distributed the hay upon the floors of the waiting stock cars. While the cattle, which had been driven through the woods to the station, were being loaded, Uncle Henry remained strictly in the background. Giles always was there and getting things done when difficulties arose.

After the cattle cars were loaded and sealed, Uncle Henry took charge. Investigation revealed that each car had a sort of trap door on the top, through which a man might crawl. The cars themselves were fairly crowded with cattle, but Uncle Henry observed that there was room in the corner for a man to sit down, or even to lie down, if he were certain one of the steers would not step on him.

IT WAS sundown when the local freight train coupled on. Uncle Henry had already "settled down," in the corner of the second car, when he felt the motion of the train.

"Now, y'all cows be good," he instructed. "Us is fixin' to go out yonder in Texas, and y'all want to behave yo'se'f."

He sat immobile, saying nothing, thinking nothing, but enjoying himself to the hilt in a quiet, dignified way. After a long time, the train slowed and came to a stop. He stood and peeped out through the cracks in the car. It was almost dark but there were plenty of electric lights about, and there was a familiar look about everything.

"I don't b'lieve dis be's in Texas yit," he decided. "Yonder de new bridge, and yonder de Shrevepo't Drug. Hit might be in Shrevepo't." He looked for some time, and found additional familiar landmarks. "Yep," he decided, "hit's in Shrevepo't." He turned apologetically to the steer standing closest to him. "You see, Daniel," he explained, "Texas is such a fur piece off dat hit even take de Manifest a long time to make hit."

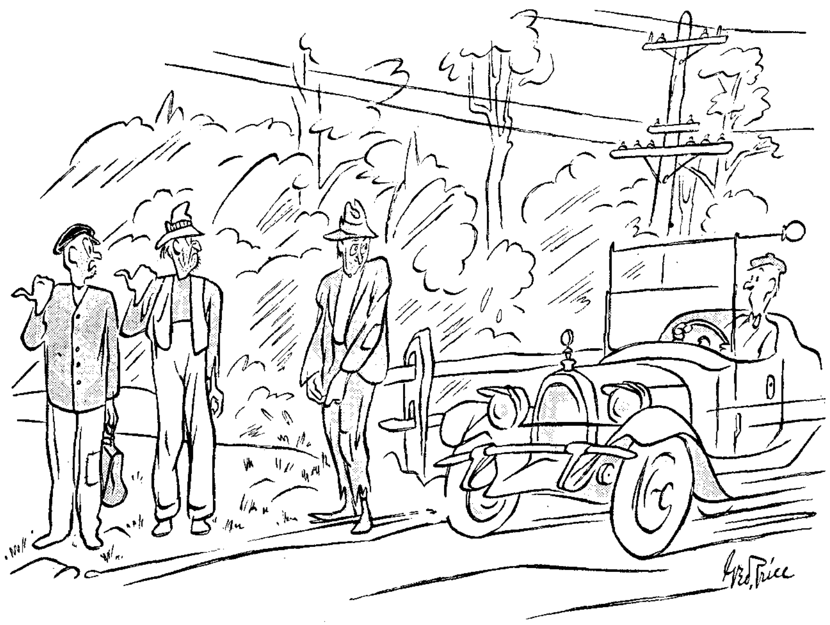
The cars were switched back and forth for a considerable length of time and then cut free of the engine. Uncle Henry did not understand that the local freight had merely brought the cars into Shreveport where they would have to wait until midnight, when the trunk-line train would pick them up for the westward journey, but he was patient.

He was sound asleep when the main-line "Manifest" bumped into the cars, but before the train pulled out of the yards, he was wide awake and peering into the night. And when the train went rolling through the low Caddo Parish pine hills, and he heard the engine's whistle sound two longs, a short, and a mournful long blast, he grinned confidently.

"Us high-ballin' on down to Texas!" he exclaimed exultantly. He turned to the nearest steer and explained: "Us a windin' ball, and us is Texas bound. Dat's Mister One-Eye Bill Shelly pullin' dat whistle and ringin' dat bell. And when he do like dat—" He shook his head, unable to explain what happened when the mythical engineer of the Manifest blew the whistle and rang the bell.

A few miles farther down the line, when the train whistled for a flag-station signal, Uncle Henry said, reverently, "God bless you, Mister One-Eye. Me and de cows is wid you."

He turned to the steers and explained: "Mister One-Eye Bill Shelly is a wild man. When he ain't pullin' de throttle on de Manifest, dey got to keep him locked up in a cage, jest like a line. But when ole Mister Jay Gould git ready to run de Manifest to Texas, he send de fireman out to git de engine fired up, and den he tells ev'ybody to onlock One-Eye Bill Shelly's cage and stand back. 'Onlock him, and stand back,' he say, 'cause de Manifest got to git to Texas befo' de sun go down.' Dat's what ole Jay Gould tells 'em. And dat's what One-Eye Bill Shelly do, too. He gits dat Manifest to Texas! Lawd, Lawd! Blow dat whistle and ring dat bell, cause hyar us comin' on de Manifest!"



"It's a new system. He just stands there and looks wistful"

GEORGE PRICE

After a while, Uncle Henry slept again. It was daylight when he awoke. The train was standing still now. Dutifully, he climbed through the trap door to the car roof, and made an inspection of each of the other three cars. The cows appeared to be in good shape, and, he judged, in good spirits.

Before he returned to his place in the car corner, a passenger train, headed eastward, rattled by. "Must be de Cannon Ball," Uncle Henry decided. "Cause de Manifest don't git outn de way for no less."

THE rest of the journey was a continued series of thrills for the lotman. They passed through little towns and big towns, through cotton fields and cornfields. The hills seemed to be getting bigger, and the sky seemed bluer. "Must be gittin' closer," he observed.

About the middle of the morning Uncle Henry was aware of being hungry. He had, in his excitement, forgotten to eat supper the night before, and he had been too busy to think about breakfast. He contemplated his tin pail of food, which he had hung on a nail high up in the car.

"Mis' Duck," he recalled, "filled dat bucket up wid grub to eat in Texas, but Giles say de Manifest don't stop for dinner and neither for supper." Giles won, and he ate two pork chops and three pieces of chicken.

Late in the afternoon, after the train had passed through one big town, and almost immediately went into another one, it stopped again. The cars were uncoupled, and another engine coming up from behind shunted them for miles through switchyards. Presently the train stopped in front of the biggest cow lot Uncle Henry had ever seen. There were acres and acres of small, high board pens, and most of them were jammed full of cattle. Uncle Henry peeped through the side of the car.

"Great day, Bandaniels!" he exclaimed. "Hyar's all er yo' brothers!"

"COME on outn dar, old man!" The voice was that of Giles. Uncle Henry saw the foreman of Little Bee Bend standing by the side of the car, and dressed in his Sunday clothes. It did not seem strange that Giles, dressed in his best, should suddenly appear by the side of a railroad track in an unidentified place somewhere between Little Bee Bend and Texas. Uncle Henry merely surmised that something had gone wrong, somewhere, and the foreman was, as usual, there to get it fixed.

He climbed through the trap door in the roof, and descended to the ground.

"You et yit?" Giles asked.

"A little," Uncle Henry said. "Back yonder a piece."

"Hyar some coffee." Giles handed him a vacuum bottle. "Betsy fixed dat for you. She said she bet you didn't take nothin' to drink wid dat grub."

Uncle Henry took the coffee, got his pail of food, and climbed upon the fence.

"Wait right hyar to I gits back," Giles instructed. "I got to see 'bout gittin' dese cows onloaded."

"Gonter feed 'em, hunh?" Uncle Henry wanted to know.

"Naw," snorted Giles. "Dey gonter skin 'em, and make beefsteaks and 'loney saushey outn 'em. And dey liable to do de same to you efn you don't git smarted up in yo' haid."

The foreman's outburst hurt Uncle Henry's feelings. He turned on the fence and faced in the opposite direction. He saw, in the center of the pen just below him, a big, black polled Angus bull, standing in splendid isolation.

"Well, hy-dy, Nigger-deemus!" greeted Uncle Henry. "You lookin' mighty pleasant and satisfied today. Did de bad luck overtake you hyar, too?"

Uncle Henry sat and ate while the cars were switched once more. Almost as far as he could see, looking straight ahead, there was nothing but cow pens, filled with cattle. The idea of providing names for so many cows overwhelmed him. "Bandaniels and Bangdangiels," he hazarded, "and Nigger-deemuses and Bigger-deemuses! And dat don't name ha'f of 'em."

Then he turned his head. Away out toward where the sun was going to set Uncle Henry saw! The sky was a strange new blue, and there were the highest hills he had ever seen, reaching far into the bluelike masses of big gray clouds.

"Texas!" Uncle Henry said fervently. Then something came up in his throat and choked him, and he slapped his hands to his eyes to keep the tears from coming out of them. He sat for a long time, inert in body and blank in mind.

"Come on, Uncle Henry! Le's git goin'." It was Giles again.

Uncle Henry climbed to the ground and followed the foreman through long lanes between the pens. After nearly a mile of winding about the aisles, they went out a big gate. The Bossman was there, sitting in the back seat of the automobile. Giles climbed under the wheel, and Uncle Henry got beside him. But just before Uncle Henry climbed into the automobile, he glanced hurriedly, desperately over his shoulder in the direction of the setting sun. But nothing came of it. He saw only the dull side of a tall building.

DURING the five hours of fast driving that followed, Uncle Henry said nothing. He looked at the scenery until it grew dark, and then he sat with his head lowered. At times he dozed, but most of the time he just sat, keeping his mind as nearly blank as he could.

Then suddenly he realized that he was back on Little Bee Bend. In the darkness, he could see the barn, and the foreman's house. A moment later, he picked out the blacksmith shop and the commissary.

"Let me out at de path," he asked Giles, and the foreman slowed down as the car went upon the bridge across Willow Chute bayou. As the car left the bridge, Giles stopped. Uncle Henry slowly stepped down.

"Good night, all," he called quickly, and started down the path to his cabin.

When he reached home, he immediately pumped the washtub full of water and took it into the house. Then he stripped and bathed, quietly and deliberately.

When he was finished, he put on his "Sunday" clothes, held his hat over his heart, and stood barefoot before the east window.

"I thank you, Lawd," Uncle Henry said reverently. "De ride on de Manifest wid ole Mister One-Eye Bill Shelly blowin' de whistle and ringin' de bell was what I calls jam-up. I was ve'y satisfied wid de ridin'. And, Lawd, you go 'tend to de sparrer which fell, and don't weary none about me. Hit wa'n't yo' fault and hit wa'n't Mister One-Eye Bill Shelly's fault. Bad luck jest overtuck us, and hit wa'n't nothin' nobody could 'a' done about hit. But, Lawd, when I was settin' on dat fence whar all er dem cows was, I looked out twarge de sunset, and I seed hit. Hit sho' was mighty purty. I thank you, Lawd. Amen."

YOU CAN DEPEND ON CHAMPIONS
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FOR OUTSTANDING ENGINE PERFORMANCE

In the long history of motordom, one spark plug stands out consistently like a beacon, because for years it has based its claim for supremacy squarely on performance records.

There are many reasons why Champion Spark Plugs excel and outsell; many exclusive and patented features which endow Champions with superior performance; but the most real and recognizable reason is the fact that Champions exact maximum performance and dependability from every engine.

In the recent 11th annual Albany-to-New York Outboard Marathon, 77 boats started out on the 132-mile ride in the worst weather in the history of the race. Each entrant had but one goal—to win. With one exception, every engine in every boat was equipped with Champion Spark Plugs. This voluntary choice of Champions is an extraordinary endorsement of their reputation for dependability.

Consider, too, that the winners and all who survived the choppy seas used Champion Spark Plugs and gave them punishing treatment without parallel in any type of service. Most of the boats were powered by two-cycle engines, requiring double the sparking frequency in general and automotive use, turning speeds up to 7000 r. p. m., and using a mixture of gas and oil—all of which combined to make it an extreme test of spark plugs.

For outstanding engine performance in your car, boat or truck, demand Champions because you can depend on them.

MORE POWER
MORE SPEED
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PLUGS
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The Sign of Dependable Service

Soap is wonderful stuff
SOAP
Don Herold Says:

But, also—

Man is the only animal who uses soap.

In my opinion, soap is the highest achievement of our race. Its use marks us, more than any other one thing, *as civilized.*

Soap and the printing press are perhaps the two inventions which have done most to lift us from where we used to be.

I have been writing to men about Mum for several years, and I hope I have never written a word to intimate that Mum should be used *instead of* soap and water.

I hope I've never intimated that Mum should be used to *hide* carelessness.

I've yelled my head off to say that Mum should be used to *cinch* the good effects of bathing. Bathe, and THEN use Mum to KEEP the cleansing effects of your bath, is my song. Without Mum, underarm perspiration aura may come rather soon after a bath.

Mum is a pleasant deodorant cream which definitely prevents underarm perspiration odor for many hours without stopping perspiration. Women took to it first. Hundreds of thousands of men now have taken to the habit of using dabs of Mum underarm after every bath, and again before evenings out. Many also use touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.

Feel your way into Mum. I mean, sample it first, if you wish. Sign the margin of this page and send it for a free small jar to Bristol-Myers Company, Dept. M-88, 630-A Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

A bath—then Mum—is the civilized line of march

Balancing Act

Continued from page 17

is that all the birds and animals and insects, to say nothing of the grass and trees and flowers, have been here so long that they have developed a natural balance that would put any gymnast to shame and is apt to bring things crashing down around our ears when we upset it.

All over the world where life is still wild there are these balancing teams. The affair of the mountain lion, deer and elk, willow thicket, forest stream, brook trout was a perfect one with the mountain lions, as it were, holding a structure that supported the brook trout. Perfect, that is, till man came along and removed the basic support. The debacle of the Western plains was another and more complicated one with the wolves actually being responsible for the support of the cattle by way of the gophers and prairie grass.

The robins, even while they are doing their own little balancing act, are part of another pretty fancy and magical act that naturalists call a food chain, and that I call magic because what happens is that one little leafy bush, for instance, ends by furnishing food for three or four different and hungry animals. It works this way; insects eat leaves, robins eat the insects, squirrels and weasels and hawks eat the robins. There are dozens of chains like this all over the world and the chief reason they work and keep on working is that practically every living thing except man—who has decided to run things to suit himself and does, when he sticks to his own business, an amazingly good job of it—reproduces with almost incredible overabundance, reproduces with a big-enough margin to keep its own species going and still furnish food for the next higher link in the chain. It must, you see, for if it hadn't it wouldn't be here; it would all have been gobbled up.

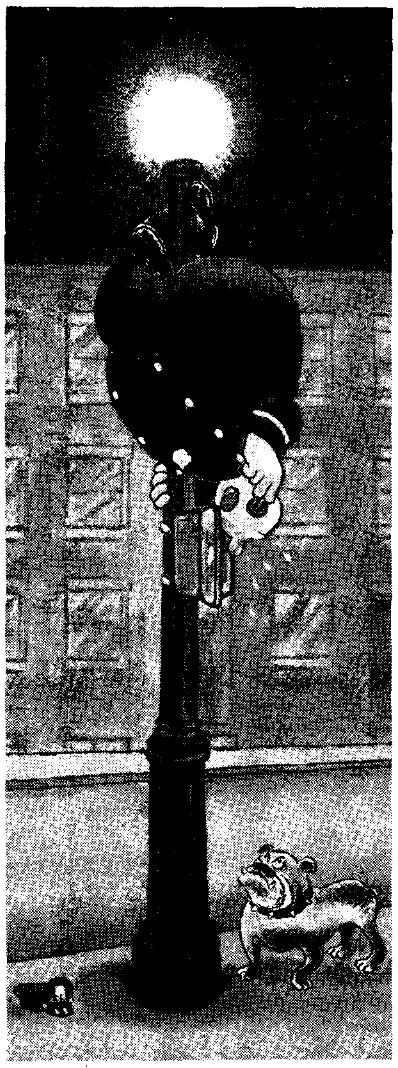
Cycles of Life

Here is the way it works with robins. Each pair that builds a nest is apt to hatch two broods a year of four eggs each, which means that if all of them hatched and grew up, come fall there would be ten robins instead of two. But robins having no use, remember, for the closely populated life we like so much, there is only room for the original two robins or some other two. So each year eighty per cent of the robin population has to die, is really predestined to die to keep some other species alive, just as a lot of worms and insects were predestined to die to keep the robins alive.

It all sounds very sad and cruel by our humanitarian standards, but it is simply the way life works outside of civilization—and even fairly often inside, when it comes to that. If it didn't, if no animal preyed on any other animal, we'd have no squirrels or foxes, no lions or wolves and very, very few birds.

The Hudson's Bay Company up in Canada has been keeping records of the furs that pass through its hands almost as long as it has been in existence, which is a pretty long time, and through these records naturalists have found out some surprising things about the way these food chains I've just been telling you about are linked together. Take the snowshoe rabbit, which the Hudson's Bay Company is interested in not only because ladies like to wear rabbit skins but also because rabbits are the favorite food of animals like lynxes and foxes that ladies like to wear even more. Well, records over a long time show that the snowshoe-rabbit population up in the Hudson's Bay region seems to have a ten-year cycle. Apparently every ten years comes a big rabbit boom. Then for about three years rabbits are all over the place, as many as six thousand to the square mile, naturalists have estimated, and that is a lot of rabbits. Then all of a sudden, the next year there is scarcely a rabbit to be seen or caught. Then gradually during the next seven years they build up to a peak again.

Nobody knows exactly what makes these peaks occur, though they do know that the sudden scarcity comes from epidemics of disease. Just as with people in the slums, the rabbits gradually get so overcrowded that they become extra susceptible to germs and are carried off in droves. But the most interesting thing about the rabbit cycles is that the lynxes and foxes that live on them have a ten-year population cycle too, but always just one year behind the rabbits. It's beautifully logical. The years the rabbits are all over the place the lynxes and foxes eat more, breed faster, and raise more young ones. The year the rabbits fall off, the lynxes and foxes are all over the place and easier to trap, which is why the Hudson's Bay Company registers them as overabundant that year. But they also can't find anything to eat so they die of starvation. Result: next year a lynx and fox shortage.


". . . and make it snappy, Sarge! I ain't no 'possum!"

JAY IRVING

Life in the raw is full of beautifully interdependent cycles like that, naturalists are discovering. The field mice and lemmings in Labrador, for instance, have a three- to four-year population cycle, and right along after it, but lagging one year behind again, comes the population cycle of the arctic fox, the one that drapes the gals in blue and white fox furs, and incidentally is awfully fond of mice. But the arctic fox isn't the only one affected by the mouse cycle. The year mice are so plentiful and easy to catch, the wolves live on mice instead of on caribou. So the caribou don't have to flee north away from the wolves for safety, and that means the northern Indians who depend on caribou for food have to be satisfied that year with ptarmigan, a kind of northern grouse. But that's all right because the mice are plentiful farther north too, and the foxes who usually live on ptarmigan are eating mice, which leaves plenty of ptarmigan for the Indians. And to carry it right outside of Labrador, fishermen find salmon and sea trout more plentiful in big mouse years because, since the fishes' natural enemies are feeding on mice, there are more fish than usual.

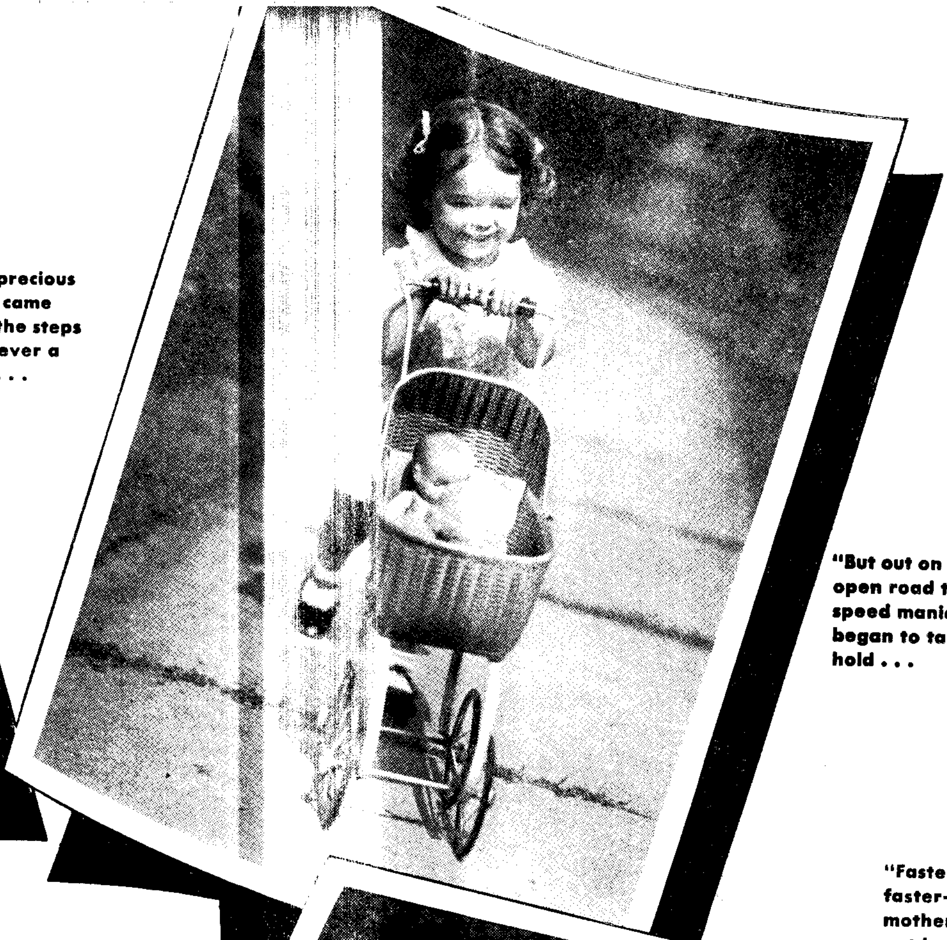
Probably the most remotely affected cycle is that of the sand grouse, which every eleven or every twenty-two years migrate from Asia into Europe. These migrations, naturalists think, are affected—believe it or not—by sunspots. The naturalists got together with astronomers and found that every eleven years the sun has an extra-bad eruption of those spots you hear so much about, and while they're at their height they cause electrical storms and alter the usual rain and storm tracks—did you know that rain and storms have tracks? They have and they've been charted. Well, when the rain doesn't fall where it's expected and falls where it isn't expected, that affects the levels of various lakes, and a good many of the larger ones go up and down with a regular eleven-year pulse. And that quite naturally affects the feeding, breeding and migrating habits of the birds that live around the lakes and probably is what makes the sand grouse start out on his eleven- or twenty-two-year pilgrimage.

A Hundred Years from Now

Probably if we'd been farmers some twenty or so years back and had seen hawks carry off some of our chickens we'd have worked just as hard as they did for a bounty on hawks. We probably wouldn't have stopped any more than they did to find out that in most districts there are well over a dozen kinds of hawks, that only two or three of them eat birds of any sort to amount to anything, and chickens form a very tiny percentage of those birds. Certain hawks will take the risk of stealing chickens if they are starving, and some individual hawks who have got a taste for barnyard fowl even prefer them. But if a farmer is smart he will shoot the particular hawk that is troubling his particular barnyard and leave the rest alone, for most hawks live on mice and insects and other birds.

The government now believes, and so probably do you, if you stop to think about it, that we have lost too many native animals and birds already by thickheaded destruction. They think that we'll feel awfully sorry twenty or thirty or a hundred years from now if we wake up and find that we have a great many fewer varieties of birds and animals than we have now. They think we can carry out our civilization and end by enjoying life much more if we leave the insects and birds and animals and uncultivated lands to work things out for themselves. Because they have been doing it for thousands of years and will do it for thousands more if we only have sense enough to let them.

"That precious family came down the steps with never a bump . . .



"But out on the open road the speed mania began to take hold . . .

"Faster and faster—a mother must get her shopping done . . .

"No[illegible] that[illegible] sion[illegible] a da[illegible]

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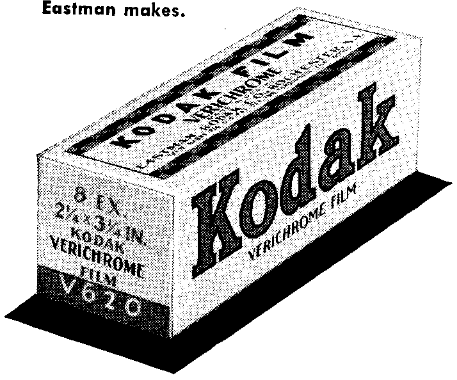

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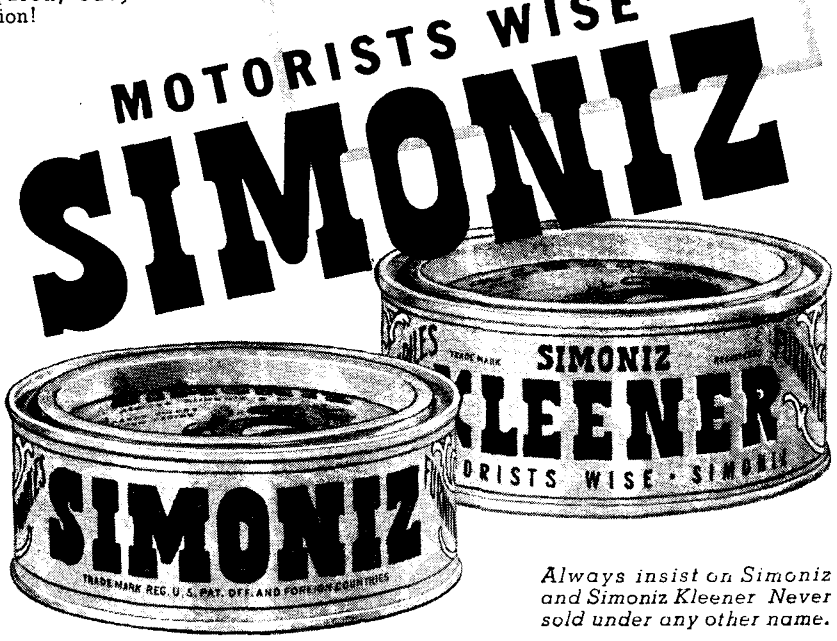

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Tin Cups

Continued from page 16

that, Jock? Won't you promise?"

He didn't have a chance. "Honey," he had said warmly that night three years ago, "it's the cockeyedest gift I've ever heard of, but if you want it, it's yours. Doctor Dunn presents you with the cup he threw away with a blue ribbon tied around it."

The frog *thar-umped* again and something inside him started shouting. "Can it, Dunn. This isn't doing you any good. It was all just one of those sentimental kid things that come out in the first good wash. You're a tennis player now—"

His head snapped up. It was her voice through the trees, saying wearily, "All right, Bill, call me anything you please—but can't you stop following me? Can't you see I want to be alone for a while?"

"I've tried," Bill Lauch said sadly. "You see I'm jus' weak."

"You're just drunk."

"Sure," Bill admitted.

"Oh, jump in the brook!"

Jock stood there in the shadow, waiting for the splash. It came almost at once. He went over and looked down at Bill sitting disconsolately in a foot of water.

THERE was a low gasp beside him. "Oh, it's you, Jock!" And then: "You know the rules in these circles. What do I do now?"

"You marry me," Bill said. Then he saw something in Jock's face and he said, "Ah, well, it's life. When you get knocked down to the second ten ranking, you're lucky to get a toothless Eskimo to make love to. By the way, Jock, ol' boy, if you happen to see a toothless Eskimo—"

"I'll keep my eyes open," Jock said. She had moved off and he started after her. She walked with a fluid grace, chin up, eyes ahead, her white suit faintly luminous in the darkness.

"Thanks, Jock," she said finally. "Bill was quickly becoming a burden." She turned and added with a constrained brightness: "He spent most of the evening assuring me he was only twenty-six. He's at least thirty. Why is it, Jock, that tennis players and actresses underestimate their ages as much as they think they might get away with?"

He felt his jaw tightening. "I hadn't noticed it," he said. "You're staying here in town, Annie?"

"Yes, with Nell Potter's family. Nell rooms with me at school. I finally got out last year but we're both back for graduate work. Sheila was over this morning. She asked us if we'd like to meet the champion. I . . . I thought it might be—fun seeing you again, Jock."

"Was it—fun?" The words had come, edged with bitterness.

Her slight figure stiffened. The shadow was deep on her face but he divined the swift change that came over her. "Jock, what is it? I hardly recognized you when I saw you tonight. I—I don't remember you like this."

"I feel fine," he assured her.

"Jock, that's not true. You see, I heard about your slump—"

"Slump!" His voice broke sharply.

She stopped dead and came around. "Don't you think I read the papers, Jock? I know what happened at Seabright and at Newport."

"So you read it in the papers, Annie!" There was a roaring in his head and he knew it was coming. "You're lying, Annie! You were there in the stands! You meant that I should see you, didn't you? You wore that chartreuse sweater so I'd be sure to see you there!"

"Jock!"

"It's true, isn't it? You figured that, after the strain of eight solid months of competition, it wouldn't take much to crack me. Now you're here to see the finishing touches put on. You're here to see my mug pushed into the dirt! But I'm going to fool you!"

A flash of white and she was gone through the trees. He was standing there staring into the darkness.

There was a crowd in the locker room when he got to the clubhouse that next afternoon. Phil Loomis sat there on a bench chewing gum, his sturdy brown legs showing under the polo coat draped over his shoulders. He sat there grinning, showing his white, wide-spaced teeth and fingering the gut of his racket.

"Nice guy," Tobey Hale said, shoving a thumb at Bill Lauch. "He wanted two to one on you, Jock. He's supposed to be a friend of yours."

"That's a lie," Bill protested. "At least I didn't expect to get it. You can't blame a guy for trying, can you?"

Jock dumped his gear on the bench. He didn't say anything. He started getting out of his clothes.

They were called a little while later and he and Phil started out to the court.

Dusting a little resin on his hands, Phil said, "Going to be hot, Jock."

"Looks like it," Jock said.

He won the toss and, taking the balls from the ball boy, they started knocking them around.

Presently they were ready. It was suddenly very still up there in the gallery. The umpire was standing up in his chair, announcing the match. Jock didn't look at him. He didn't look at the gallery. He stood just behind the baseline, bouncing a ball. He knew she was somewhere in the crowd but he tried to shut out of his consciousness everything but a little white ball. He dug his fingers into the rough nap. The umpire nodded. He glanced to where Loomis crouched, alert and ready. Setting his toe just behind the baseline, he gave his racket a steadying shake. His eyes swept over the gallery as he followed the ball into the sky. A dead, shuddering clack vibrated down his arm. The ball angled off the throat of his racket, striking the umpire's stand and bounding high into the stands.

He looked again. His eyes went hunting through massed crowds. She was there, of course. She must be there! That sweater must be there somewhere. It was a color that stood out like a flare in the night. You couldn't miss it!

"Fault," the umpire was saying tardily.

JOCK hiked up his slacks. He moistened his dry lips a little. He tossed the ball well back for plenty of spin. There was a hollow pang as he poured his weight against it. He heard the slap as it struck the net cord and rolled lazily back toward him.

The umpire scarcely looked up. "Fault. Double fault. Love—fifteen."

"Steady, boy," Jock gritted through his teeth. "Loosen up!"

He hit the next one with a vicious snap of his back. It came lashing back with a spin on it, breaking off the turf. He drove it away again and moved into the forecourt. There was a long, breathy *ahhhh* from the crowd. Loomis had taken it rising and punched it past him down the line.

He was at it again, running back and forth across the baseline. The crowd was still now. All the tenseness was gone from Loomis' face. He seemed almost lighthearted. His sturdy brown legs danced and his shoulder was rolling into them as he laced ball after ball into the back court. He was working like a machine now, pivoting from the hips, making the chalk fly as he nicked the lines.

Applause was spattering all around him again. It was a harsh, grating sound like pebbles in a tin bucket. They were smelling blood too. The crowd was already scenting a new champion. They were whinnying and *ahhhhing* to the sky. Inside him everything began letting go. His knees began burning and hot, corroding bitterness sluiced through him. Let them have their new champion! Let the mob have Phil Loomis. Let Sheila and Pop Markham have him, the sports writers, the cameramen, the peanut and popcorn vendors!

So he'd gone to the Nationals that first year. The game hadn't seen anything like him in years. The white fathers of the association had turned him over to a coach to clean off his volley and take the spin out of his backhand. So he'd won the Nationals with his little racket and they were all clucking around him like a pack of hungry hens.

And he'd brought back the cup that next year. There were bands and cameras and a parade down Broadway. He'd won everything there was to win in those two years. But that wasn't enough. He wanted them all in one year. He wanted that grand slam. A grand slam in the eye!

The ball came bounding at him again. He took a quick skip to set his balance and lashed it across court. Loomis dove for it, got it into the air for a short pop lob. "It's a setup, Dunn. You never miss this kind." He was well behind it as it bounced. He gauged it carefully, swooped over it. He didn't need to follow the flight of that ball. "Outside," the linesman snapped. The umpire was making a little mark. "Game, Mr. Loomis," he said. "Mr. Loomis leads three games to love, first set."

Changing courts, he stepped under the umpire's stand and let his racket slip from his slimy fingers. His bad knee was throbbing now and there was a burning pain between his shoulder blades.

Burying his face in a towel, he said quietly: "Stay on your feet and take your beating, Dunn. You've known for months it was coming." There was no use kidding himself any longer. For months, long before he'd seen that sweater at Seabright, the truth had been eating into him. He was a man on a boy's errand; he tossed his life into an ash can to follow a tin star. Seeing that sweater at Seabright was all that was needed to crack him. He knew he was out in the lot when he'd met her the night before. And when he'd seen pity there in her eyes he'd slugged her and driven her off. He'd slugged her because he couldn't crawl back with the pack yapping at his heels with nothing to offer but his load of tin cups. . . .

HEAD lifted from his towel, his eyes were riveted ahead. The umpire was saying something. He never knew what he said. He stepped forward and the color rose above the sea of heads and stood there against the sky. He turned away as the umpire spoke again and reached for his racket. His blood was pounding through him as he toweled off the sticky handle.

. . . The crowd was roaring again. It was breaking over him like a heavy surf. He was swooping over the balls like a bird of prey, taking them rising and blasting them down the lines. He was beginning to feel it again; slowly that fine machinelike precision was coming back. He was getting his depth and the ball was digging into the baseline with a trenchant bite. He was playing each shot with everything he had, mixing up flat drives and spinners and chops.

He was barely aware of the stir in the stands. His eyes were locked on the ball. The applause came again like a hard, thrashing rain. He made a low shoestring recovery, angling it just out of Loomis' reach.

Across the nets he could see the flushed, bewildered face of Phil Loomis. Sweat stood in glistening beads on his face, sweat was pasting his shirt to his heaving chest.

Back and forth along the baseline Jock lashed them back, waiting for a short ball to carry him into the forecourt. Throwing his whole body against them as he came in to tuck them away. There was acid there between his shoulder blades, burning into him, and the sun smothered over him like a hot, steamy blanket. "You can do it, boy. Stay on your feet. It can't be much longer now!"

When it came after an eternity of time, it was moments before it penetrated. Then he saw that the crowd had risen as a man. Phil, hand outstretched, was hurdling the net. The umpire was rapping out the words: "Mr. Dunn wins the third and final set. . . ."

HE WAS pressing Phil's moist hand, mumbling some inanity. He was shouldering his way through the pressing crowd. There was one awful instant as he stopped there at the edge of the stands, searching for that flash of color. Then he spied her hurrying out through the west gate.

"Annie," he yelled as he came plunging up behind her. "I've got it. I've got it for you!"

She stopped and turned slowly. Her face was bleak, her lower lip clenched tightly in her teeth. "I know, Jock—you won. And you'll go on to your grand slam next week. And after that—oh, you'll find something. Perhaps they have a championship on Mars that no earthly mortal has ever won!"

"But look, Annie. You don't understand—!"

"I guess I don't, Jock, and that's a fact. And I was so sure when I read about Seabright and Newport that you had started to grow up and take inventory, that you were through with the crowd or the crowd through with you. When you blew up last night and told me about the sweater, I was so sure that I was right, that you were fed up with it all. But I wasn't taking any chances, Jock. I drove a hundred miles back to an old trunk to make sure there would be a chartreuse sweater in the stands to take your eye off that ball. But I got back just in time to see you come to life—"

"Then you weren't at Seabright?"

"No, of course not. Nor at Newport. This isn't the only chartreuse sweater in the world. I just came here to Southampton because I thought the dope was wearing off. I'd waited a long time for it to happen and I wanted to be with you when it did. Oh, it wasn't for me, Jock. I just wanted to tell you to break clean when your time came. I just couldn't stand by and see you hanging on like Bill and a lot of those others, like slap-happy prize fighters hanging around the gym, cadging a living. I wanted to tell you that three years isn't too long, that—oh, gosh, Jock, don't you see you're—you're still a 'white hope' to me!"

"Annie," Jock said, "that's all I wanted to know. There goes the grand slam. It's yours, Annie. And I'm throwing in the championship of Mars for good measure. That's what I've got for you, honey. You asked me for a measly Nationals championship once and I welshed on you. This grand slam is something no one else in the world ever gave away."

"Jock! Jock, you mean you'll give that up? You're going to quit?"

"Quit! Annie, just look at that 'white hope' gleam in my eye. Say, Doctor Dunn's got three years to make up. And those goat-bearded medicos better begin looking to their laurels!"

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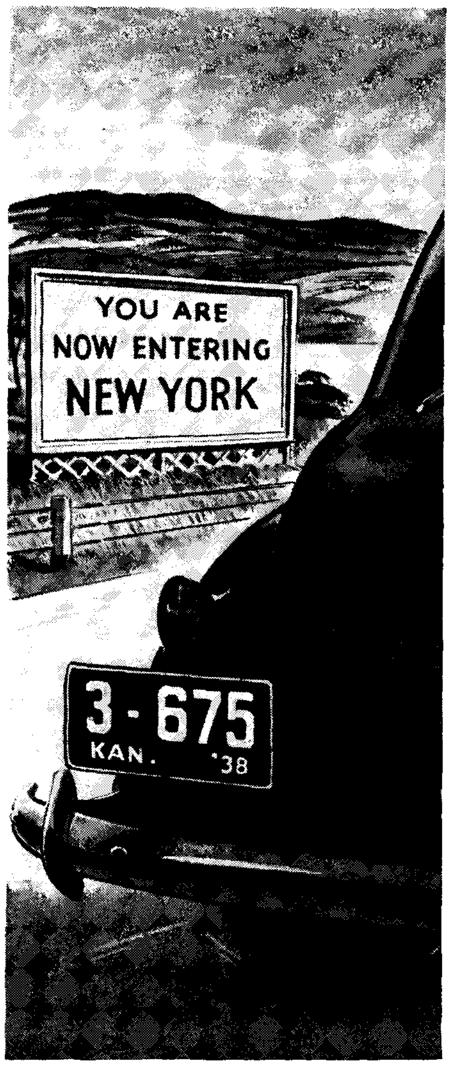

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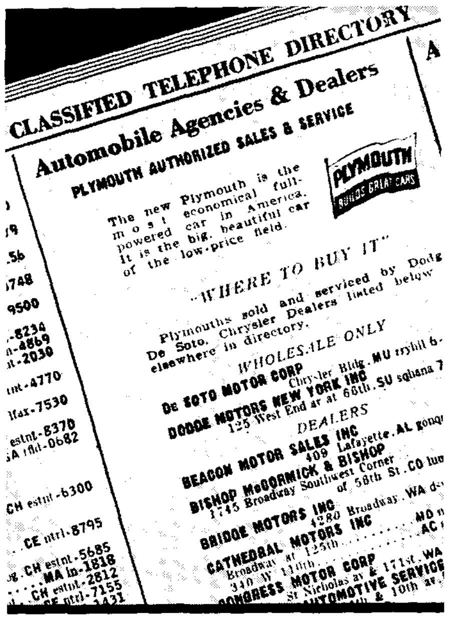
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Fast and Pretty

Continued from page 23

thousand miniature diamonds to be found in cities and towns all over the country. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Mexico to and including Canada, softball is packing them in, at admissions ranging from nothing at all up to thirty cents. In several cities, softball is outpulling baseball as a gate attraction.

One of these is Los Angeles and another is Chicago. It happens that Mr. Phil Wrigley owns ball clubs in both cities. By way of sizing up the new upstart, Mr. Matt Gallagher, who is Mr. Wrigley's right bower with the Los Angeles Club, conducted a careful survey of softball's growth in southern California.

The survey proved an eye-opener. Mr. Gallagher discovered no less than nine thousand softball clubs within a hundred miles of Wrigley Field. There were one hundred and two teams in Long Beach alone. He listed almost a thousand women's teams.

Some of these clubs played on corner lots, some on city playgrounds, others in commercial stadiums. Some represented towns, others churches or societies. The big bulk of them wore the emblems of industries.

With these facts before them, Mr. Wrigley and Mr. Gallagher concluded that in the long run softball might be just the shot in the arm needed to revive public interest in baseball. Which explains why Wrigley Field in Los Angeles is offered free each year for the windup double-headers to decide the championships in both the men's and women's softball leagues. These games draw as many as thirty thousand fans and the $7,000 gate goes to charity, as designated by the winners.

Mr. Fiedler was playing up in Canada in the Michigan-Ontario League in 1925 when this softball idea nicked him, leaving a scar that never healed. Mr. Fiedler can remember it to the moment. He and his teammates had whiffed through one of those no-hit quickie games before an empty stand of bleachers in an hour and twenty minutes. The gloomy third-sacker was walking back to the hotel when he came upon a vacant corner lot around which most of the town's citizens, young, old and canine, were crowded.

California Liked It

Muscling his way through the multitude to see what it was all about, Mr. Fiedler discovered a softball game in progress between two Canadian girls' teams. With the vision of the empty stands in the ball park before him, he concluded then and there that when all the holes were punched in his baseball meal ticket, he'd try promoting a girls' softball league.

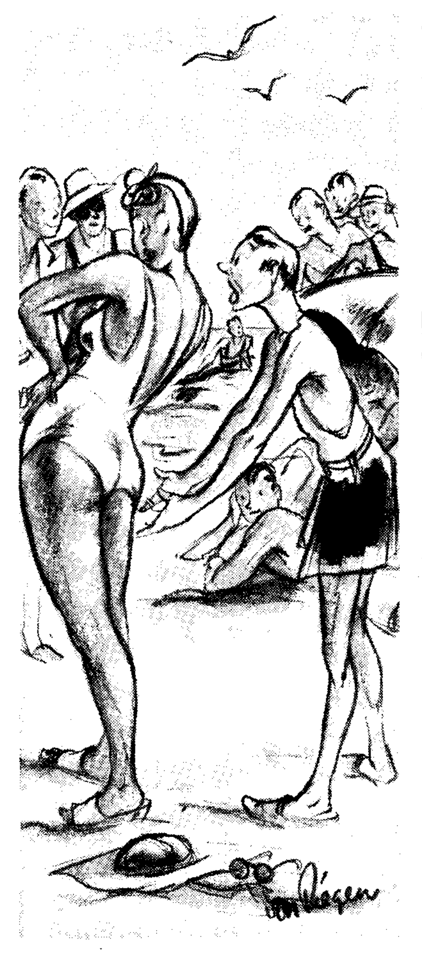
The more he mulled the idea, the better it looked. Some time slipped by, however, before he could try it out. He was down in west Texas, booking exhibitions for Jack Dempsey, when the urge overwhelmed him completely. Pausing for the moment in Lubbock, which sported a huge dance hall, he rented the place and offered the natives their choice, female softball one night, male the next. The girls' games outdrew the men's two to one.

Before long Mr. Fiedler had gathered enough dimes to build a twenty-thousand-dollar model softball plant on the outskirts of Hollywood. He was potentate of about six amateur leagues, and the sports writers of the town, in recognition of his czardom over the game, had dubbed him "Colonel" Fiedler. The scoffers at the idea of dime softball were by this time busily organizing their own leagues, and rival diamonds sprang up all over southern California.

The "sponsor" system proved such a lucky strike that before long emissaries from all over the country were vacationing in Los Angeles to study it at the feet of "the colonel." It, too, is sweeping the land. Banks, bakeries, restaurants, ice creameries, truck lines, industries and businesses of all sorts fall over themselves for the privilege of sponsoring lively, clicking teams of softball players. A good many sponsors are individuals to whom a team has no advertising value, but who burn with the yen to own a ball club. For a modest sum, ranging from a minimum of $600 to an outside of $1,500, a movie star, a businessman, or even a labor leader can "own" a club of girls like Benny Rubin's Robins or Pat O'Brien's Shamrocks.

From the start, girls' softball games have outpulled men's games as box-office attractions. Naturally, a lot of citizens jumped to the conclusion that it was the male spectators' lively interest in girls cavorting about in shorts that filled the stands. This notion blew up with a bang as soon as certain teams outclassed others. When the headliners met, the stands were jammed. When the cellar nines played, they were next to empty, although the girls were just as easy on the eyes as those in the major games.

The Babe Ruths and Joe DiMaggios of softball have their followers who pack the stands by the thousands. Girls like Lois Terry, "The Blond Bomber," now pitching for the Orange Lionettes. Lois is good for two homers in a single night, and there's no better drawing card in softball than a pitching battle between this husky little blond swimming instructor and the tall, slender brunette, Jean Beck, known to the fans as "The Skipper." Softball pitching, of course, is entirely underhand, and both girls have what it takes: lightning delivery, change of pace, and balls so fast you can't see them until they've smacked into the catcher's mitt.



"Year after year, it's Bar Harbor, Nice, Florida! Can't we ever get away from the beaches, dear?"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

For sheer entertainment, the fans go for June "Gabby" Young, champion chatterer of the diamond, or clowning Mary Irwin, the Joe E. Brown of softball. They turn out for the antics of Lois "Goodearth" Roberts, who won't wear shoes and romps barefoot around center field. They yell for Ruby "Beauty" Richards, whose incessant "It's a beauty! It's a beauty!" keeps opposing batters fishing for "Skipper" Beck's wide ones. Their huckleberry in the Hollywood League is cocky little Kay Rohrer, best all-round player in the league at the age of thirteen. But then, Kay's got a head start in the game, her father being "Daddy" Rohrer, for years a pro catcher with the Oakland team. Or the Hogan sisters: Ronnie, who pitches and who bursts into tears when they lose a game, and Patty, who catches and stalks off the diamond repeating, "I don't care. I don't care."

Real Competition for the Boys

They are just kids, most of these softball stars, and the average age of the players in both the Hollywood and the Loyola leagues is seventeen years. The recruiting grounds for the team managers are the high schools, where the players learn the game. The girls start in the minor leagues, then move to the majors. By the time they are twenty, they are ready to retire.

Now and then, of course, romance moves in to upset the normal routine. As it did, for instance, the first year Elsie Winchell played a stellar second-base game for the Payneheats. Elsie was good, and every night a young highway patrolman sat in the stands with his attention focused on the second sack. Well, they were married, and now, four years later, they have two children, but Elsie was one of those exceptional athletes who didn't get pushed out by the up-and-coming youngsters. She still plays second base, with Hubby in the stands and the babies at home with Grandma.

Occasionally the question pops up, "Who plays the best game of softball, the men or the women?" This is a hot potato to handle.

Once, in Hollywood, in a benefit game for sweet charity, a team of girls, recruited in the studios, played a team of men. And walloped them. And were the girls burned up about it! The men didn't play fair. They didn't try to win, the sissies.

We asked Mr. Fiedler about the matter and he dismissed us with, "It's bad business to have men playing against women." If you ask the fans' opinion, any crack girls' team from either the Hollywood or the Loyola league is a worthy competitor for any man's team in any league. The girls pitch as hard, swat the ball as far, and handle the pill with the speed and certainty of men players. We were asking Miss Ruby Sorber why one of her top-flight teams like the Diamond Walnuts, or the Payneheat Amazons, didn't tie into some male team and settle the issue, once and for all. She looked at us a while and then she said, "What do you take us for—sissies?"

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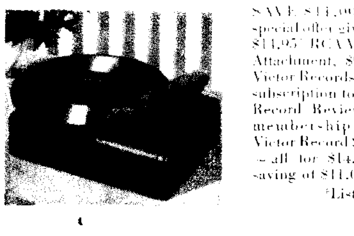

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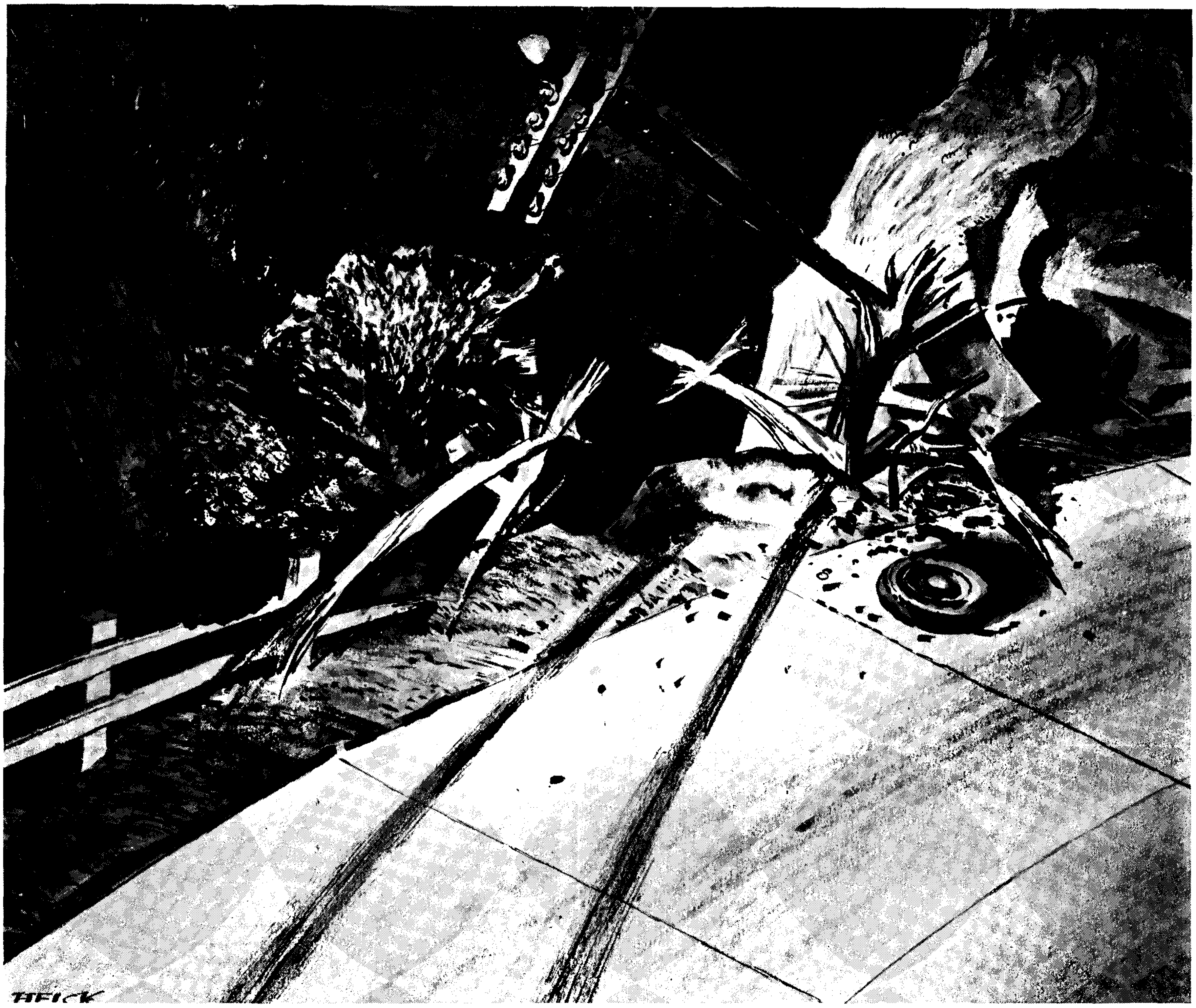

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Melody Morgan

Continued from page 25

She said: "Could their names be—Reggie and Hank?"

"Sure. Their names," I said, "could be anything. And child, if you're stalling me around, if you're holding me here, your name'll be mud. Where, where?"

"Well, Gracie lives at the Marguerita—" she said, and with that I snatched her wrist, started out.

A cab stood down at the corner. I hurried her toward it, and shoved her in. "The Marguerita Apartments," I said. "Know them?"

The hackie nodded, and I climbed in with the girl.

I handed her a cigarette and took one myself, and lit up. We sat there smoking, till the driver, turning a corner and his head at the same time, said: "They got another of them playboys."

I leaned forward. "Dead?" I asked.

"Naw, he was breathin' a little."

Beside me Ellen had crumpled up. It's not so nice to find out things like that about your big sister.

"Well," the hackie said, "these is the Margueritas, like you asked for."

I paid him off, then I grabbed the girl's arm and said: "Come on, kid. Which elevator?"

"Maybe it wasn't this house," she said, pressing her handkerchief to her nose. "I think I made a mistake. Gr-Gracie doesn't live here, I forgot where she—"

"Don't give me that. Come on, come on, before I use that phone over there to get the cops."

"Oh." She acted like she had forgotten there were such things as policemen. "That car, there. Fourth floor."

THE automatic dingus worked, for a wonder. The motor whined in F-sharp as it carried us to the fourth floor, and then we were out. I said: "Got a key?"

"Y—n'no."

I snatched her bag from her, and fished through it and found a key, marked 412. The door to apartment 412 opened on blackness. Ellen let out a long deep sigh, of relief I suppose.

"She's not home."

"Out framing another sucker," I said.

"Melody!"

"Thanks," I said, "for the intimacy. Make yourself at home." I saw a piano, went over to it. "Old or new? What's your favorite song?" I put my hat on the piano, sat down.

She said: "I can't think about songs now. I—Oh, Gracie!"

"Forget it," I said. I lied: "We don't know that she's guilty." I began strumming on the piano.

The front door opened and shut with a bang. Big sister Gracie stood there, her hands flat against the door, her back pinned to it as though she were held there. Under her make-up, she looked awful. I stopped playing with a bang, and said: "Hello! Where's Charlie?"

The way her chin went up and then down again, the way her eyes narrowed until she looked like a mountain cat, the way she braced herself—they were all good as a signed confession to me. She was it!

I guess it got over to Ellen, too. Because she gasped and said: "Gracie! Oh, Gracie!"

"What are you two talking about?" Gracie asked. "Go on home. I'm tired and this is my flat."

I said: "All right, sis. I don't mind telling you," I said to Gracie, playing the dumb singer, "that I've fallen for little sis, here."

"She's too good to waste time on you," Gracie said. She leaned an elbow on the little telephone stand, and I waved, and got out. I stopped at the door, and put my ear to it, of course.

I heard Gracie's voice saying: "Washington 13—"

And then a scurrying noise, and Ellen: "Don't, Gracie, don't. He's a detective!" Blood was thicker than water that time.

I slammed back in before they could lock the door. I slammed in, and I wasn't quick enough. Gracie was holding a .38 automatic on my belly, and saying into the phone: "Washington 1372. . . . I knew he was a flatfoot, Ellen. I came out of that spig joint and saw him talking to Rubber-hose Nick. . . . Hello, Reg? You and the boy friend scram on up here."

THE time we spent waiting for the plug-uglies was slow-passing time. I sat down at the piano again. I had done this before, and I would try it again.

"Scram!" WILLIAM STEIG

I opened up with Venezuela, making my own piano arrangement as I went. The only time Gracie had heard it was with Charlie; the long-drawn-out minors might break her down—

But her gun never wavered on me. I kept it up and kept it up, and just before I cracked, myself, she screamed: "Shut up! Stop it!"

"You won't shoot me," I said. My cold fingers kept on working out the song. "That gun'll make plenty noise, and how are you going to explain a corpse on the carpet to the people that the noise'll bring?" I broke the song, made up a livelier one, singing to it: "*A corpse on the carpet, a corpse on the floor—*"

Gracie's eyes got big, too big, not hop-heavy big, but strange. I had her. An excitement bug. Blood-simple, the mugs call it. She said, harshly: "What d'ya want?"

"The mugs," I said. "The boys. When they come, put the gun on them and let me make my pinch."

She was breathing hard. Her kid sister crouched back in a chair, horrified at what she saw in Gracie's face. "You'll kill them—here?"

I said: "No. No, but I'll take them where they can't get back at you—" And with that I left the piano and jumped. I made it, too; this was no time for chivalry and my left knee kicked Gracie aside while my right got her gun. She was too jittery to get away.

And then—it did me no good. The mugs were in, and they had two guns and dead aim, and I had one gun and was off balance. I said: "You, huh?" The shorter of them was the self-made critic who didn't think I could play the piano.

He was evidently Hank, because he said: "Okay, Reggie, take him. One more bad piano player out of the world."

Gracie said: "He—he— Where are you taking him?"

"He's gonna set like a cornerstone," Reg said. "In the concrete down at the new dock."

Gracie spoke up: "While you're here, boys. . . . There was a matter of a split—"

"Tomorrow," Hank said, irritably. "Let's get rid of Beepo here, first." He pulled out the wallet I had seen Charlie showing at the club. "We'll split tomorrow."

When thieves fall out is an old saying. For just a second their eyes were all on each other, and I had my chance.

I pulled my gun. My left arm got Hank's throat and jerked him in front of me; I snapped: "Drop it, Gracie, or the gun talks."

SHE laughed in about the most blood-curdling way I have ever heard. I once heard a hop-head musician get that noise on a clarinet, and I didn't want to hear it again.

Her knuckle wrinkled, and smoothed, and got pale, and then Ellen made a jump for her sister, and the bullet went high.

I slashed the barrel of my gun against the side of Hank's head and sent him reeling into the window; glass broke, and Reggie made a jump for me.

We were, I was conscious, making the devil's own noise.

Right then someone pounded on the door, and a bass yelled: "Open up in there. This is the law!"

In the next five seconds Hank and Reggie got out the window and Ellen flew at my face, clawing to make me let go of her sister. That girl could maintain the most perfect neutrality of anybody I ever knew.

The bass yelled again, and I recognized it as Nick Cantrell's. It was followed by the deep crack of a Police Positive, and the door started to open.

Everybody in our little circle let go of everybody else, and I followed Reggie and Hank out the window.

When I got home, Louis was sitting under the big lamp in the living room, reading the racing forms; he jumped up, yelled: "Me, I'm glad to see you, boss! Make a pinch?"

"Get the iodine," I said. "No, no pinch. But I've got that poor guy's dough. See?" I tossed it on the table.

WHEN I woke up the next morning, it was to face a whole series of people trying to get me out of the apartment. Louis started it by telling me to take my thumb, which somehow had got bitten, to a doctor.

I was busy telling him about all the piano players I knew who had lost thumbs that way when the phone rang, and it was George Hobart, of the Association. He told me what I already knew: that there had been another complaint last night—that is, that Charlie had gone to the hospital. He added that Charlie had died.

"You'd better come over and have a meeting," he said. "The other members of the association want to fire you." He listened while I gave four phony reasons why I wasn't coming over—and said: "By the way, Nick Cantrell is on his way up to see you. There was a minor complaint, too, and he's following it up. Some bum followed a girl home from our bar—ours, Melody—and forced his way into her apartment. Nick scared him off and he's got his hat."

I thanked George for the information, and wished I'd gone out. But by that time the front doorbell was ringing, and it was Nick. Rubber-hose walked into my bedroom without being asked and produced a picture of Gracie. "Y'know this lady, Melody?"

I gulped, and thought how much I didn't want to be pinched in my pajamas and tried to laugh it off by saying I didn't remember all my women.

The phone rang again, while I was stalling, and it was what I had been waiting for: Ellen. She sounded scared: "The barman at the hotel gave me your number. I hope you don't mind."

I said, "No," to her, and to Nick: "By the way, since you're on the mashers' squad, some heel stole my hat from the bar last night. If you recover it the commish might promote you." To the phone I said: "Where are you?"

She said she was in a phone booth. She sounded as though she were crying.

Nick roared that all he wanted from me was whether I had seen anybody follow the lady in the picture when she left the night club. I said into the phone: "Come up in about a half hour, sweetheart," and at Nick: "No, I didn't. Sorry, Nick. But about my hat—"

He said: "Nuts with your hat," and started out. I hung up the dead phone, and yelled: "Hey, that's it, sticking out of your pocket. That's a fast piece of detective work."

He threw it on the bed and snapped: "Something's fast, too fast—" and slammed out.

Louis came back into the room and said: "Zip, there goes his clue."

I said: "Yeah." I reached out for my pants and got out Charlie's wallet. I

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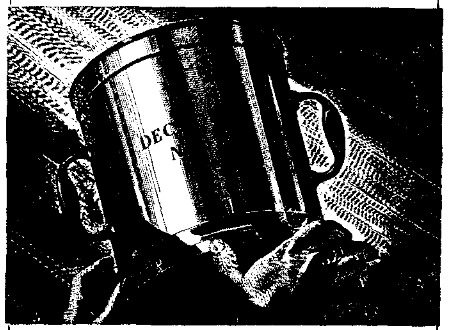

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counted dough while Louis stared; there was over eighty grand in that leather. "There's going to have to be more nice work, Louis. Rubber-hose suspects something, but he—if he catches me with this, it's up. Go downstairs and out to the corner and walk around. Get Rubber-hose to follow you."

He said: "Okay."

I said: "The girl's coming up. That gang won't split up till they get the dough back, and they're probably sending Ellen to get it. Get Rubber-hose out of the way, and then hurry back and try to follow me; I'm going wherever the girl goes."

Louis said: "Please, you take a gun?"

"Get going," I said.

I was just finishing dressing when she showed; I shoved my gun in my side pocket as I went to open the door. I said: "Gosh, you're pretty." I wasn't lying.

She said: "Oh, I'm so worried about Gracie. You and the police and those two awful men and—"

"And you want me to look after big sister," I managed to grin. "Okay. The price is still the same."

"Oh, yes. Oh, yes, Melody. I've even got Reggie and Hank's phone number. That's what you meant by the price, wasn't it?"

"Yeah," I said. "But I want more than that. I want a confession from Gracie. . . . Oh, I know," I said. getting angry. "Gracie's a lamb, but—without her squealing, I can't get convictions on the mugs."

Ellen looked at the floor, and said: "All right. You talk to her."

I half suspected—still do—that Ellen knew then what she was leading me into. But as I stood up she came close to me and—I don't know how—my arms went around her and we kissed and—well, I'm tough, but it was wonderful, out of the world.

Then I went out. I took the wallet with me because I was afraid Rubber-hose might come back, and I couldn't hide it very deep with the girl watching me.

I suppose I knew it was coming, but not so soon. When the cab pulled up in front of the door and I opened it to find Hank on the floor with a gun and Reggie at the wheel, I did my best to maneuver Ellen between me and the gun. A kiss is a kiss, but she was too good at getting me into this sort of jam.

"Be good," Hank growled. His eyes opened and I realized suddenly that he was coked to the ears. He had never been hopped when he dropped into the bar, nor had he the night before. "I'd be doin' the world a favor to bump you. Anybody that can corn Debussy the way you do—"

"I'm a popular piano player," I said. "That's classical." I had once done part of Afternoon of a Fawn for him—on request. I had stopped the same way.

"Popular. Popular. I suppose Ravel isn't more modern than Gershwin?"

IT DOESN'T pay to argue with a hophead. But an idea was forming.

"He's been sniffing it all morning," Reggie lamented at the wheel. "He's gonna croak himself, getting hopped up and yelling music around thataway."

"I wish he'd do it now," I said. "He's not making sense."

"I'll show you when we get there," Hank screeched. "I'll show you sense."

"Well," Reggie said. "Now's the time. Because here we are, pal. And Hank, you mighta better spent the time lookin' for that dough on the way, instead of arguing music."

"Who's running this, you or me?"

Reggie got out of the car, opened the door. "You are, pal. There's never no use arguin' with him when he's sniffing," he said to Ellen. She was still crying.

The place we had stopped in front of was a three-story board building, long, battered. A battered sign said: The Crown Hotel.

Reggie started herding us in.

I pretended to slip, caught Ellen, and tugged at the shoulder of her frock. The dress tore a little.

Reggie did what almost any man would do. He looked at Ellen's shoulder.

Not for long, but long enough. I slipped the wallet with Charlie's money out of my pocket and threw it in the gutter, under the parked cab. There was going to be trouble, because the hop in Hank was going to turn sour sooner or later and end his musical interlude; but there was no use in dying and giving up the money too.

Reggie didn't see me do it. He muttered something about no sudden movements, and unlocked the front door of the hotel. He shoved us in.

We were in what had been a little lobby.

Reggie said: "I guess this is a good time," and went through me for the wallet. He got my own, and opened it hopefully, then swore.

He pushed us into the barroom. Behind the bar was a row of sour glasses, most of them broken. Nothing else.

Shoved up against the opposite wall was a piano. Hank forgot all about us and made a dive for it; his fingers glissandoed once or twice in a way that made the hair stand up on my neck; then he broke into the opening strains of the Bolero.

HE WAS good. Hop or no hop, he tore more out of that old Bolero than I had ever heard a piano do.

Reggie said: "When he's coked, he always ends at a piano sooner or later," and pushed me behind the trellis which separated the bar from the kitchen.

Gracie was there, tied to a chair.

Reggie said: "I wish Hank'd stop it. That song always gives me the bugs; he was playing it just before he bumped off his first wife."

"Think you can scare me?" Gracie said. "I'm going to wrap something around his neck."

Ellen cried: "Oh, Gracie, are you married to that awful person?"

"Sure," Gracie said. Her eyes were crazy, worse than Hank's in the striped sunlight that penetrated only feebly from the bar. "Sure. And we've been working this racket for a year. Don't look so shocked, Ellen. You were always the good little girl; you had to be sent to a nice school, didn't you?"

Ellen crumpled like someone had pulled her spine out. In the next room, Hank was going into a crescendo; the place fairly shook with the noise.

Reggie said: "Look. All we gotta do is get that dough back. Gracie, mebbe you got it; if you have, talk. On accounta you know me, and you know what I'll do for that much dough."

"I haven't got it," she said. "Hank had it last. And if you raise a finger to me, Hank'll kill you when he comes down. Hank loves me."

"He loved his first wife, too," Reggie said. "But I'm his brother. . . . You, Melody. You got it?"

"How?" I asked.

"I dunno. It's either you or Gracie or the kid here. An' I'm gonna find out."

HIS gun pointed at two more chairs, and I looked at Ellen, and we went and sat down. The Bolero was pounding the blood up into my ears.

Reggie tried me first, then went through my pockets carefully. "If you only had it," he said, "I could set the whole three of you loose. Me and Hank could live for life on that dough."

"But not with me chasing you," I said. "Set us loose, nothing." I had to raise my voice over the piano. "You know what you'd do."

"Yeah," Reggie said, slowly, taking a hunk of clothesline behind Ellen and tying her into her chair. "Yeah. Sure. But some things is worse than dying."

Ellen said: "He means torture. And why should he kill us, Melody? Maybe if we told him—"

"Shut up," I barked.

But it was too late. Reggie got a dreamy, crafty look on his face. He said: "Yeah, you know. You know. So—"

Hank finished off at the piano, came in. "So was that hot?" he said. "You and your Gershwin, your Kern. I suppose you think Berlin was better than Tchaikovsky? I suppose—"

The sweat was pouring down my face, but I tried to keep my voice confident,

"'Who is it!' It's me! Who'd you think it was—Claudette Colber'?"

PERRY BARLOW

READING TIME: 1 MINUTE, 50 SECONDS

Beer proposes a program . . . and invites your support

THERE ARE some people who still believe that the use of beer is sinful or harmful. The scientific evidence is overwhelmingly against them.

The great majority of Americans accept the truth . . . that beer is a mild, wholesome beverage . . . that "there is nothing more promising to combat the evil of too much alcohol than the opportunity of drinking good beer."

We brewers find ground for concern, however, in the conditions under which beer is sometimes retailed—conditions undesirable to us all. What we seek to accomplish, first and foremost, is a measurable improvement of such conditions. For example, retailers' beer licenses are sometimes used as a screen to sell illegal liquor or to operate illicit resorts. Other examples are the sale of beer to minors . . . or after legal hours . . . or to persons who have drunk to excess.

And while retailing is not our responsibility, we want these conditions corrected. We believe we will serve both the public interest and our own if we succeed.

The Foundation . . . and its Code

In that belief, a short time ago the Brewers Foundation was organized . . . to align the brewing industry with forces working for the public good.

Important progress has been made. Brewer-members of the Foundation already represent nearly half the production of beer and ale in the United States. These members are pledged, individually and collectively, to the Brewers Code of Practice, one significant clause of which is here reproduced and affirmed:

> **"We pledge our support to the duly constituted authorities for the elimination of anti-social conditions wherever they may surround the sale of beer to the consumer."**

Being practical men, we promise no miracles. We cannot immediately or effectively "police" the quarter-million points where beer is sold (nor have we legal authority in many cases to do so). Nor can we, immediately, bring about full compliance with the law among all retailers, nor complete enforcement by all authorities.

A beginning has been made. In accordance with our program, we have cooperated with law enforcement authorities. We intend to carry on.

How you can help

How far we can go, and how soon, depends on ourselves, and on *you.* You can help in three ways:

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For centuries beer has been the beverage of moderation. In preserving it we must depend upon you leaders of opinion to take action. We urgently invite your full and sympathetic cooperation.

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Every pack wrapped in two jackets of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket opens from the *BOTTOM.*

high and hard, but it was an awful effort. I said: "I suppose you think Algernon can't write better music than the Bolero. I suppose—"

"I never heard of him," Hank said. "What's he, one of these swing-band leaders?"

"Let it go, Hank," Reggie said. "The dame knows where the money is. She'll talk if—"

"That'll wait," Hank said, nastily. "We got all day. Nobody ever comes here or down this street. . . . I want to hear more about this Algernon. What'd he ever do?"

"Lament for a Tugboat," I said. "Maybe that's his greatest work. But then there's the Parade, and—"

"How does this Lament for a Tugboat go?" Hank asked suspiciously. "Sounds like hooey to me."

Ellen was crying gently, and Gracie was sending out murder and death with her eyes. But I had to keep going. I said: "Well, it opens with both hands down on the bass, and on a contrapuntal—"

"Sing it," he barked. "Sing it!"

"It hasn't any words," I said.

"That's right, that's right," he yapped. "All great songs don't have no words. Can you hum it?"

I nearly had him now. "No," I said. "Can you hum your Bolero?"

He pulled a penknife out of his pocket, walked toward me.

Reggie said: "Hank, listen, listen, Hank. Let it go, see. We gotta get that dough and make it outa here."

"We got all day," Hank said. "I wanta hear this Tugboat thing." He cut my bonds.

I rose, chafed my hands. "I'll play it for you."

REGGIE had his gun out, and was waving it. He said: "Hank, honest, couldn't you let it go?"

"I'll watch him," Hank said. "I'll be right behind him at the piano."

So I walked in and sat at the piano. "Wait'll I get some blood back in my wrists," I said. Outside a tugboat hooted, and I came in on it.

I did my best to imitate a tugboat on the piano. If you play, try it some time. I don't advise your trying it with a coked-up killer breathing down your neck, but try it. Then, using my right hand to get the rhythm and making sound effects with the left, I cut into it, going good, banging her out, until that place was filled with the craziest music you ever heard.

I got going so good, I almost forgot what I was doing. I don't know how long Hank had been leaning over my shoulder before I saw his shiny, screwy face there—

I broke off and grabbed his neck, and heaved him. I put everything I had into it. I gave him a twist and sent him flying at Reggie, and the gun roared, and I felt a pain in my shoulder, but I was off the stool and following.

Reggie came up, and that gun looked as big as the Holland Tunnel in my face. I kicked at his shins and socked at his face at the same time, and he went sprawling, his gun hand thrown out to balance himself.

Ellen flung herself forward, chair and all, and her teeth closed on his hand, and he dropped the gun.

So I scooped it up, and stood there, in the striped sunlight, in the dust, barking insane orders.

Hank screeched: "There ain't no Algernon. I know what that was—" And went at me. I backed up, trying to chop at his head with the gun, but there wasn't much time; Reggie was gathering himself in the background, so I pulled the trigger.

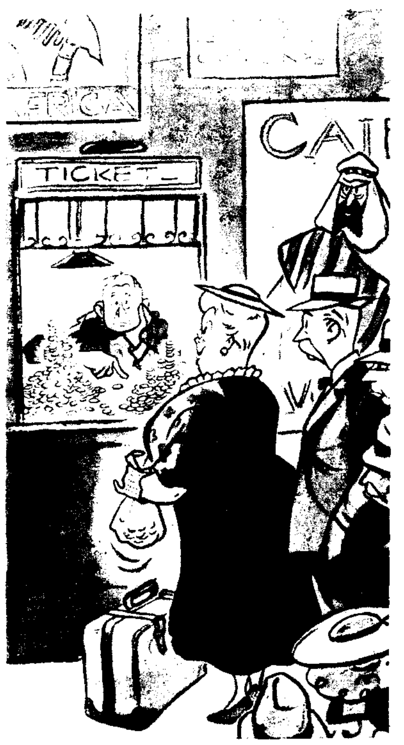
Hank went down—well, there wasn't any more Hank. Gracie was out a husband, and Reggie was out a brother, and it was Reggie that minded most, from his face. He just stood there, dead.

I got Hank's pocketknife and cut Ellen loose. "Go down the street," I said, "to the pier office. Call the cops from there. And tell them to bring a doctor with them. Fast."

She slithered out.

I LOOKED at Gracie a moment, then cut her ropes. She stood up. I said: "Scram, sister. No, the back way." I watched her go. She'd never go near Ellen again, and that was to the good. I took odds and ends of rope and tied Reggie; then went out and picked up the wallet. His eyes didn't show much interest when he saw it; I guess his brother had meant more to him than money or women or music.

When Ellen came back, I was playing again. She said: "Can't you leave that thing alone?" Then on a higher note, she said: "Where's Gracie?"



"I even made up a little poem to spur me on, 'Save my pennies day by day! When I've enough I'll sail away'"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

"Gone, kid," I said. "Gone. I got my bruisers. And you better go, too."

"Melody—"

"Scram," I said. "I don't want you. You sold me out two times and—scram. I've done what you wanted me to."

She put her hands on my shoulders, but I shook them off. "Go away. I have to keep playing or my shoulder'll stiffen and—scram," I said. "The police commissioner and I were on the force in New York together. I can keep you out of it."

It seemed a long time before the door slammed. Reggie said, dully: "You love her?"

"This is no business for a married man," I said.

"Naw. Gee!" he said. "You was whamming that piano before. Long's I live, I never want to hear that Tugboat thing again. Who is this Algernon?"

"Me," I said. "My first name." I was just picking chords. Outside sirens screamed, rising to F-sharp and holding it, then stopping. I huddled over the piano. "You never may hear the Lament for a Tugboat again," I said, as the cops barged in. "It doesn't seem to come back to me. I was just making it up as I went along, the best piece of American music ever written, and it's gone."

It never has come back either.

Britain's Bright Boy

Continued from page 21

Politics had got into his blood though, and at another election, in 1923, he got out the coach again, and won. He's never been licked since then.

During his early years in Parliament, however, he made little impression. His first political partner was Sir Oswald Mosley, an earnest fanatic who has ambitions to be Britain's Hitler. Leslie soon saw that Sir Oswald wasn't going to get anywhere with *that* idea, and abandoned him.

Then he started to make a name for himself as an asker of embarrassing questions. Under the British system, any member of Parliament may question any cabinet minister in public, and thus an energetic member, with a flair for sarcasm, may work himself up quite a nuisance value.

This sort of thing went on until 1931, when Hore-Belisha decided to quit the monkey business and start to get somewhere, if he ever was going to fill Disraeli's shoes. So he got up a mutiny against Lloyd George, boss of the Liberal party. The thing was a success and the young mutineer took about half the Welshman's forces with him over into the Nationalist camp.

This won him a job as secretary to the Board of Trade, something like the first assistant secretary to the secretary of commerce with us. But there was not a great deal of trade going on at the time and chances for spectacular stunts were few. But Leslie stuck it out for a while and then turned up as financial secretary to the treasury.

But this, too, was dull, offering few publicity opportunities. The big chance came in 1933, when he was made minister of transport. This job included a lot of mine-run stuff—but it also ruled the highways. Hore-Belisha saw his chance and took it. He announced he was going to stop mass murder on the roads and started flooding the country with pamphlets, rules and hints.

His yellow beacons sprouted all over town and at once became popular as souvenirs. No home was complete without one. More than 6,500 were uprooted and carried away by enthusiasts in the first few weeks.

Cantor, Minister of Transport

So our hero started building fences down the middle of streets, to force walkers to cross at his crossings. But the death toll still stayed about where it was. However, Mr. Hore-Belisha got his picture in all the papers every day, so the campaign wasn't a total loss.

Just what Leslie's politics are no one quite knows—not even Leslie. He has the faculty for sensing what the public wants before the public grows vocal about it. When he was made war minister in the Chamberlain cabinet in 1937, he got the idea the public was tired of old-fogyism in the army. It turned out he was right.

The army was run, as it had been for centuries, by aged and gallant generals whose military ideas had never got much farther than Waterloo. Discipline was enforced harshly. The British Tommy was treated as a half-wit child. Modernization and mechanization of the fighting force was bitterly fought from the top. As a result, recruiting was almost at a standstill.

Hore-Belisha changed all that. The old generals were retired; younger men, with a modern outlook, replaced them. The army was made more homelike. Leaves were granted more freely. Men were given smart new uniforms, allowed a night out once in a while.

These reforms pepped up recruiting but as the drive got under way it was soon discovered that the raw material wasn't any too good. Two millions of Britain's best had perished in the war. The result of that, together with decades of slum living and bad food, was incredibly poor physique on the part of the nation's manhood. This discovery led to a national fitness campaign, with people doing physical jerks and nip-ups all over the place, and children getting free milk in order to make them husky.

England has always believed in a small, efficient, professional army, backed up by militiamen known as Territorials officially and as "The Terriers" by popular consent. Today, both branches are well organized and well equipped. Of course, Leslie didn't do it all. Modernization started some years ago.

But it's a good bet that in the next war, the army will turn up as "Belisha's Boys."

In the Steps of Disraeli

Britain's bright young man lives quietly enough in a London house, fixed up with things a modern interior decorator wouldn't be found dead with. The living rooms are hung with heavy golden curtains. Gilded cupids flit about in odd corners. There is an ornate four-poster bed with golden trimming. The furniture is heavy and rococo. The whole thing looks like something out of the early Victorian era.

Yet Hore-Belisha, despite his flamboyant exterior, his spectacular tastes, is a simple fellow. He works hard, often until three in the morning. He eats in his office; he is a moderate drinker.

At home he reads Herodotus and gazes at busts of Disraeli, Napoleon and Voltaire. But Napoleon and Voltaire are in dim corners. It is the handsome head of Dizzy that shines in the lamplight.

He is a bachelor and shows little sign of getting married. When there isn't much doing, he gets into the papers by discussing his no-love life.

Seldom out at night, he plays golf for exercise—with a sixteen handicap. He manages to read a lot of political biographies, especially Disraeli's, but little else. He once admitted reading two lines by H. G. Wells. It turned out they were about Hore-Belisha.

His mother, his greatest friend and admirer, told an interviewer just before she died: "Leslie would make a great dictator!" But he says he has no ambitions that way. He just wants to get things done. You have to cut a lot of red tape in England to accomplish anything. He cuts it.

Canny political opinion in England is that Hore-Belisha still is on the way up. The air ministry is said to be the next step. Then, a few years hence, in some crisis when the British are doing their famous muddling-through act and things need doing thoroughly and ruthlessly, the king will ask Mr. Hore-Belisha to step around to Buckingham Palace and talk over forming a new cabinet.

When and if that happens, Leslie will be halfway to the palace before the king hangs up the phone. And as he goes out, he'll tip his silk kelly to the bust of Benjamin Disraeli, England's only Jewish premier to date.

The upper crust may sneer at him. It sneers at every success that hasn't a few hundred years of blue-blooded ancestry behind it.

But the man on the bus is for 'Ore-Belisha.

" 'E's the bloke that gets things done!"

A sun-loving lass at Bon Aire Asked a lifeguard to save her scorched hair His reply was laconic Use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic And do your own saving—so there!

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Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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The Runaway

Continued from page 28

money to find out. We haven't money, that's why he's hesitating. We're living in one big room with no bathroom; the bathroom is on the floor below! It's not a good place for a baby, and he doesn't want to move.

"'Oh, he sounds selfish,' she said, as I looked at her, 'but he's not! Not always. But this thing has taken us both unawares. Steve, can you help me? Must I have this baby?'

"I told her yes, there was no way out now, and she put her face into her two hands and cried. I told her that she should have more than enough money to go to Reno, but that I couldn't see that her divorce would be much good unless he was free. I suspect now and suspected then that the marriage with this German girl never took place, but as it turned out that didn't matter.

"'Steve, there's more,' she said to me, when I'd made her take off her hat and coat, and make herself more comfortable by the fire. We were talking then like old friends, except that she cried now and then, and once she caught up my hand and kissed it. 'The terrible thing is,' she said, 'that as things are now, this is your baby.'

"'Not my baby, my dear,' I said. 'I wish to God it were!'

"Well! It came as a shock, you may well believe! She said it again and I asked her what she meant.

"'Legally this child will be born in wedlock. You and I are still man and wife under the law.'

"'I never thought of that,' I said; 'how did you happen to think of it—find out?'

"'Duane told me,' she said, the look of fear and horror coming into her eyes again. Becky, not until you came to this house was I able to forget it. But your eyes are your mother's eyes, and I've seen them laughing. I've seen them happy, happy at the opera, proud of Gibbs, and it seems to have washed all that memory away!

"WHAT she told me then I don't think I can tell you, for she didn't use many words. She stammered and stopped, and I helped her, and the thing was somehow said between us. He told her that her child was born while she was still legally my wife, that child someday—his child—could claim something after my death. She said he had laughed about it; her eyes were sick with pleading with me to understand. 'He's an artist, Steve. They're different. He takes everything so lightly—his attitude toward his mother, and the dreadful things he says of his father who's dead, and of life and—and sacred things, and everything! He's not like us. He never had a real home or love or tenderness or training! He thinks it would be just as well for us to marry a year from now or never marry. And he said something about our being foolish to let go our claim on the Dinsmore money.'"

Becky made a sudden involuntary ejaculation.

"Yes, I know," Stephen said. "I was sick for a minute, too, just hearing it. But I suppose we have to make allowances for the artistic temperament."

"He'd give up his child!" Becky breathed, in the pause.

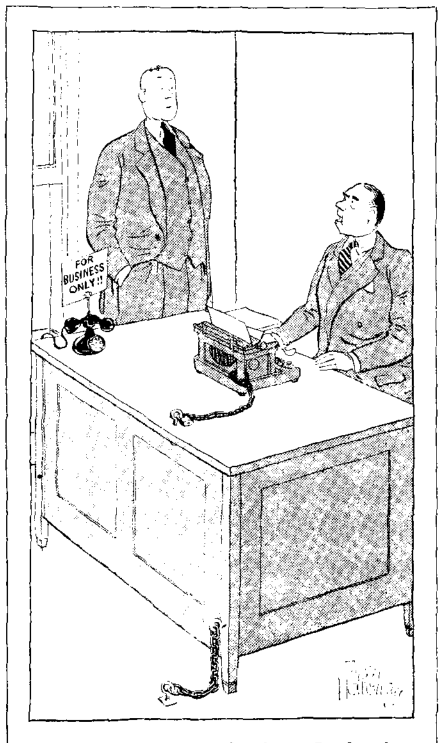
"He was—he is—a strange man. But she saw it as it was! She was beside herself to clear the whole thing up, to get her divorce and be married to him, to give her child his name. Poor little Madeleine! She was so helpless. She couldn't hurry matters, couldn't save herself.

"I said, 'He told you that? That this child would have a claim on me?' Oh, no, she said quickly, it wasn't exactly that. He wasn't mercenary. It was just—it was just that he had been so poor all his life, and that he had said, oh, idly, carelessly, that a Dinsmore child would inherit a fortune, that if she had never gone to him it would all have been so different. It stung her to the very soul, and yet, knowing that his child must be born within a few months, she could see nothing clearly except that she must be married first. 'I never could look my son in the face otherwise!' she said more than once.

"'He doesn't want the child?' I said. '*Well, he's always talked of a boy*, some day,' she answered as if it hurt her. 'But he's working so hard, and we have so little money, and it wasn't in the bargain that there should be children, not for years anyway.'

"'Well, then,' I said, 'suppose I take him? If he can take my wife from me, *why shouldn't I have his son?*'

"She looked at me as if she were going out of her senses. 'You couldn't do that!' she said, her voice almost gone. 'You wouldn't do that!' 'Why not?' I said. 'The child would be better with me than with him. He'd bear my name.' Her voice went up into a sort of cry. 'Ah, no, Steve, you'd not do that! A child you hated! A child who reminded you of everything you want to forget!' 'But legally my son,' I said. I wasn't thinking of her, Becky, of what she must be feeling. I was thinking of him, of the fury he'd be in when he realized that I could claim his flesh and blood as mine. I was young, you know, and she was very beautiful, and I'd loved her all my life, agonized for just one of the kisses he threw away.


FOR BUSINESS ONLY!

"Somehow I feel that I don't enjoy the boss' full confidence"

TOM HOLLOWAY

"And now she was to bear him a child! I knew, even while I talked, that I would never take it from her. But there was a rage within me, a need to frighten her, so that she could frighten and anger him. I'd dreamed of *a child*. My life was bitterly lonely. And to see her, thin and shabby and despairing, and all for nothing—all for him, who wasn't worthy to tie her slippers—well, I suppose I went a little mad for a while! 'You tell him that he need give the child no further concern,' I said. 'It is my child, born of you, whom I've loved since I knew you at all. It will be mine!'

"She looked at me as if she would go mad. 'Oh, what have I done, what have I done to all of us, Steve, and my baby, too!' she wailed.

"I went on talking insanely, thinking only of him. 'You shall have money in the bank as my wife,' I said. 'You must take care of yourself and of the baby. But he, Fox, is never to see the boy. I'll have nurses waiting for him—'

"'Oh, stop!' she said. Suddenly she was very, very calm; it was as if she were trying to quiet me. 'No more of this tonight. I'm tired, Steve,' she said, 'and you don't know how delicious it is to lie here in this comfort and not think at all! We'll talk of it again. I've been cruel to you, but you'll not be cruel to me. Let me rest here a little while, and then take me home, and some day help me to go west and get my divorce, and tell me what to do to clear up Duane's marriage, if it was a marriage!'

"'I've got to go to the hospital, I'm on call,' I said. 'Will you just lie here and rest until I come back?' 'I'll go to sleep,' she said, laughing. She drew my face down to hers, and I had one kiss—the *only real kiss she ever gave me!* I never saw her again."

THERE was a long silence. Becky came back to the room with a start, and heard the fire crackling in the grate, and the trickling noise of rain on the windows.

"When I came back," Stephen presently resumed, "she was gone. I thought she had gone to him, but she never saw him again, either. A day or two later she drew money from the bank—twenty thousand dollars. And after that I had no news for weeks.

"Then came a letter, mailed in New York City. Her baby was born, and had been adopted. He would be safe, she said. And she was dying, and wanted to say goodby. 'If you love me, don't try to find him,' she said. And there was a penciled note, unsigned, at the bottom. 'The writer of this letter died one hour ago. She asked me to mail it.'

"I went away. I lived in Europe. But I know he tried to find her and failed. He didn't believe she had died. But I knew. Madeleine was gone. And it was only last year, Becky, when you spoke suddenly in the ward, that I knew that she had fought to protect you from our blundering stupidities to the very end. You were 'the boy.' She wouldn't risk saying 'my daughter, my little girl,' for fear it would be a clue.

"And now I think," ended Stephen, with a great breath of relief, "you know all that I know. A strange, strange story, but it brought you to me in the end, and I thank God for it. Whatever you do, Becky, wherever you go now, I can make things easier for you. And one more thing," he said. "Don't be in too much of a hurry to judge Laurence. After all, Fox has been very kind to him. It was natural for him to see things in Fox's way."

"They were trying to play a practical joke on you, Doctor. They were counting on my marrying Laurence without your knowing it, and on taking Gibbs and me away from you, just as he took my mother! He's—he's sinister," Becky said, shuddering. "He's dangerous! And yet," she added in a whisper, with a sudden pitiable air of collapse, and tightly shut eyes, "he's my father! Isn't it strange! Isn't it *strange!*"

"You'll have quiet weeks at home, time to think it all out," Stephen said, his fingers firm and warm on her languid

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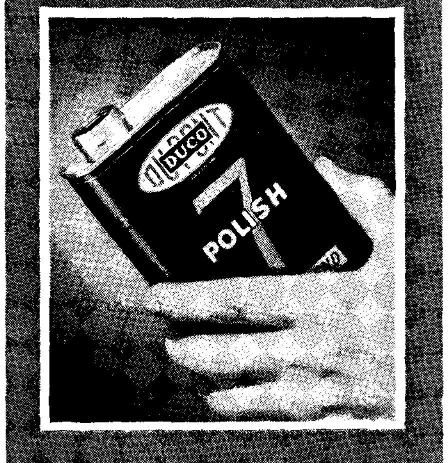

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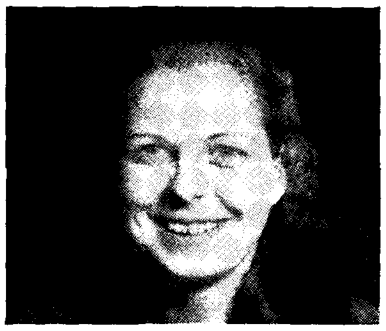

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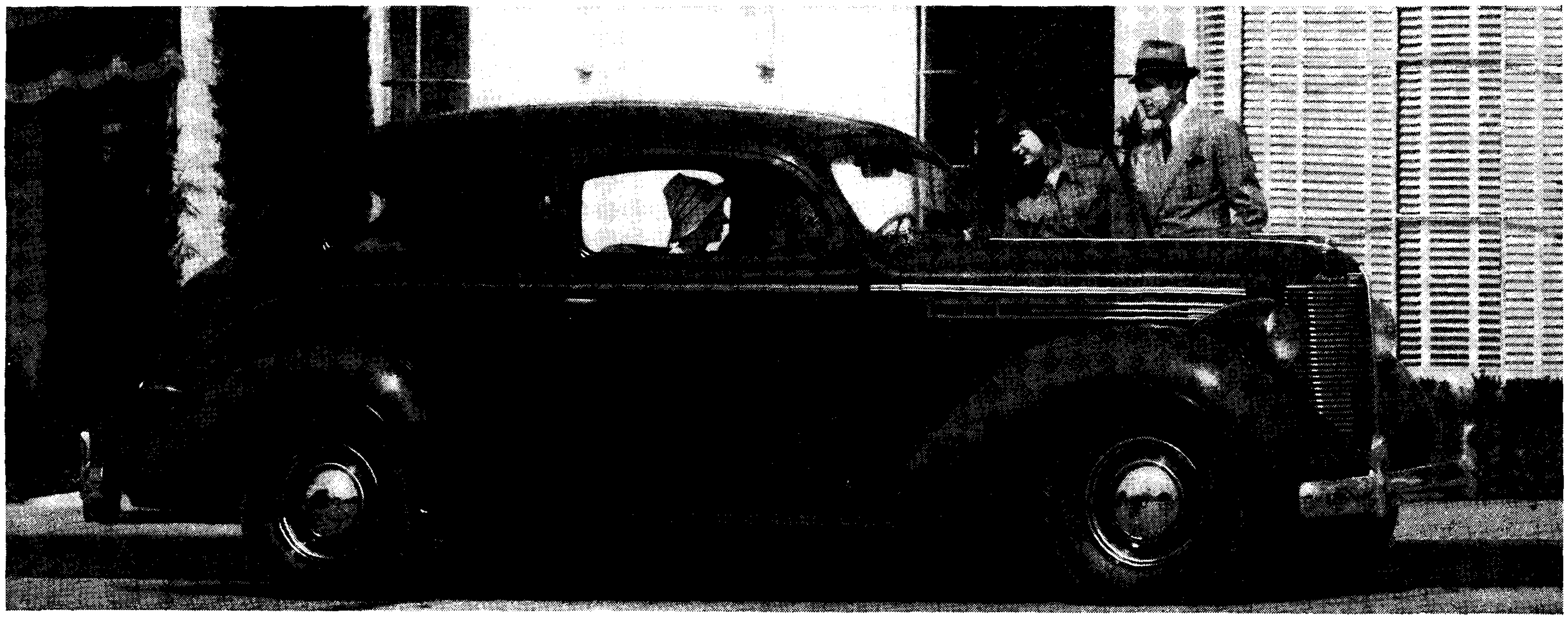
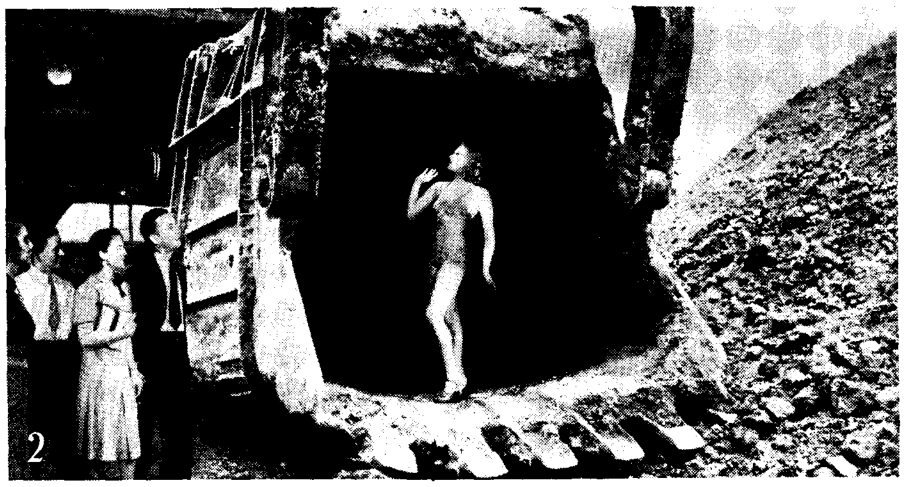


Betty Grable, star in the Paramount Picture, "Give Me A Sailor", is . . .



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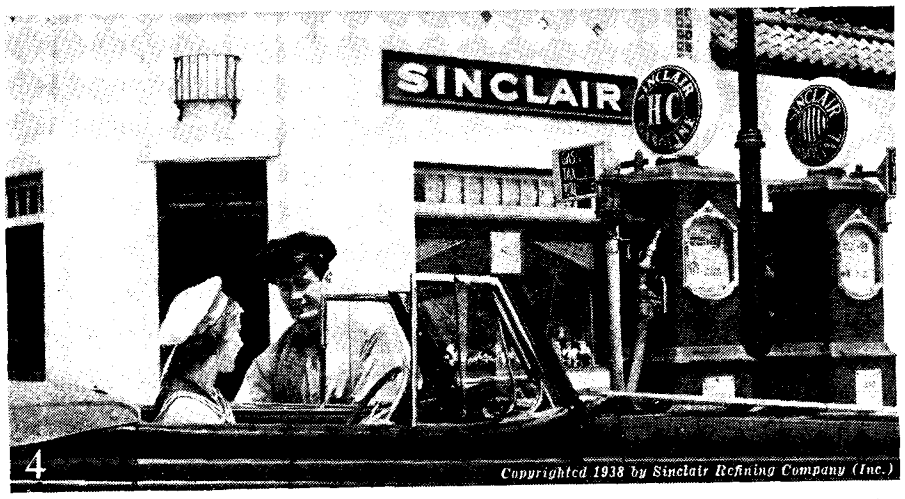

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hand. "They can't touch you, you know."

"No, no, no, and I'm grateful for that!" she said fervently. "But—but suppose I had secretly married him this spring, and we'd gone down the island to live, and then I'd found out! They wouldn't have wanted me ever to see you, that would have been part of the plan!"

"But if you loved him, loved Laurence, Becky, you'd not have minded that."

It was suggested mildly, almost timidly. Becky answered with sudden force.

"But I don't! Or at least, if I do, it's all mixed up with not loving him but loving—" she floundered, looked at him for help—"with loving this house, and being here, and not worrying about money—" she began again. "These last few days—oh, for a week, maybe, I've been feeling that I didn't want to go too fast! I didn't want to promise! You see," Becky went on, "Laurence was the first man I met after the—the nightmare of Rheingolder's and the hospital, and immediately—immediately he took possession of me; he was definite and I was flattered and excited; it was all like a happy dream!

"And now, I'm sorry to hurt him, but I'm going to write him as soon as I get home, and tell him it was only part of the wonderful—the wonderfulness of coming here, belonging here! And then," Becky finished, looking straight into her benefactor's eyes with her own shadowed amber ones, "I'm going to be at home for a long, long time! Years, perhaps. It isn't going to be Europe, it isn't going to be Hillover. I've not earned that.

"I've a husband," she presently added, as he did not speak, but sat holding her hand in his, his steady look upon her. "And being here with you and Mrs. Lee has changed what I feel—about him. I don't mean that I ever could love him again. It's that I've come to see that we can't run away from things; there's no satisfaction, there's no dignity in that. It might be that I'd have to go away with Gavin wherever he had a job, make a home for him, be a wife to him. That's what I bargained to do.

"And it might be ten years, it might be twenty, before I could come back to Hillover," she went on in a lower tone, her fingers gripping his tightly now. "If he wanted to leave me, if there was another woman, I'd come straight as a bird. But if he wanted me, if he needed me, then it might be for most of my life!"

"It won't be that," Stephen said.

"I know it won't be! I feel that it won't. This is home to me, as no other place I've ever been in has been home. I don't know how long it will take me to get back, but I shall. And then I'll never go away again."

THE man spoke slowly, quietly, his thumb moving on her hand:

"I'll be waiting, Becky."

"And you think I'm right to give Gavin his chance?"

"I don't know, dear. I suppose so."

Silence. Presently she said:

"What time should we start for town?"

"At nine, we said. It's after eight now. Do you want to dress?"

Becky sat up in bed and put her hands to her disordered hair. The short sleeves of her nightgown fell away from her young smooth arms. Her eyes were still ringed with the shadows of fatigue and tears but her face was flushed with apricot color.

"You know that I love you as no woman ever loved a man before, don't you?" she said.

Stephen Dinsmore said nothing. He stood looking down at her for a moment with a strange expression on his face. Then he turned and left the room.

She had not been at home ten minutes before she felt that she had had the cream of the news, and that all the strain of meeting and of explanation and apology was over and forgotten. Her father met her at the train, her mother in the side yard where the car stopped; there were tears in Spencer Gibson's eyes as he kissed her at the train and picked up the small boy in his arms, and when Sarah knelt to envelop little bewildered polite Gibbs in a great embrace, she was crying.

But the first emotion of meeting passed quickly, and as the familiar kitchen odors came to her once again, and when Becky tied a great blue apron about her waist, and proceeded to lift steaming asparagus from the pot to the toast-lined platter, she felt as if she had never been away.

THE boys came clattering in to lunch; Gibbs, potato and spinach and mashed prune sauce wiped from his serious, rosy little face, was taken upstairs for a nap; Spencer went back to the store when the school bell rang again, and Becky and her mother settled down to the business of dishwashing and gossip.

"Well, Beck, I don't see's you could believe that if you read it in a book!" was Sarah's comment, when the story had been sketched. "So it wasn't her husband your mother was afraid of, but the man she'd run to!"

"I come rightly by my runaway blood," Becky said rather sadly.

"And this Doctor Dinsmore, he sounds so nice, what on earth could she have had against him?"

"Just that she didn't love him. And she did love—she'd loved for years—this other man."

"Your father."

Becky winced.

"I hate to think he's my father. I hate to have anything to do with him!"

"But you do like Doctor Dinsmore?"

Becky narrowed her eyes, looked into space.

"I wish you could know him, Mother. He's so simple and he works so hard that all the rest of his life has to be really resting, operas and symphonies and Shakespeare," she said, talking to herself rather than to the other woman. "Everyone adores him; he's got that—that authority about him that makes you know when he comes into a room. Men ask his advice, and hundreds—thousands of his patients—feel that he has saved their happiness as well as their lives."

"If he wasn't old enough to be your father looks like you'd be in love with him, Becky," her mother said, with a shrewd look.

"I hope that'll save me!" Becky said dryly.

"You *hope* it'll save you?"

"Yes. I'm not good enough for him. Nobody's good enough for him," Becky explained.

"And you're married."

"And I'm married, of course." It had to come. They must cut to the cankerous heart of it sooner or later. "Tell me about Gavin," Becky said bravely, locking her hands before her on the table, facing her mother.

"Well, Gavin's doing real well!" Sarah said with obviously forced enthusiasm.

"He's here in Salletts?"

"Off and on. I believe he's off with Harry Grace, now. They've got a cabin in back of Huntington Lake somewhere, and he didn't say when they'd be back. Gavin worked real hard on the school census," Sarah went on, "and he was out at Lenharts' helping with the books most of December. Then Gavin went down to the city for a spell, but now he's off with Harry. He made good money last summer, taking parties through the Sierras, over Muir Pass and up to Granite Basin, and you'd laugh to see him put it in the bank, and tell Dad he was saving up so's he could go get Becky and the baby. But I don't know but what he spent most of it playing cards and trying to make more!" Sarah finished with a philosophic shadow of a laugh.

"It's a terrible problem," Becky said.

"Well, folks round here really like Gavin," Sarah said encouragingly; "seems like he's pulled himself together and determined to settle down at last. Of course he didn't know you were coming back, Beck, or I believe he'd have been here. But all his talk lately has been about when Becky comes back."

BECKY was staring into space with darkened eyes.

"What'd you tell people, Mother, when I went away?"

"Why, Gavin came right here, Beck, and he and I and Dad had a regular council of war about it. We thought we'd hear from you, and that you'd come back. Gavin suggested that he go away for a while, too, and we could tell folks that you were trying your luck in the city. So I'd tell anyone who asked me that you were all trying to work the thing out, and I never let on how worried Dad and I were!"

"I'd nothing but bad news to write you," Becky said slowly, still looking away; "life is terribly hard for a woman with a baby and no training! Then I got suddenly, frightfully scared that it was beating me! And it came pretty close to beating me."

"Well, it's over, and you're home again, and I believe you've got a much better husband than you had when you went away. And if Doctor Dinsmore does as he says, and you have a regular income of your own, Becky, there's no reason in the world why you shouldn't take one of those little places in the Bruce Salletts Memorial Park," Sarah said cheerfully. "Dad says it sounds like a cemetery, and I b'lieve they're going to change the name to Bruce Salletts Hampton Court, but you wait until you see those houses! Kate Seagreen and I walked over there after club on Tuesday, and I declare—that's Gibbs crying, isn't it? You'd better go up!"

Becky picked up the red-faced, perspiring, tearful little boy, and put on his small buckskin shoes, and brushed his thick mop of dark hair. They descended to grandma's kitchen, and Gibbs drank sweet, rich Jersey milk and stared over Gary's old mug at the stove and the sink and the windows and the fascinating mysteries of the closed door.

Gibbs approved of the ranch. He went with his mother through quiet afternoon stillness to the barn and hunted for eggs. He saw the cows milked by young Knut Pedersen. He was held firmly on the top rail of the corral fence to watch the great horned creatures file out again toward the new sweet grass. His four young uncles made much of him.

"What shall I do?" Becky thought, as she laughed and chattered and explained, as she fitted herself once more into the home pattern that seemed to have grown so tight, so narrow, so dull. "God, help me. I can't do this alone. Help me!"

And every hour was like a fine impalpable net, tightening—tightening about her, binding her closer and closer to this world that had once been hers, and to which her soul could never belong again.

Three days later Gavin came home. He arrived just before supper, looking browned and well, and seeming in manner and aspect somehow more definite than Becky remembered him. He sat on the old kitchen settle, talking of his stay in the mountains and making overtures toward Gibbs.

"If I don't pay any attention to him he'll come round," Gavin said, and he was right. Gibbs was presently on his knee, playing with the big elk tooth on the gold chain and entirely reconciled to "Daddy."

Dinner went off pleasantly enough; afterward Gavin and Spencer played dominoes. The older boys were away; the younger ones did their homework in the old fashion while Becky and her mother cleared and washed dishes.

When they all broke up, before ten o'clock, Gavin came upstairs to Becky's room.

"I believe you're sleeping upstairs with the boys, Gavin. Mother moved the other bed out to put the cot in here."

"Gosh, I know that!" Gavin laughed and lighted a cigarette. "You're terribly afraid I'll stick around too long!" he said in amused scorn. "But the truth is, I don't think you've given me a square deal, and I don't care who knows it! Running off with the kid, leaving me holding the bag; it was a hell of a note!"

THE old blustering, whining tone. The old skill in laying all the blame on her. The old necessity on her part, if she spoke at all, of rushing the war into his camp, pouring out the stored anger and resentment of the years, bringing up his defects and injustices, one by one, talking him down.

But she wouldn't begin it. Instead she said patiently:

"I was ashamed to go on here as we were, Gavin."

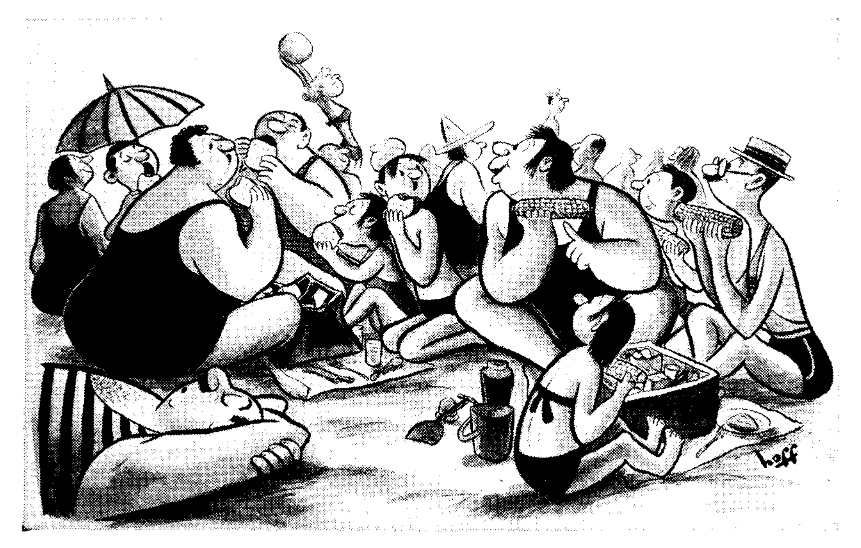
"How d'you mean *we?* I was trying hard enough for a job!"

"Gibbs and I."

"Oh? Oh! Well, then why the hell didn't you tell me you were worried?"

No use following this line. Rebecca was silent. In one minute the interval of more than two years was bridged. Gavin was just what he had always been; the situation unchanged.

But Becky was changed, and she felt the change within her. This was exactly



"Would you people pass the salt?"

SYDNEY HOFF

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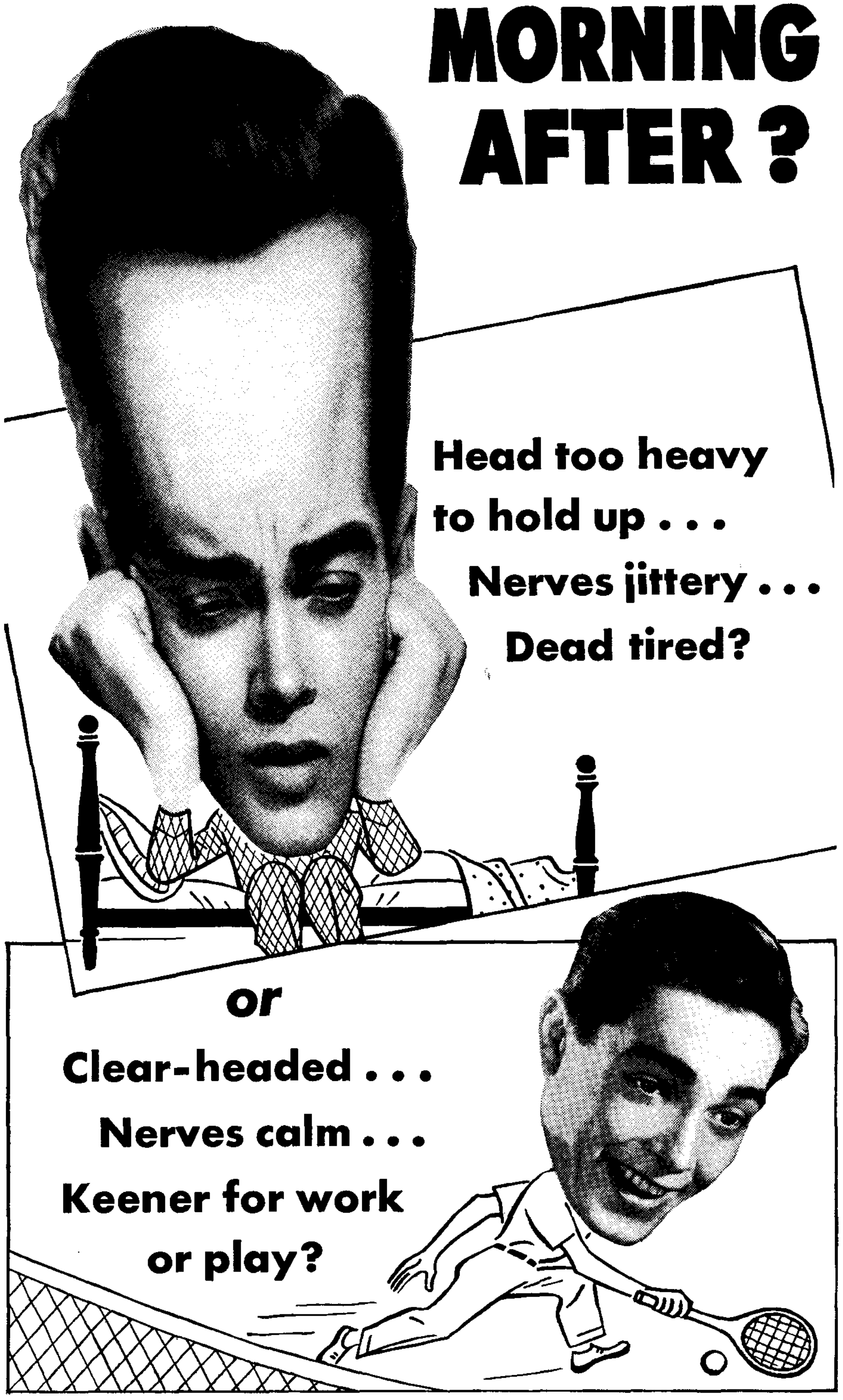

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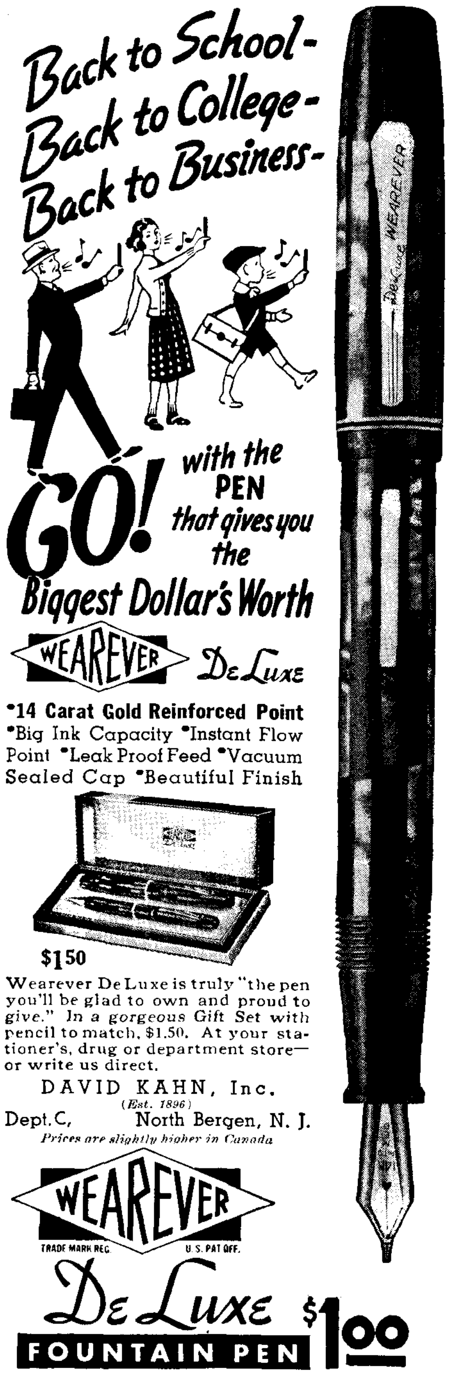
BROMO-SELTZER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what she had come home to face. She had a despairing feeling that she couldn't carry the thing through, but she could try.

"You've been making trips through the Sierras, Gavin? Was it fun?"

"It wasn't fun at all. It was damned hard work. But I had you and the kid to think of, and I took what I could get! I understood from your mother," Gavin went on, with a slight change of tone, "that this man in the East, this doctor, has fixed you up with some money. How come?"

"Yes. He was very generous. When did Mother have time to tell you that?"

"She didn't tell me. I heard her telling your father, just before dinner. Why? Weren't you going to tell me?"

"Oh, yes, of course. Of course I was! But there was so much to talk about, and all the others were there."

"Is he so terribly rich?"

"Doctor Dinsmore? Yes, he's rich."

"And what does he get out of all this?"

"I don't understand you." But of course she understood him, and she went on without further prompting. "He knew my mother, Gavin. Mother says she told you that I was adopted, that she and Dad didn't know anything about my people. He did: he recognized my voice, and he says I look like my mother."

"That wasn't all he had to go on!" Gavin opined shrewdly.

"Yes, it was. There was no other proof."

"Then he's your father himself!"

"No. I asked him that." Becky's manner was quiet, weary. Gavin abandoned the investigation, frowned thoughtfully as he rubbed out his cigarette.

"So you're fixed, Beck?" he said.

"He called it 'a very modest little income,' " said Becky.

"WELL, I hope you're going to settle down now, and give me a chance to know my own kid," Gavin said. "You've had your fling, Becky, and there's a lot of husbands would want to be pretty damned sure what it was all about! But I guess we can call it quits. Sue Varney was telling me the other day that before you got out you went in to talk to Judge Miller about a divorce. I told her it was the first I'd heard of it! I said. 'She hasn't got a leg to stand on, as far as divorce goes!' "

Becky was hardly listening as the stream went on and on. Her thoughts flitted to Hillover, solid and splendid among its great bare trees. She thought of Europe, of a scientist only too eager to share its marvels with a woman and a small boy. Paris with the trees green in June sunlight; the Villa d'Este with the lake rippling in opal magic to the edge of the terrace; glorious London with sunset light touching the crouching lions of Trafalgar Square.

She thought of New York's grimy streets, of her breathless triumph when she had thought that she could conquer them, of the dark apartment house in the Bronx, and Mae Devvins' small pale dirty babies squirming in a kitchen, and little Gibbs sneezing and coughing croupily among them—

"So what are you going to do about it?" Gavin was demanding in triumphant conclusion. He had evidently been making a telling argument. "Your friend wouldn't be so pleased about that!" Gavin said.

She knew she shouldn't ask it, but it was asked.

"About what?"

"About my suing him for alienation of my wife's affection!"

Becky laughed.

"He wouldn't care at all."

"This business of giving a married woman an income—it don't look any too sweet, if you ask me!" Gavin's tone was mild, slightly injured, not that of a man who believes what he implies.

"I suppose I could refuse to touch the income?" Becky said idly.

"I thought you said it was because he had known your mother, loved her, maybe?"

"I did."

"Well, then why shouldn't you use the money?"

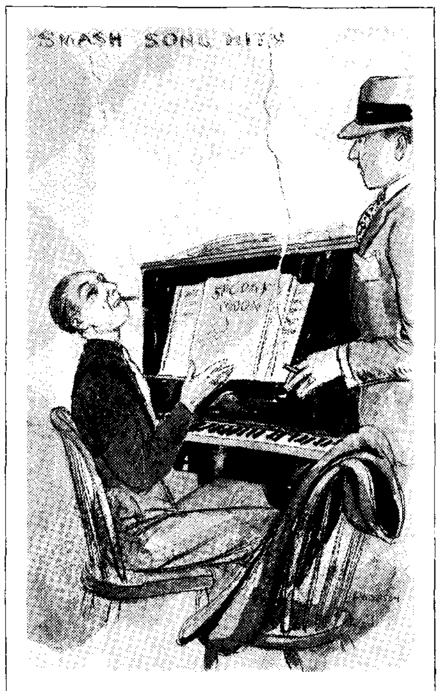
"I'm asking you."

Becky was not looking at him. She stood at the window, looking out at the silver moonlight that flooded the yard and dripped in shining fringes through the oaks. She spoke quietly, her face half turned, her tone not so much critical as bored and weary.

"So what are you going to do?" Gavin repeated his question after a moment of silence.

"I don't know, Gavin."

"How do you mean you 'don't know'? You're going to stay here, aren't you? After the way you've treated your father and mother, to say nothing of me! Honestly, Beck," Gavin said, changing suddenly to his winning, attractive voice, coming to stand behind her at the window, "that wasn't square. Honest it wasn't! It seems to me you ought to settle down here now and give them and the kid and me a break."



"I'm afraid Al's romance is going sour. Today he brings in a song called 'Adequate Baby'"

C. W. ANDERSON

"I don't know what I'm going to do."

"Well, I'm going to stay on here," Gavin stated flatly, "and my kid stays with me. If you're going to keep running away you haven't a leg to stand on! I want a home and I want Gibbs. I know I've kind of thrown you down, different times, but that's past."

He walked to the crib, looked down at the sleeping child.

"I'm crazy about him," Gavin said.

BECKY said nothing. She had turned back to the moonlight and the tall trees that were silvered by it and the dim, high line of the mountains, furry and misty and floating far beyond.

"So now you know where I stand!" Gavin said, his tone faintly threatening, faintly indicative of a desire for peace. "What did you say?" he asked at the door.

"I didn't say anything."

"Well," he said, lingering, "I just wanted you to know how I stand. It doesn't help me a bit here in town to have my wife and kid wandering all over the country making all kinds of friends! I don't say it wasn't a decent thing for this doctor to do but you don't know but what he took this money away from your mother years ago and really owes it to her. He might have. I don't mean stealing, but investments or something like that. Anyway, it's fishy, giving you money because he liked your mother! But I don't care. It'll help us get a start here, and Becky, once we're started we're going places! I've got a lot of friends in this town—I handled a loan for your father a while back—"

And again her thoughts came back from far places to hear his half-warning, half-anxious query:

"So what do you think you'll do? The sooner you make up your mind the easier for everyone."

And again Becky answered mildly: "I don't know."

"Good night!" he said. He came across the floor and kissed the back of her neck. Then he was gone; she heard the door close behind him.

Becky went and stood looking down at Gibbs. Her face was expressionless. She was conscious of no particular emotion, only of being very tired. She began slowly to undress.

In her wrapper and slippers, with all the lights out, she went to the window again. The moon was wheeling low in the sky; far overhead there was a spread of cold flashing stars. Against them the silhouette of the mountains rose black and solid and protecting.

She sank to her knees, her arms crossed on the window sill, her tired forehead pressed against the cold glass.

"I don't know what I'm going to do," she said aloud. And almost automatically the words followed: "God, help me. Help us all! Show me what to do and I'll do it, no matter how hard it is! Don't let me make any more mistakes!"

ON ONE of the wildest winter days that Rebecca Gibson Flood had ever seen she looked from the kitchen window to see a station taxi valiantly battling its way to the ranch-house door.

Sleety rain was sweeping over the world, shutting out the mountains, bending and cracking the high branches of the oaks and maples in the yard, beating the churned black puddles of the corral into deeper blackness and treacherousness, smiting the ranch-house roof with white whirlwinds of water that dripped and gurgled in the leads and spouted in gutters.

But the kitchen was warm and bright. Becky, suspecting that it was Gavin who chose to arrive in this fashion rather than walk the two miles from town, flung open the door, and called out a welcome:

"Come in! Isn't this terrible? Look out for dripping on my floor."

"I'll have practically to undress out here unless I'm to ruin everything!" the newcomer gasped, shedding a great raincoat and flinging aside his hat as he came to the doorway. Becky took one look at him, clutched at him, her own breath gone.

"Steve—Doctor Dinsmore!" she whispered, her face suddenly flying April colors.

"Becky!" he said, laughing, his cold cheek against her own for a second, his arm about her. "Let me come in! How cozy you are!"

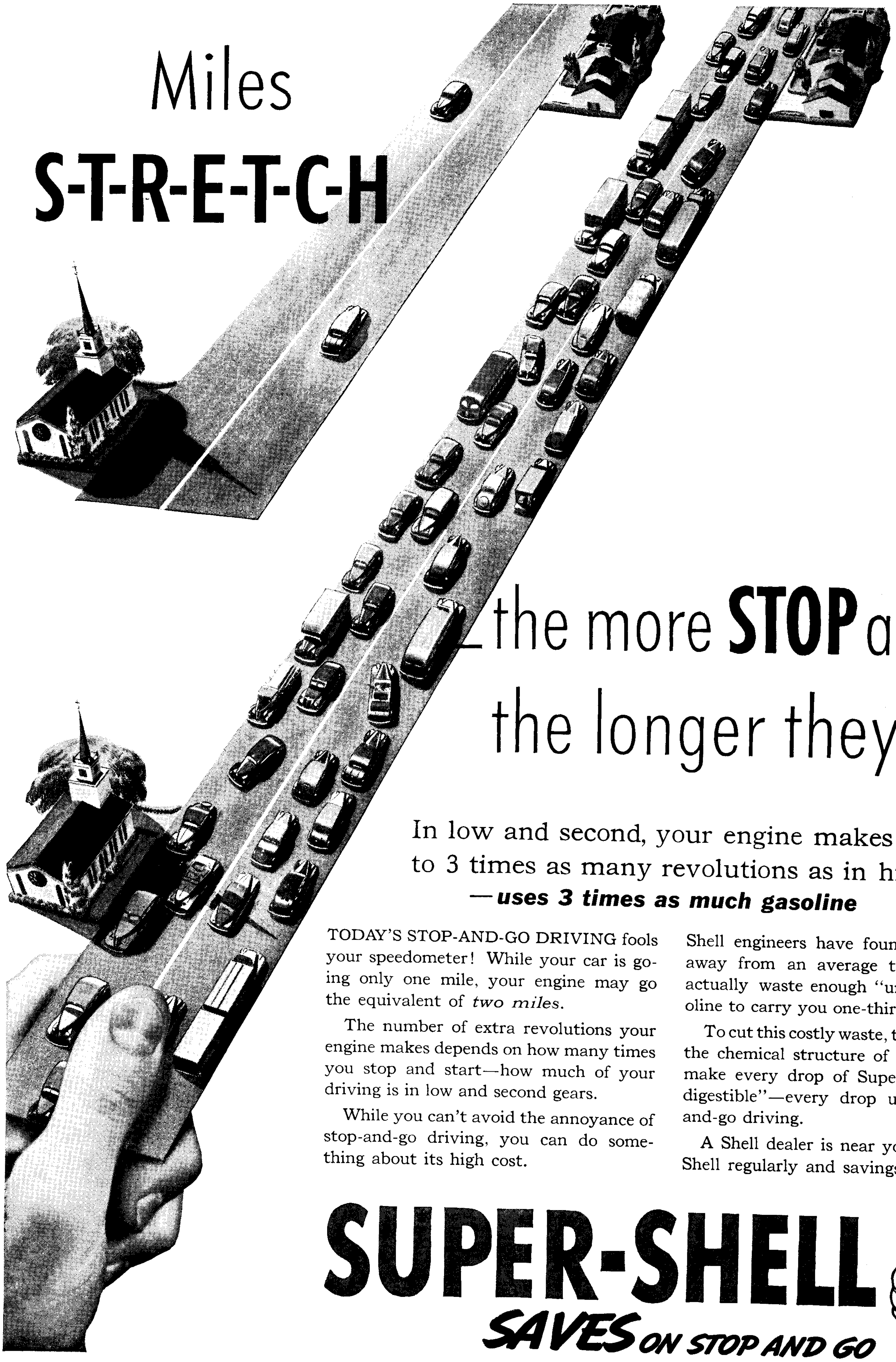
"But you—*you!*" Becky was incoherent with amazement and joy. "To come in out of this—this hurricane!" she said. "You're soaked!"

"No; not a bit! Not a bit wet, really. It was just outside— I stepped right from the train into the taxi. Well, Becky, Becky, Becky, let me look at you! And this is Gibbs!"

The three were the only occupants of the kitchen. Becky put Stephen into her father's old chair, and drew Gibbs to his knee.

"Isn't he lovely? Isn't he brown?"

"My dear, I can't look at anything but you. You're lovely and brown too!



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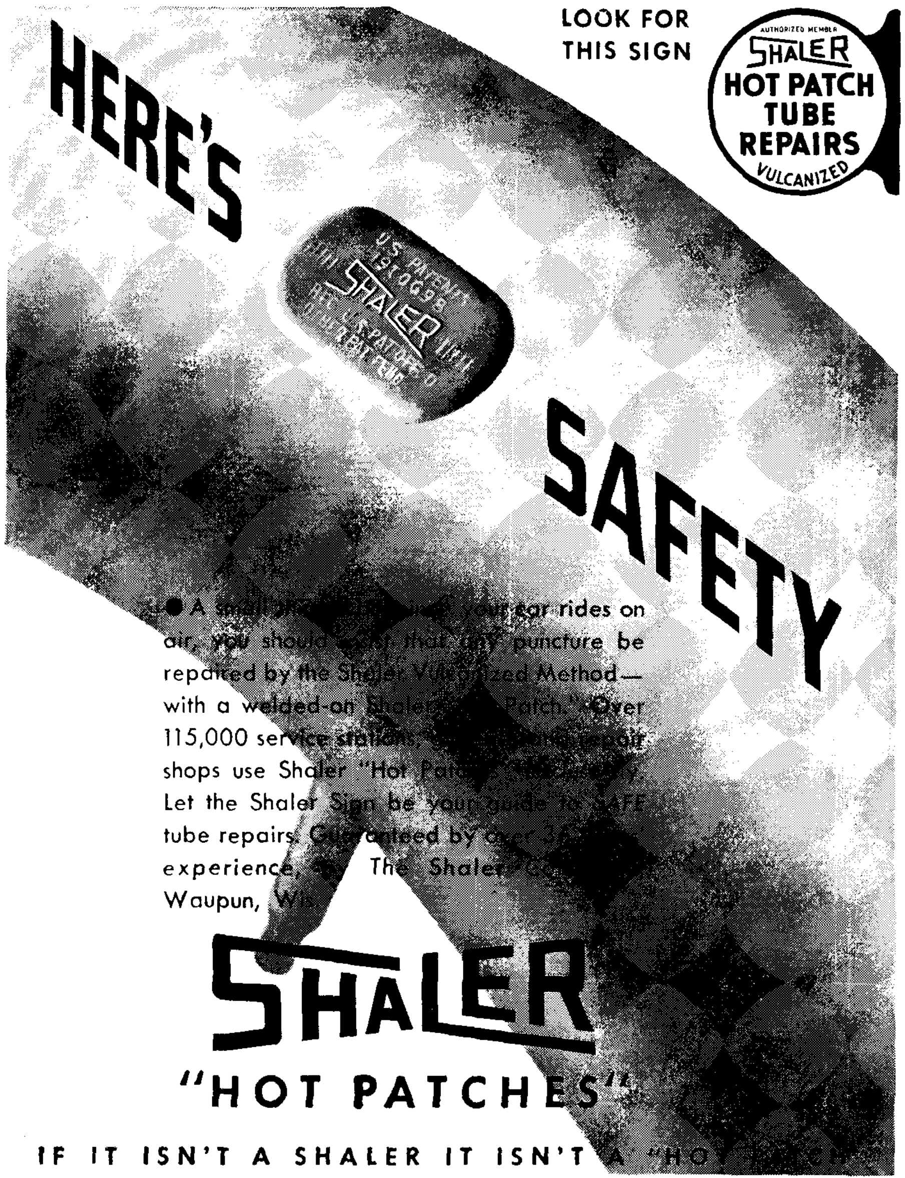

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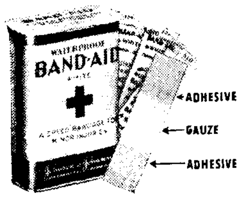

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Lord, what smells so wonderful? I don't believe I had any lunch!"

"Doctor, why no lunch?"

"I was busy. I operated at the Stanford in San Francisco this morning."

"And that's what brought you out!"

"No; that isn't what brought me out *at all*," he said, not looking at her. He was looking at Gibbs, whose small square shoulders he was fingering with the doctor's experienced hands. "He's in great shape," he said. "So you've got a railway, have you?" he asked.

"It's Andy's," Gibbs answered.

"My brother," Becky said. "Oh, Doctor, how good it is to see you!"

"I thought you called me 'Steve' when I came in."

"I did, but I didn't think you heard me! Tell me, tell me, how is everything and everybody, and how are you? You're *staying?* We've a spare room now that Bob and Spin are off at college."

"Not overnight. But I'd stay for dinner."

"I'll telephone Mother; she's at the club, and she'll stop at the Exchange and bring home artichokes and steaks, and you'll *eat three times too much!* Oh, Steve, to have you here in our kitchen! And Hatsy's fine, and Europe was fine, and Barbara's going to be married?" She could not get his news fast enough. "Not to Larry, is it?" Her face sobered at his nod. "Not really?" she asked.

"*I think so. She really loves him,* Becky, and she's played about a good deal without finding anyone she likes half as much. He and I had a talk about it. Duane is quite blind now, poor fellow, and won't ever do any work again. They plan to live outside of Paris somewhere, and she'll have enough money to let Laurence do it the way he wants to—picturesquely and decently. Harriet's reconciled to it. Barbara's twenty-seven now; it isn't as if she were eighteen. And Barbara," Stephen added, with a little smile, "may surprise him more than he does her. She knows her own mind. He'll have to fight to be something more than Mrs. Moulton's handsome artist husband."

Becky laughed joyfully as she put food before him. The man began heartily on the cold turkey, the sizzling-hot potato cake, the smoking cup of coffee.

"Becky, you're a magician! Tell me about you. Has it been hard?"

"When you've made the supreme sacrifice," Becky said, sitting down opposite him, "nothing is hard. When you've given up the one and only thing you want, then all the little things flock out and begin to show how wonderful they are. Sunsets, I mean, and spring, and just having a clean, warm bed at night and a good book. I've everything —*except what I want. And I suppose* what I want is me—the inside, essential me, and that, not having it, I'm dead, and enjoying all the privileges of a disembodied spirit."

STEPHEN gazed at her for a long time in silence.

"Your husband?" he finally asked.

She looked up from a contemplation of her linked fingers.

"Is here, and well and busy," she answered composedly. Volumes were unspoken behind the words. The doctor frowned.

"Working, eh? In one of your letters you said he was not working."

"He works off and on. As a matter of fact, he and Harry Grace are all agog about some mining discovery they've made up in the mountains. There never will be anything in it but Gavin talks as if it were a matter of millions and it gives them an excuse," Becky finished tolerantly, "to go up there continually and camp. He's going again tomorrow."

"You've grown up, Becky," Steve said.

"Have I? I hope so. I have bad times," Becky confessed. "But most of the time I'm happy—way deep down inside me. I'm where I belong!

"You know—I wrote you—that my father died last March," she said. "It was very sudden. Then Mother needed me and, as Gavin was away almost the whole summer, it worked very well. Everything's settled now, and Mother has enough, and she's very happy with Gibbs. So that saved me the decision of moving to a separate place with Gavin."

"How much of a wife are you to him, Becky?" the doctor asked.

Her color flamed up; she looked at him courageously, answered gravely:

"I am his wife."

"It had to be that way, I suppose?"

"It had to be that way. He was jealous, wretched, argumentative. Just before my father's death he had a talk with me—Dad did, I mean. Gavin wanted Gibbs and me to go up to the mountains for a camping trip; and I made up my mind then to—to stop fussing, to be as generous as I could."

SHE stopped on a note of timidity, her *beautiful eyes questioning.*

"You were right, of course. And there's been some happiness in all this, Becky?" Stephen asked hesitantly.

"Oh, yes!" she answered soberly. "When your heart is dead you're saved so much pain," she added, after thought. "*They've all been so happy; we've had* so many good times together, picnics and camping and Mother so content! And it was a joy that my father was so happy. When we came back from our camping trip he could see that things were all right between us. We took two of my brothers with us, and they had a glorious time. I knew then—I knew that what I had done was right."

"D'you love him, Becky?"

"No," she said simply; "but many a woman is being a good wife to a man she doesn't love. Oh, I know," Becky went on, with the wise smile that he found new and infinitely touching in her twenty-six years, "I know there are lots of women who say very smugly that they couldn't live with a man they didn't love —not as his wife. Well, I'm different. I can. I can give him my full—my full life as a wife, since it means harmony and happiness here. Anyway—

"Anyway," she added on a different note as Stephen sat watching her and did not speak, "I live for a dream. Beyond all this that I'm doing now there's the dream of an old brick house, painted white, and standing up on terraces, snowy terraces, above the water. And inside there's a dream of big fires in old fireplaces and crystal candlesticks and books and a fire screen with spaniels embroidered on it and a real dog on a hearth rug, waiting for the doctor to get home. And when I'm blue, Steve, I simply withdraw into my brick house, I walk through all the rooms, trailing a velvet gown! I sit there and talk in the firelight about London and Paris with all the leaves green and the Villa d'Este."

"It's all there waiting, Becky," Stephen said, clearing his throat again.

"I know it," she said in a low voice. "It keeps me happy to know it." And then, laughing: "Ah, here's Mother!"

Sarah came in, breathless, rosy, packages under her arm. At long last she faced the man who had searched for so many years to find out what she could tell him of a frightened woman in a big city, a woman facing a supreme ordeal alone and straining all her wits to protect the future of the unborn child she carried.

They talked and talked, eager to end the long silence. Becky moved about the kitchen, lighted lamps, introduced the cold, red-cheeked younger brothers as they came in. And it seemed to her like a dream.

(To be concluded next week)

Big Fish

Continued from page 27

Scot on the chest, sent him reeling down a ladder to the foredeck. Then the German's face popped over the bulwark.

"Keep your chin up, friend," he said. Macfee, puzzled, stared at him in silence. The German waved one hand, almost gaily. "Jolly good luck!" he mimicked in false British accent. And then he was gone, the clatter of his boots resounding from the hatchway.

Macfee, half dazed by his fall, wondered at the sudden shift of activity aboard. But even as he pondered, the periscope shafts began to lower, the hatch was closed. Now he had the submarine's foredeck to himself, while beyond him, nose reaching into the sea, stretched a wide expanse of slippery steel plating. There came a partial silence, broken only by the wash of waves and the indefinable rhythm of machinery in operation, beneath the deck on which he stood. The nose of the submarine dipped deeper, pushing up flurries of foam.

REALIZATION came to Macfee in an enlightening flash. The U-boat was diving. Again he was to be marooned on the cheerless face of the sea. Frantically his eyes roved the descending hull and the massive bulk of the conning tower. Then, in an agony of action, he stepped to the edge of the deck, clambered over the wire rail, and jumped. As he struck the water he called on all his energy, thrashing his arms to pull his body outward, away from the suction of the diving submarine.

There was no particular volition to his movements; he struggled automatically. A wave lifted him high, half spun his floundering body, and he found himself staring across the troubled sea to the spot where the submarine was vanishing. Already her foredeck was hidden in a welter of foam; aft, the gray plating still showed. Macfee rode the wave crest, staring through puffed eyes at the disappearing hull. Then he wallowed down into a trough. Now he was up again, now down, now up. Briefly the huge white numerals on the conning tower stood out boldly against a gray-green background: U-303.

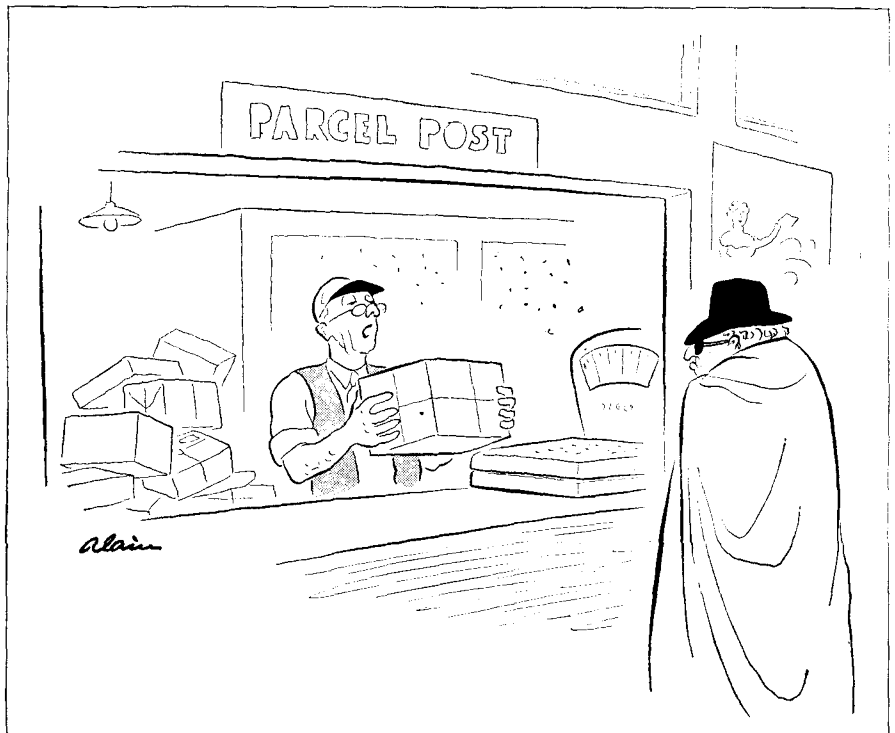
Macfee read them carefully, spat salt water from his mouth, and growled in his throat like a stricken animal.... Five minutes more, he gave himself.... Three minutes, now.... And then from somewhere, as it had come before, arrived an interruption to his struggle. This time it was a swishing, sibilant noise, which grew swiftly to make itself heard above the throbbing in Macfee's ears. Paddling and thrashing, experiencing a new surge of energy, he turned his body in the direction whence he placed the sound. Instantly, a light sprang into his eyes.

Spreading over the sky to westward was a blanket of black smoke, while beneath it, visible for a moment, appeared the high, sheered bow of a British destroyer. She was bearing down at full speed, her displacement wave embroidering a froth of white and green mixed. Macfee circled one weary arm overhead. But the destroyer already had sighted him and as she sped by a life preserver was tossed from the bridge. Macfee had a glimpse of curious faces above the rail, staring at him. Then the vessel was gone in a maelstrom of slashing water, tearing for the spot where the U-boat had vanished.

The ring buoy hit the water, its flare sending up fingers of gray vapor upon contact with the sea. Macfee's hands touched the white canvas, made firm contact. Smoke from the flare crept into his lungs and made him cough, but he wrapped his fingers through a rope loop and pulled closer. The first dull boom of the destroyer's depth charge came rolling across the sea. Once, twice, thrice, it rumbled. Then thrice again. Then silence.

Macfee, fixing the preserver under his armpits, was able to head away from the sea, until he rose and fell with the swell. The destroyer returned at reduced speed to circle the floating man. Macfee could hear the ship's engines throbbing, could see her condenser jets spouting. Paddling closer to the lean gray hull, he waited for a line. When it came hurtling, he tied the dripping rope about his chest, was pulled inboard, touched a hanging ladder, and felt strong arms about his shoulders. Five minutes later he was sitting in a warm messroom, drinking hot water and whisky, and telling his story in jerky fragments. He emptied his mug before turning to the youthful destroyer captain.

"Where are ye from?" he asked.



"Just an infernal machine—no written matter of any kind?" ALAIN

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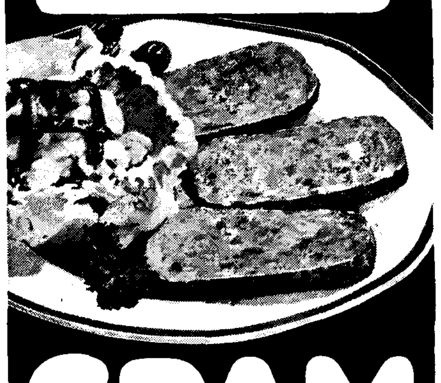

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"Cromarty," the skipper replied. "On patrol duty."

"Ye hae sunk th' submarine?" Macfee continued.

The red-cheeked officer shook his head ruefully.

"*Ye nae hae sunk her?*"

Another shake of the head.

"'Tis bad, 'tis bad," mumbled Macfee. "Six o' ma men hae drowned. A braw lot—"

Then his head slumped forward and he was asleep. The destroyer captain turned to his junior officer.

"The odds of war," he said, motioning to the sleeping man. "God keep their simple souls."

FOR two weeks Macfee walked the narrow streets of Kindon like a man possessed of gall in his heart. As he walked, he muttered, until his mates avoided him and children stared at him with frightened eyes. Occasionally he strode to the piers and in the graying twilight stared out across oily harbor waters to a seascape melting into dusk. Standing thus at the pierhead where his trawler once had berthed, he would gaze at the darkling sky, then shake his fist vaguely, then return to his aimless wandering. But not a word escaped him; only his lips became thinner, and his brows more knitted.

It was the night he passed McNab's taproom that he broke his embittered silence. From the pavement he could hear the voice of a man inside the pub, raised in oratory. A window was open and through the yellow lamplight Macfee saw a half-score men grouped around the speaker, who stood at the counter, waving a glass to emphasize his words. The speaker was an Englishman, an East Coast sailor, ashore for the night from the Kindon lightship, and ale had loosened his tongue.

"Misty weather, it was, mates. Day was just breakin', about seven o' th' mornin', when I first seen th' submarine. I see 'im just over there—two hunderd yards t' th' nor'ard o' th' lightship. A big fella, about th' size o' them oil barges as passes 'ereabouts. I didn't make 'im out at first—account o' th' mornin' haze, but there was somethin' over there w'ere no ship didn't oughta be. I calls down th' companion—'Master,' I says, 'there's somethin' on th' nor'end o' th' Sands.' 'E comes up an' 'as a look. Then we made 'im out for what 'e was, a big German sub—but 'e 'adn't no flag flyin'.

"Well, there 'e set for five hours, 'idin' aside th' lightship an' chargin' 'is batteries. Men was walkin' 'is deck, an' a big gun was showin' for'ard. About noon, 'e sights 'eavy smoke on th' 'orizon, so 'e closes up an' makes off t' east'ard. That was on a Wednesday. 'E come back o' a Sunday, an' o' Thursday, followin'. Like as not, 'e'll come back again. 'E figgers 'e's found a safe berth."

THE speaker stared proudly about, downed a draft of ale. His hearers gathered closer, intent and applauding. One, taller than his companions, spoke up loudly:

"Can ye nae call th' navy ships?"

The man smiled in a superior manner. "G'wan! Th' sub is off, first sight o' anything navylike."

The other persisted. "Can ye nae try t' ram her yersels?"

"Oursels? Ho! . . . An' ha' th' big fella make away an' sink every lightship a'tween 'ere an' th' Goodwins? . . . Na!"

Then, above the babble of voices, Macfee's tongue was raised. It came from the window.

"Ye hae seen th' sub's number?"

"*Aye, I ha' seen it," the sailor replied.* "'Tis U-303."

"Aye," Macfee said, and his face disappeared into the gloom. The lightship man spoke querulously to the tall Scot near by.

"Now, 'oo would that be?" he asked, jerking one thumb toward the window where Macfee had stood.

"Yon?" said the man. "'Tis Albert Macfee. Daft since his trawler wa' sunk by a Hun."

Macfee was at Kindon Port House early the next morning. He drew forth from a government file case a chart of Kindon harbor and estuary, and the Sands beyond. For twenty minutes he studied the map, paying especial attention to those inked lines that demarked the shoals. Then he entered the port commissioner's office. When he walked out a half hour later, the commissioner accompanied him to the door. He said:

"Your scheme is sound, Macfee. I dare say it'll work. I'll see the senior naval officer hereabouts this forenoon. If all's well, we will proceed at sundown. You can expect a call at that time."

"Aye," Macfee said, and departed.

At sunset, a British naval tug slipped its buoy in Kindon harbor, turned in a wide circle, then headed out through the roadstead under a cushioning blanket of smoke.

An hour's steaming brought the tug to the Sands, where the great mast lamp of the Kindon lightship burned yellow against a velvet-black sky. The tug closed to within a cable's length; at her approach, a reflector light flared suddenly on the larger ship's deck. In its glow, her crew of four stood silhouetted above the bulwark. The tug came alongside, made fast, and the naval officer clambered to the adjoining deck, Macfee following. The officer addressed the lightship's grizzled captain.

"We're ready when you are, Skipper," he said.

"Good," replied the other. He sent his crew below to start the motor-driven winches for bow and stern anchors. Soon the hooks came free and the lightship commenced to move ahead, under power of the naval tug lashed alongside.

Later, when the tug departed, Macfee remained aboard the lightship. He had located the East Coast sailor in her crew and the two of them talked in low voices, leaning on the taffrail, watching the tug's mast lights vanish in the night. Hardly had the yellow gleams faded when on the lightship's starboard beam another set of lamps showed. They moved fast, and beneath them smoke gushed from the funnels of two British destroyers, called down from Scapa. The slim craft passed quickly, only the rumble of engines and the hiss of water at their bows being audible. Then they, too, were gone into the night, leaving a tang of burned fuel in their wakes. The East Coast man spoke abruptly.

"I think maybe th' big fella will be showin'—afore mornin'."

"Aye," said Macfee. "I am ver-ra hopeful. 'Twill be mornin' soon." He shook one hairy fist at the dark water alongside. "*Th' dirty Huns! 'Tis nae* war they do. 'Tis murder. I hae heard aboot it—but now I know! Six o' ma oon men hae drowned. . . . May th' Lor-rd hae mercy on their souls!"

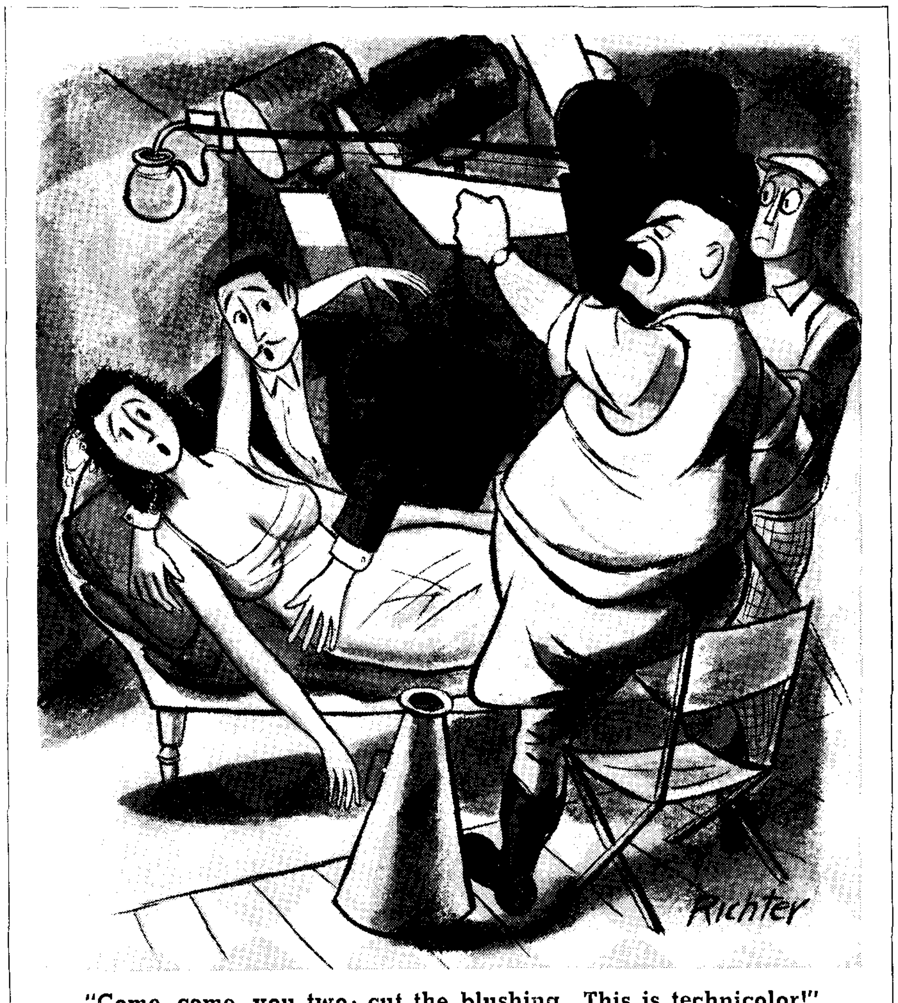
AT FOUR o'clock, when the chill of impending dawn crawled into the watching men aboard the lightship, there was gentle movement on the surface of the sea, two hundred yards distant. Streaks of ghostly white appeared through the gloom, and the flash of a small light. Then came the sound of a hull awash, moving slowly, riffling the water in restrained eddies. Slowly but steadily a dark object took shape against the surrounding gray. The East Coast sailor, excited, grasped Macfee's arm.

"'Tis th' big fella!" he whispered. "I be knowin' 'is sound."

Macfee rumbled in his throat. "Aye," he said. "Gude. Ver-ra gude!"

Then four of the watchers went below, leaving the fifth on deck so that nothing might appear unusual. The lone sailor took up post in the lightship's bow and commenced to stare stolidly across the sea, as though there were naught nearer than the Scottish mainland, ten miles away.

Dawn soon flared. The sky expanded in scarlet glow, ribbed by thin strata of cloud, and to northward, a wall of opal-



"Come, come, you two; cut the blushing. This is technicolor!"

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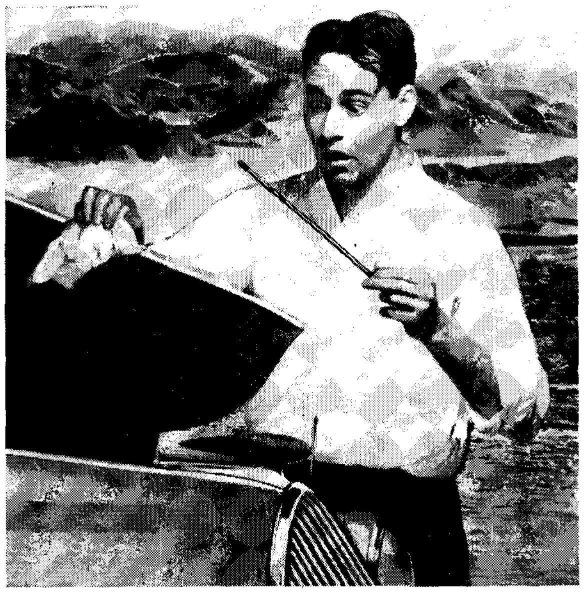

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escent mist rose slowly from the surface. The lightship rolled serenely in the ground swell, while two hundred yards away the gray hull and conning tower of a submarine lay close to the waves. On the German's deck a group of figures moved idly about; officers' caps showed above her bridge rail. Her crew was awakening for a new day, ready to resume cautious watch on North Sea coastal traffic from behind the shelter of the lightship's high sides. A few fishing craft dotted the seascape to eastward; toward Kindon Head there was no sign of shipping.

The lightship's crew, Macfee accompanying them, came up the companion as the watch went below. The four arriving on deck strolled about unconcernedly, casually glancing at the U-boat like an old acquaintance. Only Macfee paused briefly in his strolling to study the submarine's number. He wanted to be certain. There it was. U-303. He shook his head like an angry dog. Then he went into the skipper's cabin for tea and bread.

Three tranquil hours passed.

At ten o'clock the lightship's captain arose from his battered swivel chair, opened a locker, and extracted therefrom a Very signal pistol. Next he crossed the cabin to stare at the U-boat through an open port. He noted the idle activity on her decks, the morning's laundry fluttering from her rails. Then he turned to Macfee, one finger pointing out the port. The Scot's eyes followed.

"Gude!" Macfee said, and smiled. They walked out on deck.

The skipper halted by the forward winch, raised the Very pistol, and pulled the trigger. There was a sharp explosion, a puff of smoke as the rocket mounted up, up, bursting with a muffled boom. A splotch of black blossomed against the sky. The captain lowered the pistol, reloaded, fired again. He waited a full minute, then pulled the trigger for the third time. In the sky, wisps of smoke dispersed in gossamer, peaceful ribbons.

But the submarine, instantly suspicious, became a hive of activity. An officer roared orders from the bridge; scattered seamen came running to the conning tower; the clatter of hatches was audible aboard the lightship. Already, at the U-boat's stern, swirls appeared in the water as the rudders began to slant. The last German sailor vanished into the hull. Then the water astern boiled with a sudden thrust of new-found life, and the long gray hull commenced to move.

Caution now abandoned, Macfee and his four companions crowded the lightship's rail to await the outcome of certain calculations. If the Hun got away, the calculations were in error. But if, after five minutes, the gray hull still was close on the beam, they had withstood the test of precision. Five pairs of eyes watched the U-boat as it nosed southward.

FOR two hundred feet the craft moved confidently. Then there was new commotion in the water astern, the hull slowed and came to a cushioned stop. The propellers lashed, spun, whirred in a frenzy of energy. But the hull remained motionless. Then the propellers reversed, the U-boat trembled her full length, and backed off the sands that pillowed her bow. She swung in a half circle to eastward and nosed forward again. But again came the gentle stop, the lash of propellers, the fury of troubled water, the whirls eddying along her sleek gray sides.

Macfee's roughened hands held tightly to the lightship's bulwark, as though he would compress the rusted metal between his fingers. His eyes, grown narrow beneath shaggy brows, watched the submarine struggle like a giant shark in a land-locked pool. Her wet plates glistened in the morning sun; the numbers on her conning tower were white, like bold chalk symbols. In increasing desperation the water was whipped to froth at her stern. But in every direction her progress was thwarted by the shoal. She lay in a circular depression, encompassed by sand bars that clutched at her snout and held it, until, like a maddened animal, she fought against her fate.

Macfee removed the cold, rank pipe from his lips and for the first time in two weeks laughed. His companions stood curiously silent, absorbed by the U-boat's struggle. Macfee felt a sudden glow of warmth inside, fired by pride and a sense of righteousness. It was his idea, all this. . . . His suggestion that the lightship shift her anchors in the night, to eastward, close by a shoals trap. His reasoning it was that said the U-boat, unknowing, would be caught on the sands when the tide ran out. His insistence that had caused two destroyers to steam down from Scapa and stand by, off Kindon Head. And his pleasure, now, to enjoy the scene.

THE destroyers, in answer to the Very signals, already were tearing seaward from Kindon beneath a spreading canopy of smoke. A half mile distant from the lightship they sheered apart, broke wide, and boiled up to the shoals fanwise. Then there was a gust from their funnels, a cessation in the throw of their engines, the orders for reverse. They reared like charging horses, fell off, and came to gentle headway. Sunlight glistened on the barrels of the forward guns, and on the decks of both ships sailors in round blue caps cheered jubilantly.

One of the forward guns spoke in a burst of flame, and a white column of spume rose high in the air beyond the submarine's conning tower, then melted away in watery vapors. Another shot followed, this one astern. Next a third, not far beyond the bow. Then silence.

In the bright sunlight, the two destroyers stood off the shallows, eager and alert, like terriers. The lightship, her rust-ribbed sides brown and red against the sea, rocked comfortably to the ground swell. The gray submarine, like a stricken fish, floated smoothly, lifelessly, half submerged, within the enveloping sands. Then cautiously a lone head appeared above the rim of her conning tower. The head surveyed the destroyers, then the lightship, then the muddied sea alongside. The cap vanished momentarily.

When it reappeared, above it fluttered a white cloth, which unfolded into a pale streamer before the breeze. Then other German figures came up on deck, their hands high overhead in mute appeal. One of the destroyers lowered a small boat and British sailors tumbled in. The oars rose and fell, rose and fell, flashing in the sun.

Some minutes later the small boat headed back for the destroyer, carrying the U-boat's officers. As the whaler passed the lightship it canted in close to the red sides of the larger vessel. Macfee moved along the bulwark, surveying the sullen faces of the German captives. Soon he found the countenance he sought—ruddy cheeks, a cropped mustache, two arrogant blue eyes.

Carefully Macfee knocked the dottle from his pipe and held it in the palm of one weathered hand. A swell lifted the whaler upward, a trifle closer. Macfee measured the distance, took aim, and threw the tobacco into the red face now staring upward in startled recognition.

"Jolly gude luck!" cried Macfee.

Then the whaler was gone in a flurry of foam and flashing oars, and Macfee's head dropped on his chest. His companions saw his lips move, but only fragments of his speech were audible. . . . "Aye, men, I fetched him. . . . 'Tis gude. We hae paid in kind. . . . May th' Lor-rd hae mercy on . . ."

I'm Glad You Asked Me

Continued from page 12

revolutionary frenzy thinking that President Roosevelt's son Jimmy had raked in a million or so. And Lord knows how, too.

Between doctors with professional frowns, nurses with beaten eggs and thermometers, chart-bearers, surgeons who looked a little too eager and who rubbed their hands together longingly, telephone calls and letter carriers, young Mr. Roosevelt's room had some of the aspects of moving day in a laboratory. No less remarkable was it that Jimmy went right on talking, pausing only long enough to listen to questions, dictate a few memoranda and devote occasional moments to memory-searching during which process he industriously chewed his tongue.

We were there looking for skulduggery. Either Jimmy was being smeared (or his father through him) or it was true that he was an insurance highjacker. The gadflies were after him. They had told us that Jimmy had a way of entering a corporation's offices and demanding that its insurance be transferred to his account unless, of course, the corporation hungered for trouble. Or financially important individuals or groups called in the young man and forced their large insurance affairs upon him in exchange for immunities or grants, favors and preferences.

"Nevertheless, in the scenario you DO refuse his offer of a penthouse!"

KIRK STILES

Naturally such rumors took on bulk. Jimmy, they told us, was making a million at the ancient political insurance racket. Tammany Hall used to work it with gratifying success. In Philadelphia it made millionaires of men who couldn't have kept themselves alive at honest enterprise. In Chicago—but you know that as well as we. The country was merely saying that Jimmy was double-bonding postmasters, that WPA contractors couldn't see the specifications unless Jimmy bonded them, that he had the Federal Housing Administration by the neck. That all he had to do, if you balked at a contract offered you by his insurance firm, was speak to certain senators and you'd be investigated. And even if you were as innocent as Shirley Temple it would cost you a lot of money to prove it. Better, therefore, to sign up with Roosevelt & Sargent, Inc., of Boston.

Anyway it was a most propitious time to launch rumors of this sort—just before somewhat important primaries. We almost forgot to tell you that we also heard that the reason Jimmy went to Washington to work in his father's secretariat was that the President, having been convinced that the young man was throwing discretion out the window—that he was completely guilty of all the worst charges the gadflies were buzzing—had ordered him to resign and move down where a stern parental eye could be kept upon him before he should sell the Boston Common or something.

That's why we were there. Naturally we mentioned all this to Jimmy. Sure, sure, he'd heard. He'd been told.

"You haven't heard, have you," he said, "of the times I've tried to see a fat prospect and was tossed out on my ear? Of the times I got the air? Of the times other guys beat me to a contract?

"Well, there've been plenty. There was a boiler insurance plan we wrote for the North American Company—a blanket contract to combine the boiler insurance of all companies affiliated with North American. The commissions would have been considerable, too. Moreover, our plan would have meant a considerable saving in premiums to the various plants. But we got the contract for only one company. We kept after the rest of it, of course, putting everything we had on the ball. But another broker with a similar plan landed the blanket contract.

"We tried to land a liability contract with Paramount Pictures. Naturally we pulled all the wires we could find and bid $340,000, including, of course, our commission. But the Employers Liability Company made a direct bid, eliminating brokers, through their general manager in New York—Charles D. Hilles, the Republican National Committeeman. His bid was $327,000. And he got it.

"Once we placed a considerable amount of insurance for Stone & Webster. John Sargent got that contract through his personal friendship with E. S. Webster, Sr. But we've lost it. Underbid. And we worked months to land the Edison Electric account—a fat one. We thought we had it sewed up, too. Sargent has no closer friend than the Edison official on whose decision the contract depended. He dines at Sargent's home two or three times a month. They yacht together. That sort of friends. But we didn't get the contract. John's friend told us he'd like to decide in our favor but that we were too high.

"For three years we tried to land Tidewater Oil. All we got was a load of instructive but bitter experience. If it's true that utilities and oil corporations simply have to insure through Jimmy Roosevelt or suffer political consequences—well then, I'm a champion fumbler, booting the ball around like that. I feel fine (or would if I had something to eat) but the doctors tell me that I've been working too hard, trying to do too much, forgetting in my eagerness to do business to take proper care of myself. Maybe then the hours, days, weeks,

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CANADA DRY WATER

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A long tall drink made with Canada Dry Water is extra lively.

EXHIBIT B:

An opened bottle of Canada Dry Water will sparkle for over twenty-four hours in a refrigerator.

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When poured into a long, tall glass, Canada Dry Water shows a steady "Champagne" Sparkle which lasts till the final sip.

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Canada Dry Water makes better tasting drinks, because it has a better sparkle, thanks to Canada Dry's own process, PIN-POINT CARBONATION.

WHENEVER YOU SEE THIS EMBLEM
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IT'S THE SIGN OF A BETTER DRINK

WE SERVE
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The Water with the
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AT NEW LOW PRICES

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inside!

● Time for a fresh tooth brush. This time get Tek that cleans INSIDE surfaces as well as outside. See how easily Tek's small, scientific shape reaches the narrow curve behind your front teeth where bulky brushes so often miss. Genuine, springy bristles. Tek tooth brush, adult size, priced at **50¢**

Tek
TOOTH BRUSH
Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

months I spent trying to get the New York Central business contributed their bit to my illness. I hardly think that's true. But anyway, a competitor took the contract while I was still running around for it.

"I'm telling this for the first time because it is the first time I've been asked. Good Lord! I don't like unfavorable publicity any more than the next guy. Anybody writing or shooting propaganda about me was and is welcome to my records. I should have been very glad to have given all this to any accredited writer. Paul F. Clark, general agent for the John Hancock Insurance Company in Boston, attempted to arrange a meeting for one writer with my partner, John Sargent. Then he tried to make it a dinner engagement and Sargent was eager to accept, volunteering to open all of the firm's files for inspection. But Clark was told by the writer that he, the writer, preferred to get his facts elsewhere. Where? Where could he get them, or at least verify what he had been told, except in our files? And I would have been very glad to have given him my income-tax returns. *Too bad. Too bad.* Who wouldn't hate to be smeared? Who doesn't? I suppose, though, that I hate most having the President smeared through me. Snide work.

"In 1932 John Sargent and I tried to insure Edsel Ford for $10,000,000. I had what I still think was a brilliant idea—fruitless, of course, but I insist it was a swell idea. There was a good deal of panic in the country, you remember. All our national financial institutions had the jitters—trying to convert every asset into cash or gold. I thought it might have a good stabilizing influence—rehabilitate morale, you know—especially in the insurance companies, if some financial giant—say Ford—did something salutary like making a huge investment in life insurance. Incidentally our commissions would have been—but you understand.

"We found that the insurance companies at the time would sell short-term investment and endowment contracts. So we devised a short-term endowment plan—$10,000,000—on the life of Edsel Ford. The initial premium was to be $9,400,000. The policy would pay $10,000,000 in five years or at death—either one. The investment return to the Fords would be three per cent for five years and then the premiums could be left on deposit indefinitely at a guaranteed rate of three and a half per cent.

A Handicap in Any Business

"What a trade that would have been for the Fords—as things turned out. That policy today would be netting, with surplus interest, $375,000 a year. Mister, that's money. But we didn't get away with it. We couldn't sell the plan to the Fords because, I believe, the Fords did not regard life insurance companies as natural depositories and, being quite conservative, they were disinclined to depart from their customary banking policy.

"Sure, sure! We've failed to land contracts. Listen: There are a lot of people in this country who don't give a damn whose son I am. And—oh yes—please say for me that since I've been my father's secretary, since I have been in Washington I have not solicited nor attempted to solicit—no, and I haven't accepted—a single dollar of insurance from anyone, any time, anywhere. Anything to the contrary is a miserable lie.

"How did I get into the insurance business? Listen, before I go into that, tell me if I'm screwy for having the idea that, being the President's son, they'd have been calling me a crook no matter what business I'd entered—provided of course that I had been successful. If I'd graduated from Boston University law school and had practiced law privately or in the government service—well, use your imagination. If I had opened a neat little corner grocery store and was making anything above the rent they'd have been saying that relief money would have had to be spent in my store—or else. And speaking of groceries. . . . Listen, if I mention food again, stop me.

"My trouble seems to be a mixture of being the son of the President and not failing in business. I put in four years at Harvard—an old family custom. I didn't get my degree because I flunked languages. And I didn't have enough on *the ball to get into the Harvard Law* School. So I entered the law school of Boston University in 1930 just after returning from my honeymoon.

"I got along all right. I discovered that most of the men in my class were working their way through and that started me thinking that I should do something about income. I had about three hundred dollars a year from the trust fund that father had set up. My tuition was being paid. But I needed money. I had a wife to support. Going to work has been looked upon with favor in my family for generations. Maybe you've noticed it. We're rather an active crowd. And I derive from both branches of the Roosevelt family. Whatever else you may think of us you can't say we're lazy.

"Anyway, I went to the dean and told him my story. What could I do? Well, I had a hunch I'd like to sell insurance. I don't know whether you remember it but at one time, before he was governor of New York, Father was vice-president of the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland. I had been in his office a lot. I had heard them discuss insurance. I'm not at all sure I understood much of what I heard but the impression remained—a good impression. And perhaps it was because I had read a book or two on insurance. I thought I'd like to try it. How did you get into journalism? Thought you'd like it? Sure.

"I had something of a tendency to shyness—not painfully so, nor was I too self-conscious. But there was a shyness, and I knew—or thought I knew—that one might cure himself of all that if he mingled with a great many people—called on them at their offices, was compelled to try to convince them. Sure, I wanted a job selling insurance.

"The dean introduced me to Victor de Gerard, a graduate of Boston University, who had opened an agency and seemed to think I'd be worth twenty-five dollars a week—spare time. Anyway, that's what he gave me. They're saying that de Gerard took me on because he was convinced that one day my father would be President and that my name would be an asset. I doubt that—think it's nonsense. However I'm not very much concerned in what de Gerard thought. And anyway he wasn't that sort. But for twenty-five dollars I went to work in my spare time. Of course in the summer I worked full time. Got fifty for full time.

"I spent the first two months at the Maryland Casualty School in Boston, putting in such hours as I could find. I was still studying law and trying to sell insurance. As I recall it I was a bit busy. But I did sell some insurance. Let's see: There was a jewelry policy to my grandmother. And someone else took a jewelry policy. And an accident policy. I wasn't sensationally successful. The reason for that lack of success will, I feel pretty sure, be laid to the fact that I was not yet the son of the President of the United States and could not coerce prospects nor pave their way to favors in government departments or be their special pleader in courts wherein they needed a friend.

Under No Illusions

"Or maybe my failure to fetch a lot of *business into Mr. de Gerard's office was* because he was decent enough to keep me in the office most of the time, where I was learning something of the fundamentals of the business—you know, contracts and so on. Anyway I brought him no business except what the family gave me. Oh, yes, I insured my father-in-law's, Dr. Cushing's, automobile too. But I was learning.

"Anyway things were not going so well for de Gerard when the Southern Corporation came along. The Southern Corporation was a promotional group, putting money into whatever they imagined might pay dividends if properly exploited. I had finished one year of law school. Father had become a national figure. The name Roosevelt was likely to become an asset. See?

"So the Southern Corporation put money into Victor de Gerard's company in 1931 and made me vice-president. Get this: I was still a law student but they offered me $15,000 a year to be vice-president. I wasn't being kidded. I knew perfectly well that they were paying for the name and for any value the name might have. I had no illusions that as an insurance solicitor I was worth $15,000 on my ability alone. But they did things in a grand manner—opened beautiful offices in Boston and a branch in New York. Me, I was newly married, needed money, thought it was wonderful. It lasted three months.

"I'm not exactly sure what I was supposed to do; I merely know what I did. I quit law school. Even if I'd completed law school and started out as a brand-new lawyer, who was going to pay me $15,000 to start? Ask any lawyer. Anyway I quit school and I don't know yet whether everybody concerned was satisfied with that. I merely figured that a salary of $15,000 bought all my time. Mind you, nobody suggested that I do anything shady, unethical or the like. As a matter of fact all I did was to go to work in beautiful offices for $15,000. And, as I say, it was too good to last. Three months.

"Of course Victor de Gerard was getting $15,000 too. *Well, it wasn't long* before the Southern Corporation discovered that they'd overinvested in us.

In the second article Jimmy Roosevelt tells about his dealings in

LIQUOR INSURANCE
PUBLIC UTILITIES INSURANCE
MARINE INSURANCE

Loose organization. Bad direction. It lost a lot of money—just how much I'm not sure. Anyway, it was taken over by the old firm of John Paulding Meade Company of Boston. And I was taken into the Meade organization as a broker. No guaranteed salary. Just what I could make in commissions. And that, mister, was something else. Quite a drop from $15,000.

"If I'm long-winded about this, try to be patient. God knows what they're saying about all these changes I made while trying to get started. The change turned out well for me because it was while I was with John Paulding Meade that I met John Sargent. He had been in the insurance brokerage business for some years. I spent lots of time listening to Sargent.

"But presently, early in 1932, Meade got into financial difficulties. Jimmy Roosevelt was about to be out of another job. However, Meade's firm was taken over for its account by the OBrion, Russell Company. I was just a bit fed up with shifting around like that and asked John Sargent, 'Would you mind letting me hook onto you—teach me the business?' And Sargent suggested that we form a corporation—Roosevelt & Sargent. De Gerard elected to continue on his own for a while but presently gave it up and took a teaching job at Harvard.

"No, I don't want to be naïve. Neither do I want to seem falsely modest. Perhaps it's so that my name—the prestige of my father—helped me. Certainly Father gave me no direct aid. I had never asked him to speak for me. And anybody who says or suggests that he would have aided me in any questionable way, had I asked him to, is, of course, a liar—a rather cowardly liar whom I'd like personally but briefly to meet. After I've had a little something to eat. . . .

"I don't think I needed complete guidance, anyway, once I got going. Particularly with John Sargent. I learned how to land on my feet when I was tossed out and I learned that you can usually get on pretty well if you have something better to offer a prospect, if you can save him premium money, if you can write him the contract he wants. After all, businessmen ask only what their customers ask—that is, their money's worth.

That Columbia Business

"Moreover, I'd made a lot of friends. I've said before that my name got me into a lot of places I might not have got into had it been something else—if my father hadn't been President. And that's all right, too. If you want to do business with a man you get in to see him by whatever legitimate means you can. Sitting on his doorstep for hours is necessary. And I've done plenty of that. And certainly you use your friends. There was the Columbia Broadcasting Company insurance, for example.

"One day Sargent and I were in the office of H. H. Armstrong, vice president of the Travelers Insurance Company. The New York office called up. Did Armstrong know how the New York manager could get to Mr. Paley, President of Columbia? Armstrong looked at us. I called up Joe Kennedy—Joseph P. Kennedy, who is now ambassador to Great Britain. Joe said sure, he knew Paley, and that he knew Herbert Bayard Swope, a director, too.

"The Travelers company wanted to submit a bid on a group insurance contract that Columbia was considering. Well, Joe Kennedy arranged for me to see Herb Swope who in turn fixed it for me to see Mr. Runyon, treasurer of Columbia. Just like that. Runyon was having his ears talked off by other firms too. But what our competitors offered was the ordinary group insurance. Runyon wasn't keen about that.

"He wanted something better than mere group insurance. If an employee has just group insurance his equity in that policy expires when and if he leaves the firm. Could we give Runyon a contract wherein the participants had a permanent life contract such as any individual could buy? Sargent and I worked on that for hours and after a lot of work induced Columbia to offer to every employee a blanket ordinary life contract coupled with the usual group insurance coverage. Whereupon, Columbia asked all our competitors to draw up the same sort of contract. Some said it was impossible. Others just shook their heads. We got that contract. We gave Columbia what it asked for. That's what we were there to do—if possible.

A Fine Chance for Scandal

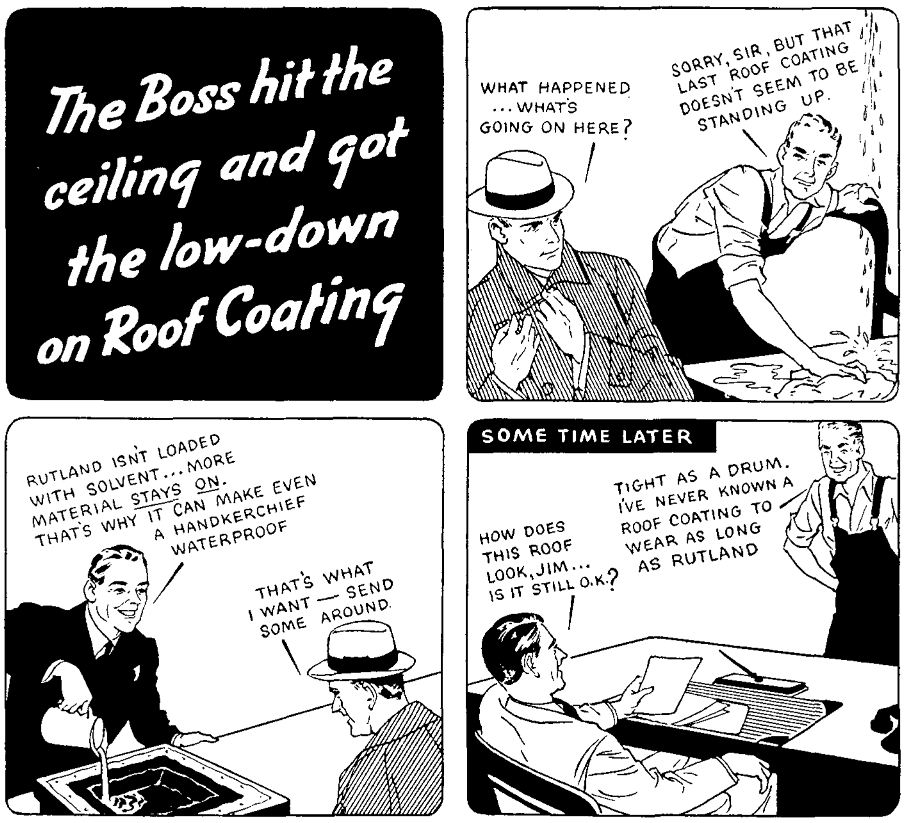
"Yes, yes, yes. It will be said (or am I a bit late?) that Columbia had to give me their insurance or suffer at the hands of the Federal Communications Commission. That's nothing. They tell me that not one government dam is being built by a private corporation that offered the lowest bid. And just because that low-bidding company resisted my demand for its insurance. I wish some of these people would take their cases to some hard-hitting Anti-New Deal senator and have me investigated—if they have any facts. Come to think of it, it's odd none of them has thought of that. Why not make a thorough smear of it? Come on—let's go. What a chance for scandal!

"I suppose you've heard, too, that Roosevelt & Sargent are the biggest insurers of whisky in the country. Moreover, I am supposed to have helped Joe Kennedy organize Somerset Importers, Ltd., exclusive American agents for Haig & Haig and John Dewar whiskies. In return for this assistance to Joe Kennedy (listen, mister, when I reach the stage where I can help Joe Kennedy set up a business structure, I'll brag about it) in return for this assistance, Joe Kennedy gave me all the insurance of his cargoes.

"Whoever started that is either purposely lying or just didn't want to investigate. Neither Roosevelt & Sargent nor either of us as individuals has directly or indirectly insured so much as a bottle of whisky imported into the United States. Nor have we ever attempted to. No exceptions. No exceptions. None. Before sowing rumors of that sort they should look up the law. Insurance on imports of whisky must be placed at the port of export. To go a bit further, neither Sargent nor I nor our company is in any way affiliated with any agency that insures any whisky imported into this country. Is that plain enough?"

And Collier's reproduces photostats of his federal income tax returns for the years 1932 (before the Roosevelts went to Washington), 1933 and 1934

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S



The Boss hit the ceiling and got the low-down on Roof Coating
WHAT HAPPENED ... WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
SORRY, SIR, BUT THAT LAST ROOF COATING DOESN'T SEEM TO BE STANDING UP.
RUTLAND ISN'T LOADED WITH SOLVENT... MORE MATERIAL STAYS ON. THAT'S WHY IT CAN MAKE EVEN A HANDKERCHIEF WATERPROOF
THAT'S WHAT I WANT — SEND SOME AROUND.
SOME TIME LATER
HOW DOES THIS ROOF LOOK, JIM... IS IT STILL O.K.?
TIGHT AS A DRUM. I'VE NEVER KNOWN A ROOF COATING TO WEAR AS LONG AS RUTLAND

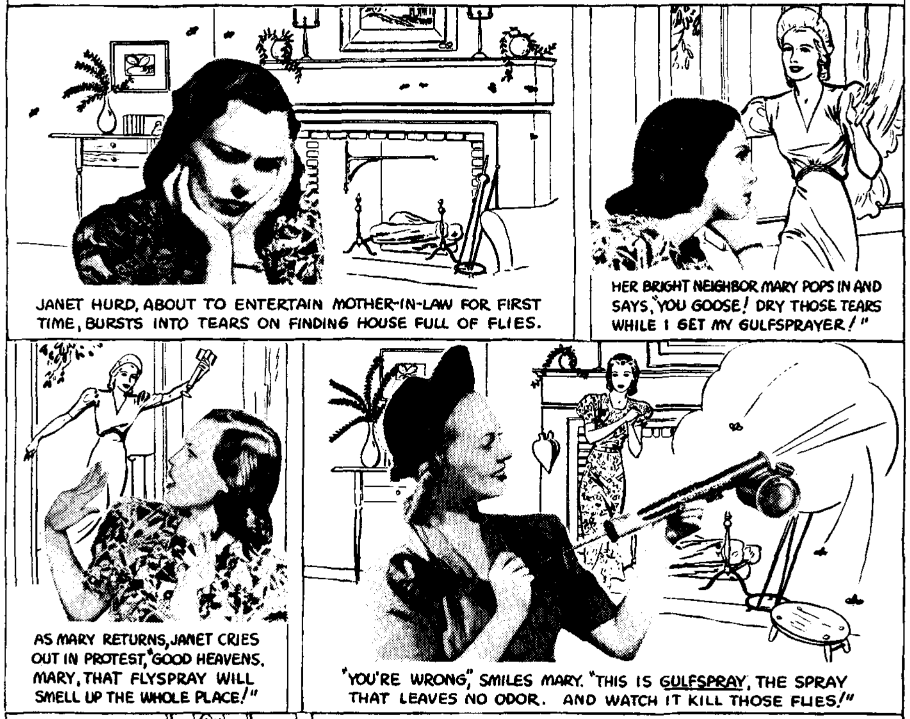
Why RUTLAND Roof Coating Wears Longer

Rutland No-Tar-In Roof Coating waterproofs better because it isn't "loaded" with solvent. More material per gallon *stays on*—forming a heavy, tough film of asphalt and asbestos fibres. Costs only 1½¢ to 2¢ a sq. ft. Ideal for all roofs except shingles. If local dealer does not carry, write Rutland Fire Clay Co., Rutland, Vermont.

RUTLAND
NO-TAR-IN
ROOF COATING
1 U.S. GALLON

P. S. For badly worn holes, around flashings, etc.—use Rutland No. 4 Plastic Cement.

THE BRIDE WAS FRANTIC


JANET HURD, ABOUT TO ENTERTAIN MOTHER-IN-LAW FOR FIRST TIME, BURSTS INTO TEARS ON FINDING HOUSE FULL OF FLIES.

HER BRIGHT NEIGHBOR MARY POPS IN AND SAYS, "YOU GOOSE! DRY THOSE TEARS WHILE I GET MY GULFSPRAYER!"

AS MARY RETURNS, JANET CRIES OUT IN PROTEST, "GOOD HEAVENS, MARY, THAT FLYSPRAY WILL SMELL UP THE WHOLE PLACE!"

"YOU'RE WRONG," SMILES MARY. "THIS IS GULFSPRAY, THE SPRAY THAT LEAVES NO ODOR. AND WATCH IT KILL THOSE FLIES!"

WHEN MOTHER-IN-LAW ARRIVES, THERE'S NEITHER ODOR NOR FLIES. LOOKS LIKE JANET'S OFF TO A GREAT START!

GULFSPRAY KILLS GARDEN PESTS AS WELL AS FLIES AND MOSQUITOES —AND IT WON'T HARM PLANTS.

SPECIAL GARDEN OFFER! FLOWER-CLIPPER SHEARS (USUALLY 75¢) FOR ONLY 35¢ WITH COUPON FROM QUART OR PINT OF GULFSPRAY! AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE OR GOOD GULF DEALER.

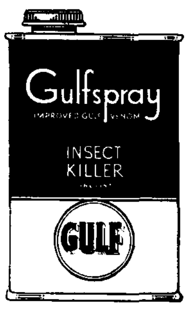
GULFSPRAY

THE SURER INSECT KILLER

LOWEST PRICES EVER!

25¢ PINT (OTHER ECONOMICAL SIZES, TOO)

GULF PETROLEUM SPECIALTIES, PITTSBURGH, PA.



The Spymaster

Continued from page 19

He smiled reassurance. He had thrown off some part of his dejection now. The sailor light was back in his eyes and some of the lines had gone from his sunburned face. A cynical critic who knew him well might have declared that the mask was down.

"I flatter myself, really," he told her, "when I pretend that my work is sufficiently important to keep me wholly from my pleasures. Thursday is your next day for receiving us who have the honor of being your intimates, isn't it? I shall present myself."

"And you will be very welcome," she assured him. "The list grows no longer. I want to talk to you seriously."

"A slight disappointment, that," he smiled, "but it shall be seriously, if you will, so long as there are a few minutes for ourselves. I should like to talk of Washington with you—of Rome and the old days."

She shook her head.

"Not Rome now," she objected. "Washington always. You remember when we used to ride in the mornings?"

"I remember losing my heart to you."

Her little pout was a delicate gesture.

"You are a sailor," she reminded him. "You always told me that no one else would have got you on the back of a horse, and when I saw you there I almost believed you—and now you stay away just when I need you most."

"Why do you need me?"

"I WANT to understand," she said. "It seems to me that all Europe is drifting into something very serious. One wishes to help. One wishes direction. They say," she went on, raising her eyes and looking at him directly, "that a good deal of knowledge lies behind that still face of yours, Guy."

"Everything that I know I will share with you," he promised. "With a few trifling exceptions, of course."

"Such as the size of your latest battleship, I suppose, and the name of the little ballerina with whom you took supper last week?"

"Naturally, serious knowledge like that is kept in a secret chamber," he admitted. "Still, it is rather fun to part with the key, sometimes!"

"I wonder how much you have changed, really, Guy," she meditated.

"You shall ask me on Thursday."

She rose to her feet. She was either a wonderful actress or she was reluctant to go.

"Our few minutes have drifted away," she complained, "and there are heaps of things I really wanted to ask you, I really wanted to understand. On Thursday you must give me a whole hour."

He bent over her fingers.

"Nothing," he promised, "shall keep me away."

She summoned one of the young secretaries who had been waiting for her with a list in his hand, and passed out into the crowded room with him at her side. Cheshire watched her steadily, almost stonily. He watched her until she had disappeared, then he turned to the champagne that the footman had brought and they had forgotten. He drank his wine thoughtfully. The wife of his friend Henry Prestley, the playmate of his own younger days, had given him something to think about. He found himself wondering. . . .

"Cheshire, the one man I was looking for!"

There was a note of eagerness in the tone of the very magnificent personage who had almost pushed his way through a little throng on the other side of the great staircase. General Lord Robert Mallinson, for many years considered the handsomest man in the British army, presented still a fine figure, in his full dress uniform with his long row of decorations. His black hair was streaked with gray but his movements and a certain innate alertness kept him well within the bounds of early middle age.

"Are you going to feed with the lions?" he asked.

Cheshire shook his head.

"Not I. I was prowling about looking for the buffet."

"I'm with you," the general exclaimed. "What a stroke of luck! Come along. I can show you the way. No one seems to have found it out yet."

They descended to the ground floor and secured an absolutely retired corner in a huge room occupied for the moment only by a small crowd of attentive waiters.

"Caviar, with cold chicken, ham and salad to follow, for me," the general ordered. "Not too much of that mayonnaise stuff. There's no champagne here that isn't good. We'll have a bottle, eh, Cheshire?"

"Rather!"

"A cocktail first," Mallinson insisted. "Look here, old chap, this is a stroke of luck. We are just the two men in London who ought not to meet, I suppose, and here we are doing it without a soul to wonder what we are talking about."

"What are we going to talk about?" Cheshire inquired.

Mallinson moved his chair slightly.

"I want you," the general proposed, "to come and see the chief with me as soon as an appointment can be arranged."

"Anything fresh?"

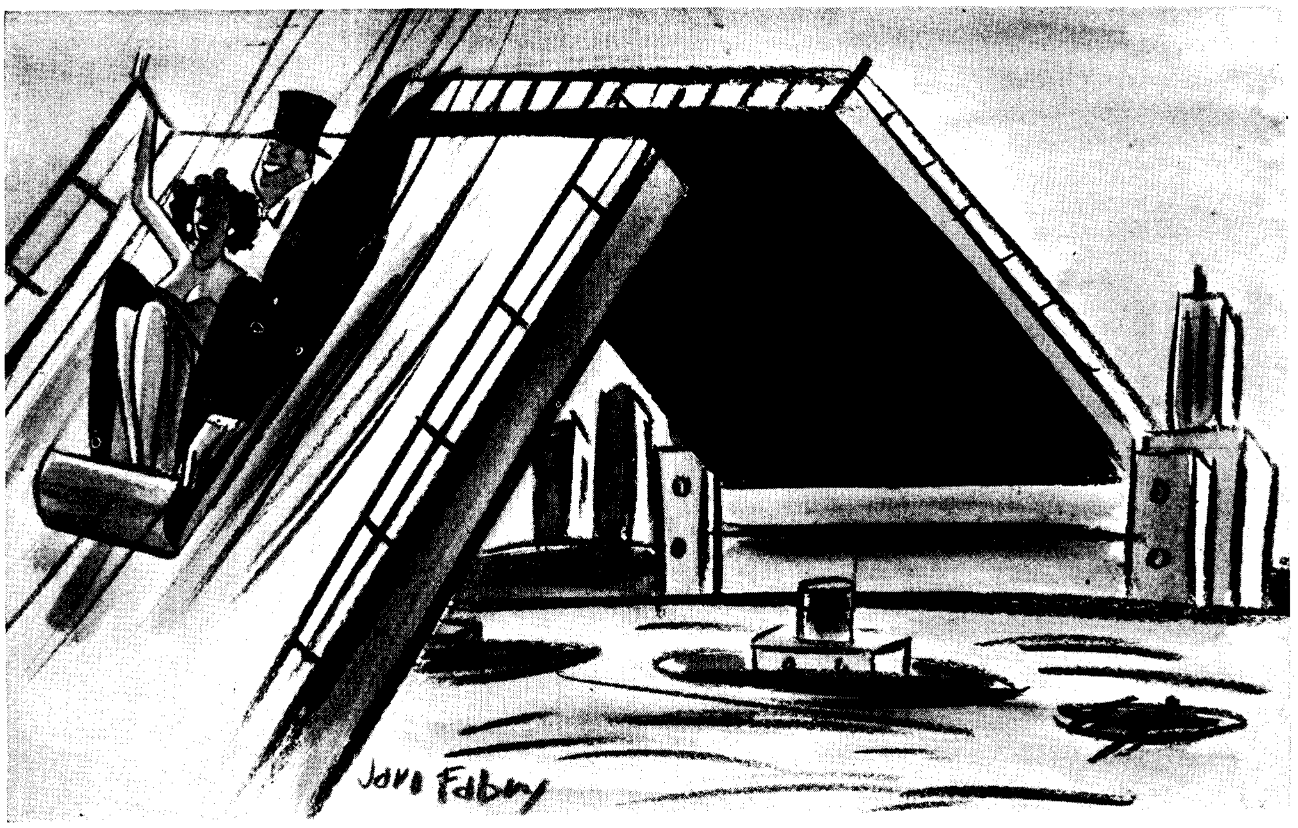
"No, it's an idea," was the rather somber reply.

THE cocktails were brought and there was an interlude of several moments. Then Mallinson continued.

"We all know the position. A month or so ago it looked as though trouble were inevitable, and we are not ready for it, you know, Cheshire. We are not ready for it yet," he added emphatically.

"Go on!" Cheshire begged. "Don't shout."

"The chief, all on his own, took a bold step," the general said in a slightly lower voice. "He gave diplomacy and a certain prominent official the go-by. He personally approached the three countries who make Europe. He asked that they should each receive a special envoy from here to discuss some of these difficult matters and if necessary he offered a meeting with himself, supposing an impasse was reached. It meant trouble with some of the small



"This is costing me plenty—but I'm having fun"

JARO FABRY

ACROSS THE NATION

SOCONY-VACUUM

The Friendly Sign of the Flying Red Horse Tells You Where to Buy these Mobil Specialties!

MOBIL UPPERLUBE

Mobil Upperlube

Add it to your gasoline. Mobil Upperlube reaches the engine as a vapor. Its special impregnating ingredient protects upper cylinder walls, piston rings and valve stems from rust and wear. Reduces carbon. Quiets engine.

MOBIL HYDROTONE

Stops radiator rusting and corrosion. Prevents scale and clogging. Simply add it to the water, and corrosive action stops. Leaks are prevented and overheating avoided. One can protects for months. It's a vital need for *every* car.

Mobil Hydrotone

MOBIL HANDY OIL

A light, penetrating, non-gumming oil. Lubricates all electric appliances, sewing machines, washing machines, bicycles, toys. Fine for automobile generators, hinges and for other car uses. Prevents rust. Use it on locks, firearms and fishing equipment. Convenient wall bracket free with every can.

Mobil Handy Oil

BUY WHERE YOU SEE THE MOBILOIL OR MOBILGAS SIGN

GARGOYLE Mobiloil

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Mobil Specialties

MOBILGLOSS • MOBILWAX • MOBILWAX PAD
MOBIL HANDY OIL • MOBIL RADIATOR FLUSH
MOBIL WINDOW SPRAY • MOBIL UPPERLUBE
MOBIL HYDROTONE • MOBIL SPOT REMOVER

BY THE MAKERS OF MOBILOIL

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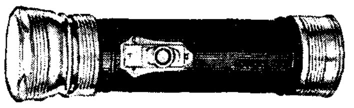

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fry, of course, and one or two of them have had to go. Has anything struck you, Cheshire, about our progress since those offers were courteously received by the various great men concerned?"

The admiral's eyes glittered for a moment.

"It has," he admitted. "I have come to the conclusion, within the last three days, that although every one of them is keeping the thing open, they are placing every possible obstacle in the way of these discussions. They are playing for time."

"You're right," the general declared. "That's exactly the conclusion I have come to. You are with me so far, then?"

"Absolutely."

"Now I'm going to move a step farther," his companion continued. "We neither of us talk about our jobs. There are millions of English people who do not know that I am the head of the real secret service so far as the army is concerned, and that you occupy the same position with regard to the navy. We have exchanged confidences at various times during the last few years. Just lately we have not come together. It's time we did. I have something to say to you, Cheshire."

"Go ahead."

"THEY are playing for time, each one of these countries to whom the chief addressed his appeal for discussions. They want to find out how much is true of all this mighty rearmament business that the papers have been full of. They want to know how we are getting on with it and how much of it is a bluff. You know what that means? They have doubled their spies in this country. I don't mind telling you we have had a horrible week of it—details we don't discuss, of course—but we have twenty-three men in prison at the present moment—some from Woolwich, one or two from Aldershot, half a dozen from the war office itself—who will never see much of the daylight again. What about you?"

"Almost the same story," was the grim reply. "My department is working day and night and I have eleven branches and four new traveling ones that are secret to everyone except myself. Your idea is perfectly right, General. They are holding off until they know the truth and they are making a big drive to get to know it, too."

The supper was brought. They leaned back in their chairs. Mallinson lit a cigarette. They were served by a maître d'hôtel in plain clothes. Cheshire looked at him curiously as he bowed his greetings.

"Your face seems familiar," Cheshire remarked. "Tell me your name."

The man produced a card and handed it over.

"Antonio Machinka," Mallinson exclaimed. "Machinka's Restaurant in Jermyn Street anything to you?"

"My property, General. I should be proud to welcome you or your friends any time. My restaurant is very popular, a little too popular at times, but I have several attractive suites if you should require privacy."

There was not a ghost of a smile upon Machinka's face. His were the pale cheeks, the earnest manner, the pleasant voice of the Anglicized Italian. Mallinson thrust the card into his pocket.

"We will remember," he promised. "Just now, keep the waiters away as much as you can, there's a good fellow. The admiral and I have not met lately and we have plenty to talk about."

"It shall be as you wish, sir," the man replied, departing with a little bow.

Cheshire sipped his wine.

"Mysterious chaps, these foreigners, sometimes," he remarked thoughtfully. "Know anything about him, General?"

"Nothing, and what I did know a year ago might not be of any account today."

"He's on my list," the admiral reflected. "You should have him on yours, too."

"You are well up to date, my friend." Cheshire leaned over the table.

"I try to be. One of the mystery women in London for whom we watch most closely," he confided, "dined in a suite of Machinka's last week. We think we know with whom. We are not quite sure. We are waiting till next time. I don't mind telling you that the headwaiter who looks after those suites is our man. We had hard work to get him there, as, although he is a foreigner, he is married to an Englishwoman. Queer his turning up. You heard how that submarine there was nearly such a row about was identified after she had been sunk in Spanish waters?"

"I only knew that she was identified and the fuss that they were trying to make had to be stopped pretty quickly," the general replied.

"The information came to us from Suite A at Machinka's. A small world, General. We have compared notes. We agree. Now what are we going to do about it all?"

"We must see the chief as soon as possible," Mallinson insisted. "Remember that, shrewd fellow though he may be, he has no personal outlook upon the details of what is going on. He can only see through the eyes of his satellites. It is up to us to ram the truth home to him as to what is happening and try to make him see exactly the way one at least of our friends on the Continent is trying to double-cross us."

"I will come," Cheshire promised, "and I will do my best, but I don't mind telling you, General, that the most difficult part of our task is not the work itself, is not the getting on the track of these people and hunting them down, it is getting the danger that they represent under the hide of the average British bourgeois statesman. In their hearts they don't believe in spies. That's where the modern fiction writer has done us such an ill turn. He has written these spy stories so long that they have become only humorous. They have ceased to be convincing. The British public does not believe in spies. If we were only to bring out a dozen of them, like our friend in Moscow, try them publicly and shoot them, in the Tower, it would do us a thundering lot of good."

"Our bosses won't do it," Mallinson observed gloomily. "You are quite right, Cheshire. It is fantastic the way they smile, even when we can prove that we are up against real and serious trouble."

THE general looked at his friend steadily. They were silent while their glasses were refilled. Machinka's figure was always there in the background—suave and eager.

"That fellow will end with his back to the wall some day," Cheshire continued. "He was raided twice in Soho—faked-up charge organized by us. He was harboring spies and it was a difficult locality. He bought his present restaurant with foreign money. Thinks he's safe."

Mallinson rose to his feet.

"Well," he said, "it's been a pleasant chat. See you tomorrow, Cheshire."

He made his way back into the crowd. Cheshire remained for a few minutes longer, smoking a final cigarette in thoughtful solitude. For the second time in rather an interesting evening, he was hesitating. When at last he made his departure, he paused as he passed Machinka, who was preparing with a low bow to usher him out.

"I was trying to think," he said slowly, "who it was mentioned your restaurant the other day, Machinka. Good chef you have, haven't you?"

"Excellent, sir. Excellent."

"Good service, too, I was told, and some real old Chianti. Ah, I remember! It was Captain Rawson of the Devastation—off his ship just now and acting as one of my assistants at the admiralty. You remember Captain Rawson, Machinka?"

The latter's face wore the slightly worried expression of a maître d'hôtel who fails to recognize the name of a client.

"There are so many sometimes," he apologized. "One hears the names and forgets. A gentleman of your own age, sir?"

Cheshire smiled.

"He would not be flattered. It must have been someone else. Good night. Thanks for looking after us. Good night."

Machinka bowed with even more than his usual courtesy. Afterward, he stood for a few moments without moving, gazing with an air of disquietude after his departing patron.

FOUR men on the evening of the following day, seated in heavy mahogany chairs around a bridge table within the sacred purlieus of the St. George's Club, leaned back with the relaxed air that follows upon the completion of a closely contested rubber. They were all men of some distinction. One was Henry D. Prestley, American banker, husband of the Princess Sabine Pelucchi and host of the previous night's great diplomatic reception. His partner was Sir Herbert Melville, Deputy Commissioner of the Police. His two opponents were General Lord Robert Mallinson and Lord Fakenham, the latter a press magnate, owner of half a dozen newspapers and many periodicals.

"A cheap rubber for you fellows, considering your shocking overcalling," Fakenham observed as he rang the bell for a waiter. "I can have a drink now with a clear conscience. Join me, gentlemen. I can afford to treat you. I make it that I win forty-two pounds."

"You are too infernally lucky," Mallinson grumbled. "However, I'll drink a whisky-and-soda with you."

The orders were given. The door of the private room was quietly opened. Cheshire, alert and debonair, notwithstanding a slight stoop, made his appearance. Fakenham drew a sigh of relief.

"Now if you fellows want to go on," he said, "you have a fourth. As for me—I am tired. But I'll watch for a time."

A long-drawn-out rubber finished some time after Fakenham had taken his leave. Cheshire glanced at a very handsome clock that stood upon the chimneypiece. It was one of those modern creations fashioned to tell the time without any audible indication of progress. Everything in the room was made for silence, to enable the greatest brains in Europe to struggle more successfully with the problems of their latest diversion.

"Rotten time to finish a rubber," he remarked. "Half past seven."

Sir Herbert grunted.

"An unpleasant reminiscence," he said. "If I were really a faithful servant of my country I should call in at the Yard on my way home and go through the evening reports."

"Digging up mares' nests," the general suggested chaffingly.

"Queer chaps, you Britishers," Prestley sighed. "I don't know why it is that directly a soldier retires he becomes a devastating critic of all military operations. A sailor takes you on one side and tells you that his country is at the mercy of anyone with half a dozen submarines up his sleeve."

"And a policeman?" the admiral interposed. "Don't forget the policeman, Prestley."

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"What about another rubber?" Cheshire asked patiently. "It's better than being criticized by this glib-tongued millionaire."

"Since the navy took to revoking," Sir Herbert declared, "this game is getting too expensive for me. I'll play another rubber if I can be insured against cutting with Cheshire."

THE latter's profanity for the next few seconds was both instructive and awesome. The deputy commissioner rang the bell.

"You are fined drinks around for using language like that," he said sternly. "Give your orders, gentlemen. The admiral will sign the chit."

"Once in my life," Cheshire grunted, "have I revoked in this club and never shall I hear the last of it. It cost us precisely nothing at all. We won the rubber afterward. However, I've told you what I think of you and I'll pay for the drinks with pleasure. Pink gin for me, Brooks," he added, looking up as the waiter approached.

"Dry Martini," Sir Herbert murmured.

"Mixed vermouth for me," Prestley chose after reflection.

"A glass of the dry amontillado for me," the general decided.

"And what about me?" demanded a man who had opened the door a few seconds before. "Am I left out of this orgy? I warn you I am going to cut in."

"Who cares?" the admiral exclaimed. "I'm paying for the drinks and you can have this crowd so far as contract bridge is concerned. They're overcautious, George. That's what's the matter with them. They won't call their hands, they get left and they grumble."

The newcomer, George Marsden, a well-known permanent official in the foreign office, glanced at the clock. A smile parted his lips and his expression, always amiable but sometimes a little too serious, relaxed.

"The hour has struck," he said. "I'll take a dry Martini."

The waiter departed. The five men were alone in the room. Marsden drew up a chair close to Sir Herbert's.

"No Continental news, I suppose?" the latter asked him.

Marsden shook his head.

"I am calling at the foreign office on my way home," he confided. "There will be the usual evening messages from the two capitals we are chiefly interested in. Nothing else has transpired."

The drinks arrived. Cheshire signed for them and rose to his feet.

"I have a leaning toward domesticity," he declared.

There was a subdued jeer from everybody. The admiral, more than once, had been said to be the least married man in the service and his bachelor parties were famous.

"You've got your four," he pointed out. "You don't need me, anyway. I must think of my country. All very well for you landlubbers, but I may be on the bridge of a battleship in a week's time."

"Swashbuckler!" Melville muttered.

Cheshire turned toward the door.

"It's a nice club, this," he remarked. "A warm, cozy little place for a dreary evening. All the same, it has its drawbacks. Less than a fiver that revoke cost you, policeman, yet the memory still rankles. Good night, you others."

Cheshire stood for a moment or two upon the steps of the club considering the weather. The commissionaire, with an open umbrella, glanced up at him from the pavement.

"Nasty night, sir," he said. "Shall I call you a taxi or is your car here?"

"I think I'll have a taxi."

The man whistled. The taxi arrived. Cheshire was piloted across the rain-splashed pavement.

"Where to, sir?"

"The admiralty. The arch entrance."

Before they had gone a hundred yards Cheshire stopped the taxi.

"Drive down Lambeth way," he ordered.

"Which end of Lambeth do you want, sir?"

"The post office."

The man drove on. Arrived at his destination, Cheshire alighted and with his collar turned up and his Homburg hat pulled over his eyes, entered the place and made his way to one of the counters.

"Letters for Henry Copeland?" he inquired.

The clerk in attendance disappeared. When he returned he was holding a long typewritten envelope.

"Henry Copeland?"

Cheshire stretched out his hand.

"That's right," he said.

The young man went about his business. Cheshire, with the letter in his pocket, left the place and stepped back into the taxicab. For a moment he hesitated.

"The admiralty," he ordered.

They drove off. Twice Cheshire drew the letter from his pocket and each time he replaced it. Arrived at the admiralty, he paid off the man, made his way along divers passages to a row of lifts, mounted to the top floor, traversed another long corridor and paused before a door guarded by two commissionaires in uniform. They both saluted gravely as Cheshire entered the room. He passed a long line of clerks through a small chartroom and finally opened a private office at the end with a key that he took from his chain. He closed the door behind him. A young man, who had sprung to his feet outside, followed him in.

"Do you require Captain Rawson, sir?" he asked. "He has just gone into the lower chartroom."

"Not at present."

"Commander Hincks, sir?"

"No one for a few minutes."

THE young man disappeared. Cheshire opened a massive roll-top desk and pulled down the electric light. Slowly and with a visible reluctance, he drew the letter from his pocket. He laid it on the blotting pad before him and fingered a paper cutter. For several moments he hesitated. A queer look of indecision seemed to have come into his face. He tapped the letter with the end of the cutter and then very slowly slit open the envelope and drew out half a sheet of foolscap and a folded slip of tracing paper. Word by word he read the contents of the note. He turned it over hastily and looked at some figures on the other side. Then he spread out before him what appeared to be a portion of a plan. He stared at it for several minutes.

Afterward he returned the letter and the tracing to the envelope and slipped the latter underneath the blotting pad. He leaned a little back in his chair. His fingers were interlaced. Something of the lighthearted humanity seemed to have gone from his expression, the lines to have sunk a little deeper, his eyes to be filled with something that seemed like a desire for escape from some hideous dilemma. So he sat for several

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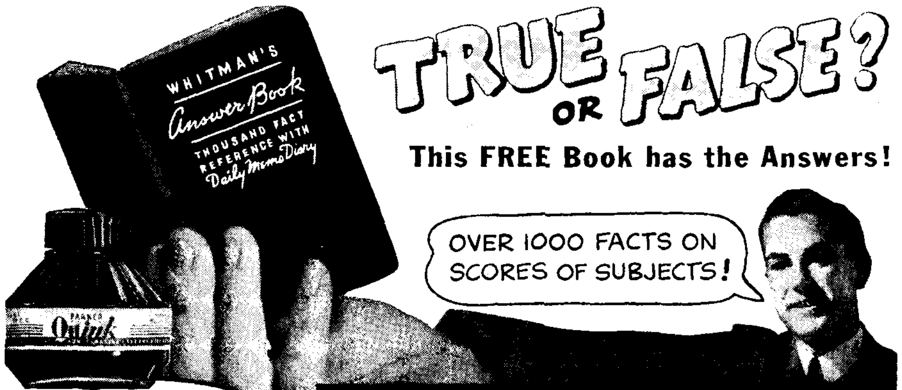
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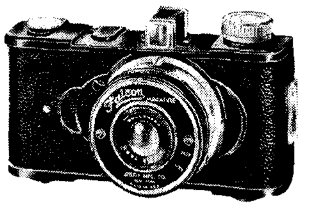

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moments without moving. Finally, he touched one of the buttons of a bell push on the top of the desk. A young officer in naval uniform almost immediately hurried into the room.

"We were not expecting you back tonight, sir," he said.

"These are the times when unexpected things happen," was the grim reply. "Is the door closed?"

"Yes, sir."

Cheshire opened one of the drawers by his side, drew out a metal box, which he unlocked with a key from his chain, and took from it a small oblong key, which seemed to be its sole contents. He handed it to the newcomer.

"The code word is 'Pernambuco.'" he confided. "Open my private safe."

The young man took the key and approached the safe in a corner of the room. In a few minutes he turned round.

"Safe open, sir," he reported.

"Give me the folder with the 7XTY designs."

A FOLIO in a green cardboard cover was produced and brought over to the desk.

"Now close the safe," Cheshire directed, "and fetch Captain Rawson."

"There's nothing wrong, I hope, sir?"

"I hope not. Return yourself with Captain Rawson."

"Very good, sir."

The young man left the room. Cheshire lifted the blotting pad and withdrew the typewritten letter and slipped it into his pocket. Then he unfastened the folder and drew out the plans. There were twenty-one in all, fastened *together in threes, each three* apparently being plans of the same vessel—fore, aft and midships. He spread them out before him and drew the light a little farther down. Presently there came a knock at the door. Commander Hincks reappeared, ushering in an older man.

"Good evening, Admiral," the latter said cheerfully.

Cheshire ignored the greeting and beckoned the two men to approach.

"You know what these are, I suppose?" he asked, touching with his forefinger the parchment.

"Rather," was Rawson's prompt reply. "They are the sectional plans of what is to be our 35-36 cruiser."

"And you, Hincks?"

"Why, yes, sir. You gave us a *locked*-door lecture upon them only last week."

The admiral thrust his hand into his pocket and brought out the tissue slip.

"What do you make of this?" he asked.

The two men bent over it. There was a little exclamation from Hincks, something that sounded like a groan from the older man.

"It is a tracing of the hidden lower deck of the cruiser, sir. The secret deck that you were so keen about."

Cheshire returned it to the envelope and his pocket. The two men were staring at him, white-faced and mute. It was Rawson who spoke first.

"Where did you get that from, sir?" he cried hoarsely.

The admiral's voice was hard and stern now as he answered.

"It is I," he said, "who propose to ask questions, but in case you are really curious, I will tell you that someone calling himself Henry Copeland collected it from Lambeth post office less than an hour ago and brought it here. Fortunately, we have an Intelligence Department with eyes in the back of its head as well as the front. Now listen to me. You know where the keys are kept, you two. You know sometimes the code word. Hincks knows where to find the key of this desk when I am away. You, Rawson, know where to find the key of the inner drawer. You two between you form the only link between the contents of that safe and the outside world. You two together, I said. Now what about it?"

"Are we accused?" Rawson demanded, his deep voice vibrant with something that might have been passion or might have been fear.

"Where were you both last night? You were both invited to Regent's Park Neither of you came."

"We were here, sir, according to arrangement," Hincks replied. "I stayed till midnight and handed over to Captain Rawson at that hour."

"I was here till six o'clock this morning," Rawson corroborated.

"You were here," Cheshire repeated. "Yes—the *one* night when you knew that I was away! What were you doing?"

"I was drafting, sir," Hincks replied.

"I was in the model room working on my submarine," Rawson affirmed.

"Perhaps. Go away now. Sleep on it. See me here, both of you, at nine o'clock tomorrow morning, then I will tell you whether you are accused or not. Lock up the safe, Hincks. That will be all for tonight, Captain Rawson."

Both of them seemed about to burst into speech. Suddenly Cheshire raised his eyes. Something in his expression seemed to freeze the words upon their lips. Rawson swung round and left the room. Hincks busied himself with the safe and came back with the key.

"I shall be here for twenty minutes resetting the combination," Cheshire told him. "Remember what I said. I do not wish to see either of you again tonight. You will preserve absolute *silence as to what has happened*."

"Very good, sir."

"Convey my wishes also to Rawson."

"Yes, sir."

Admiral Cheshire was alone. He moved over to the safe and for a quarter of an hour he was busy. Then he closed it again and came back to his seat. He seemed suddenly to have aged. The lines about his mouth had grown deeper and deeper. He took the letter and the sheet of tracing paper and placed them in a leather case in his inner pocket. When at last he rose to leave, he looked around him and threw up his arms to the ceiling as though in mute protest. That was the end of it. Once more wearing that expression of complete detachment that he carried with him always *in the hours of crisis, he left the room.*

AT NINE o'clock precisely on the following morning, Cheshire stepped out of a taxicab and, entering the admiralty by a private door, made his way to the suite of offices occupied by his department. He passed through the outer room, taking no account of many curious and furtive glances. In the bureau immediately before his own, however, he paused for a moment to exchange a word with Commander Hincks. The latter, who was obviously waiting for him, retained his self-control with an effort.

"You have heard the news, sir?"

Cheshire nodded curtly.

"I will discuss the matter with you later," he said.

"In the meantime, sir," Hincks ventured, "there is a representative from the Universal Press waiting here—he says with your permission. They sent him along from the censor's department."

"In ten minutes I will see him," Cheshire announced.

He passed on to his private office. His typist-secretary was sorting some letters at the table that had usually been occupied by Commander Hincks. The admiral nodded good morning and seated himself at his desk. One single letter already lay there. It bore no postmark and had evidently been sent in by hand. He slit open the envelope, read the few lines it contained and turned to the young woman at the other end of the room.

"There is a messenger from the Universal Press in the waiting room," he told her. "Fetch him, please."

"Very good, sir."

The young woman ushered in Stephen Adams, a well-known figure in the journalistic world.

"Sad affair, sir," the newcomer remarked. "The editor sent me round to see you. The early editions are waiting."

"Quite so," Cheshire replied, leaning back in his chair. "As it happens, Mr. Adams," he went on, "this tragedy explains itself. I am about to hand you over this note which I have just received. It was written by Captain Rawson evidently a few minutes before he shot himself."

THE journalist's fingers were twitching already. Cheshire, however, preferred to read the letter aloud:

> "Sir:
>
> "I ask your pardon for taking the coward's way out but I made a great mistake when I accepted your offer and devoted myself to indoor work for which I am entirely unsuited. I have made application as you know for a change and been refused. I was born a sailor and my father was born a sailor and every gift that we possess can be exercised only upon the sea. I am a stupid clerk and a blundering figure at the work upon which I am now engaged and which I detest. I can endure it no longer. Five minutes after I have signed my name to this letter I shall shoot myself.
>
> "I deeply regret that I have not been able to render better service to my country.
>
> "GEOFFREY RAWSON,
> "Capt., R. N."

"A sad letter," the journalist murmured.

"Very sad," Cheshire agreed. "To tell you the truth, if the poor fellow had not been so impatient I should have tried to make arrangements for him shortly. The command of one of our new battleships would have been his if he could have stuck it out for a time."

"I may make use of what you are saying now, Admiral?" his visitor asked.

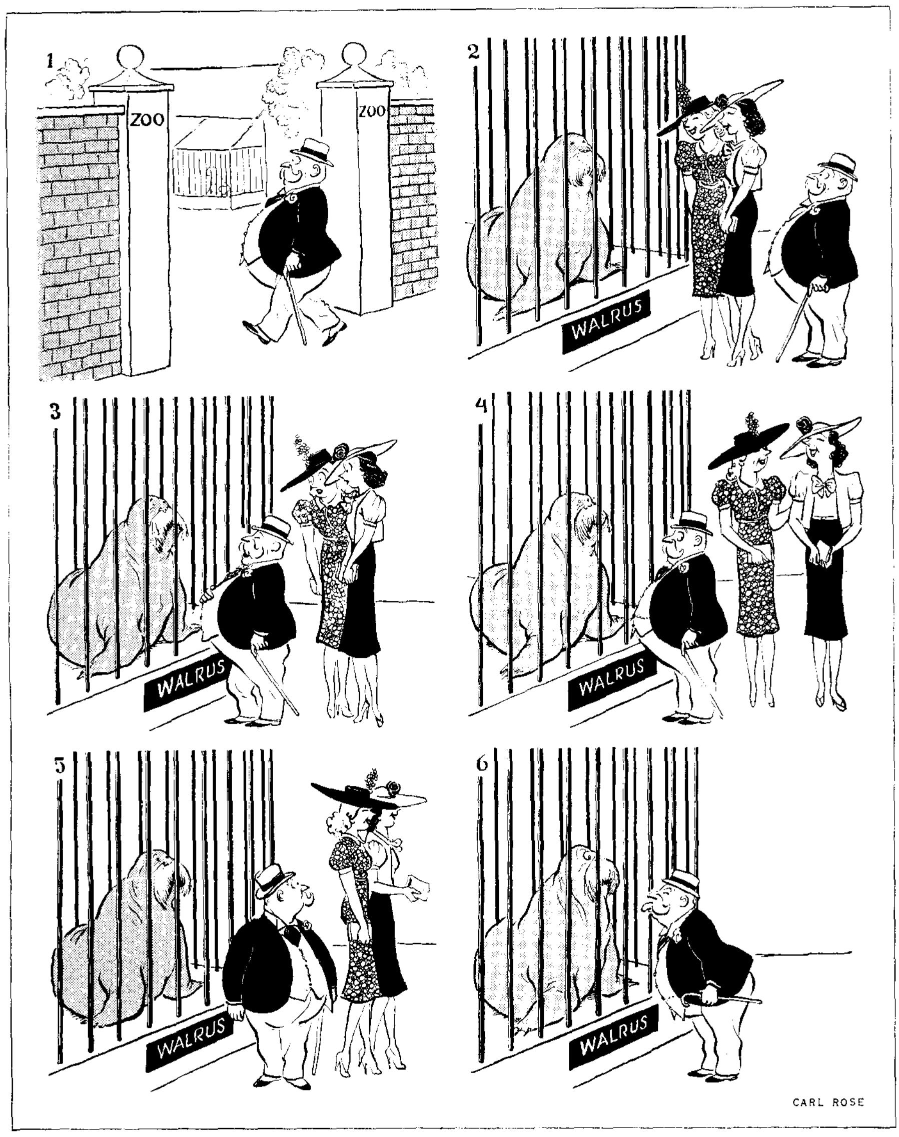
"Certainly. Rawson was temporarily off his head, no doubt. I have seen him looking worried to death over the simplest little affairs in connection with his present job and I felt at the time that I ought to have relieved him. He was doing no particular good here and he was a fine seaman."

The journalist scribbled down the sympathetically spoken words. Then he held out his hand for the letter.

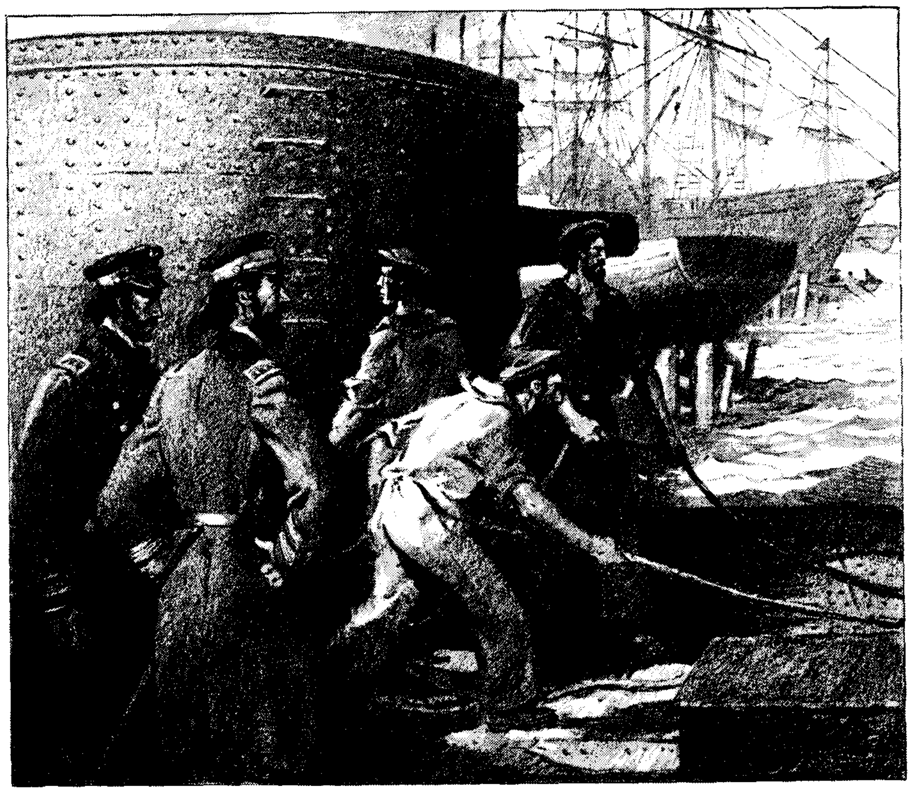
"The original of this communication had better remain here," Cheshire decided. "You can copy it, though, and I give you leave to publish it. It is best that the whole world should know the truth. When a man who is in the service, and actively engaged, chooses this way of chucking his job, there is always likely to be a little misunderstanding if anyone tries to cover things up. Let the public have what they want, Mr. Adams. They shall have the truth."

The journalist copied the letter rapidly. There was a thin smile upon his lips even as he transcribed those tragic words. The truth! . . . It was not the first time in his life that he had had to deal with this sort of situation, and although he very much admired the way in which Cheshire was handling it, he took his leave without a word of comment. Before midday the whole world knew why Captain Rawson, at one time the commander of the battleship Devastation, then engaged in special research work at the admiralty, had blown out his brains.

(To be continued next week)



"PROTECTING THE AMERICAN HOME"



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All in One World

DESPITE all the clatter and shouting of wars, actual and potential, we are successfully working out experiments in world government. What has been accomplished is small in comparison with what may sometime be done. Beginnings have been made, however, and perhaps the pattern of things to come is already visible.

Curiously, governments of all the main varieties of political belief are participating in these experiments in international control. Democracies and dictatorships, communists, fascists and liberals, are all united in the enterprise.

The experiment of most immediate concern to the largest number of Americans is that conducted by the International Rubber Regulation Committee.

We produce almost no natural rubber and we consume much more than half of all the rubber grown in the world. Our twenty-eight million motorcars require more than a half-million tons of rubber to keep going.

All of us are interested in the prices of tires. Our very civilization, our travel to work and back home, our pleasures and recreations, all depend upon an abundant supply of rubber within our purchasing power. We rely upon men who live eight thousand miles away from our shores to provide this vital necessity for us.

Before an international effort was made to control the production and marketing of rubber, prices ranged wildly. Over long periods nobody was benefited. Insolvent producers demanded the help of their governments. Irate American consumers protested as vehemently when a shortage sent the cost of needed rubber to dizzy elevations.

First, the rubber growers were organized by the British government to regulate the supply so that prices might not be disastrously low. That scheme aroused American resentment because American motorists were expected to carry the load. Also, the Dutch, who own vast rubber lands, refused to co-operate. So the growers' scheme died.

Then an international committee representing both the growers and the users was formed. This committee has been working some years and is still going strong. Not everybody likes the control exercised but nearly every important people and government are represented. Germany, Russia, Italy and the United States find it expedient [illegible] the committee.

The rubber committee tries to guess how much rubber will be needed. The growers are informed how much they may produce and market. By keeping the supply close to the demand prices are kept more stable.

When a man in Oshkosh depends upon another man halfway around the world to grow the rubber required for the nipple of a baby's bottle or desired as an ingredient in a bathing suit, we are no longer able to ignore the feelings and aspirations of people we do not know. Or when a man in Java or Borneo is able to buy clothes or food for his children only when tires seem fairly priced to an American consumer in Wichita, Kansas, he too is vitally concerned with what is happening in the United States.

We have arrived at this stage of mutual dependency in numerous of our needs. So far governments have sanctioned plans to control tin, rubber, tea and sugar. The object of all of these schemes is to regulate prices so that growers will get enough and consumers will not have to pay too much. Whatever our political preferences, we are driven by our material needs to seek a reasonable control over the supplies of the endless commodities we must have to live agreeably in this complex modern world.

Other peoples desire the good things of material life just as ardently as we do. No other nation, however, has learned to produce enough to enable the great masses to live at an American standard. As other nations are able to produce more, their standards of living will also rise unless, as is the case in Europe and Asia, actual war and the fear of war turn to war purposes energies that might provide better living for the people. During the past twenty years leading politicians in most of the great countries have preached an extreme nationalism that fatuously promised complete independence of all other people.

But it was a blind doctrine. Extreme nationalism cannot see the elementary economic facts of the modern world. No people, not even we nor the Russians, whose natural resources are so rich, so varied and so abundant, can live well without the exchange of goods and services with many far-off people.

On the political side extreme nationalism is as sterile and menacing. Fear of other people, distrust of other governments and hatred of all others are its natural products. The practical consequence is preparation for war, then war and an even lower scale of living for those who survive the tragedy.

Slowly and unobtrusively other men are working out arrangements to reconcile conflicting interests and ambitions. If their modest efforts are not obliterated by a devastating war, we shall march forward along this road of international co-operation. We all want to use our minds and bodies to earn better living conditions for ourselves. Friendly, reasonable co-operation in the production and distribution of the essential commodities is the way to a fuller life for all people. Maybe we shall remember these experiments in national co-operation long after we have forgotten the gaudy dictators.

ROBERT YARNALL RICHIE

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